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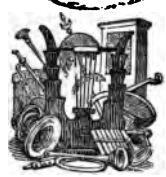
COMMON-PLACE BOOK

OF

POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY HERMAN HOOKER,
N. W. CORNER OF CHESNUT AND FIFTH STREETS.

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"The American Common-Place Book of Poetry, with Occasional Notes. By George B. Cheever."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

PREFACE.

The unexpected favor, with which the American Common-Place Book of Prose was received, encouraged its publishers to hope that a similar volume of extracts from American poetry might be attended with the same success. It is true, that there are more good prose writers in our country than there are poets; but it would be strange, indeed, if enough of really excellent poetry could not be found to fill a volume like this. It is not pretended that every piece, in the following selection, is a stately and perfect song, inspired by "the vision and the faculty divine," and containing, throughout, the true power and spirit of harmony; but every lover of poetry will find much to delight a cultivated imagination, and much to set him on thinking; and every religious mind will be pleased that a volume of American poetry, so variously selected, presents so many pages imbued with the feelings of devotion. If all the extracts are not of sufficient excellence to excite vivid admiration, most of them are of the kind that meet us

Like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted

NUP. EXCH. SEP 21 102.

They are generally simple and unpretending in ornament, quiet and unambitious in their spirit.

The poetry of devotion is the rarest of all poetry. It is sad to think how few, of all the poets in the English language, have possessed or exhibited the Christian character, or had the remembrance of their names associated with the thoughts of Christ and his cross, or the feelings to which the great theme of redemption gives rise in the bosom of the Christian. We may find plenty of the sentimentality of religion, expressed, too, in beautiful language—but as cold as a winter night's transitory frost-work on our windows. A few beloved volumes, indeed, have their place in the heart; but they *are* few; and of these the praise belongs not exclusively to the genius of poetry, but to a far more precious and elevated spirit—the spirit of the Bible. What bosom, that possesses this, does not contain the germ of deep poetry? What poet has experienced its influence, whose song does not breathe an echo of the melodies of paradise? In the true minstrelsy of devotion, there is a higher excellence than that of mere genius. Poetry herself acknowledges a power which is not in her, and observes a deep and sublime emotion excited, which she cannot, unassisted, produce or maintain in the souls of her listeners. When she becomes the handmaid of piety, she finds herself adorned and enriched (in another

sense than Virgil's) with a beauty and a wealth that are not her own:

Miraturque novos fructus, et non sua poma.

All the pieces in this volume are of the purest moral character; and, considering its limits, and the comparative scantiness of American poetry, a good number of them contain, in an uncommon degree, the religious and poetical spirit united. The importance of having books of this nature sweet and chaste in their moral influence, as well as refined in their intellectual and poetical character, is not enough appreciated. None can tell how much good a volume like this may accomplish, if an editor keeps such a purpose in view. A thought upon death and eternity may be rendered acceptable, through the medium of poetry, to many a mind, that would otherwise have fled from its approach. A voice from the grave and the other world may possibly here find hearers who would listen to it no where else. A devout and solemn reflection may steal, with the poetry of this volume, into the most secret recess of some careless heart, and there, through the goodness of Him. who moves in a hidden and mysterious way, "his wonders to perform," and whose spirit can touch the soul with the humblest instruments, prove the first rising of that blessed well of water, which springeth up to everlasting life.

Many of the finest pieces in this volume have been drawn out from corners where they had long lain forgotten and neglected. Some of the devotional melodies are almost as sweet as any in the language. There are several fugitive anonymous pieces, that deserve a place along with those of the truest poets. The extracts from acknowledged sources are as various as they are beautiful. None can describe nature with a simpler and more affecting beauty than Bryant. None could draw an American landscape in truer colors, and throw more endearingly around it the charm of moral and devout reflection, than Wilcox. In the bold delineation of external scenery, and in painting human passion, philosophy, religion, and the domestic affections, none have displayed a more powerful fancy, or a deeper pathos of feeling, than Dana. Few have written nobler odes than Pierpont. Burns himself could hardly have thrown off a sweeter extempore effusion than some of Brainard's. In the difficult field of sacred drama, Hillhouse has shown a rich and classic imagination. Few will contest the beauty of Willis's Scripture pieces. Others might be named, whose poetry at once individualizes their genius in the mind; but it is unnecessary. May the volume, thus selected, please and do good.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

		Page.
A Sacred Melody.	*Anonymous*	17
Active Christian Benevolence the Source of Happiness.	*Carlos Wilcox*	17
Inscription for the Entrance into a Wood.	*Bryant*	19
The Death of Sin and the Life of Holiness.	*R. H. Dana*	20
A Demon's false Description of fallen Intelligences.	*Hillhouse.*	22
Hadad's Description of the City of David.	*Hillhouse*	25
The Song at Twilight.	*Lucretia Maria Davidson*	25
Hagar in the Wilderness.	*N. P. Willis*	27
Return of the Buccaneer.	*R. H. Dana*	30
Appearance of the Spectre Horse and the Burning Ship.	*R. H. Dana*	31
The Death of the Flowers.	*Bryant*	35
The Skies.	*Bryant*	36
From "The Minstrel Girl."	*J. G. Whittier*	37
"Weep for yourselves, and for your Children."	*Mrs. Sigourney*	38
The sudden coming on of Spring after long Rains.	*Carlos Wilcox*	39
Slavery.	*Carlos Wilcox*	41
Hymn for the African Colonization Society.	*Pierpont.*	42
Dedication Hymn.	*Pierpont.*	43
Evening Music of the Angels.	*Hillhouse.*	44
Vernal Melody in the Forest.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	45
Close of the Vision of Judgment.	*Hillhouse.*	46
"As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be."	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	48
The Pilgrims.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	48
The Coral Grove.	*Percival.*	50
Hebrew Melody.	*Mrs. J. G. Brooks.*	51
To a Child.	*Anonymous.*	51
The Western World.	*Bryant.*	52
To a Waterfowl.	*Bryant.*	54
The Constancy of Nature contrasted with the Changes in Life.	*Dana.*	55
"And fare thee well, my own green, quiet Vale."	*Dana.*	56
Sonnet. The Free Mind.	*W. L. Garrison.*	57
Marco Bozzaris.	*F. G. Halleck.*	58
Weehawken.	*F. G. Halleck.*	60
On laying the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.	*Pierpont.*	61

		Page.
Rousseau and Cowper.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	61
To the Dead.	*Brainard.*	63
The Deep.	*Brainard.*	64
Scene after a Summer Shower.	*Andrews Norton.*	65
The Child's Wish in June.	*Mrs. Gilman.*	66
From "The Minstrel Girl."	*J. G. Whittier.*	66
Description of a sultry Summer's Noon.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	68
The Dying Child.	*Christian Examiner.*	70
Looking unto Jesus.	*Christian Examiner.*	71
Scene from Hadad.	*Hillhouse.*	72
Roman Catholic Chaunt. From "Percy's Masque."	*Hillhouse.*	76
Song.	*From the Talisman.*	77
September.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	77
On the Loss of Professor Fisher.	*Brainard.*	78
Idle Words.	*Anonymous.*	79
"He knoweth our Frame, He remembereth we are Dust."	*R. H. Dana.*	80
Immortality.	*R. H. Dana.*	80
The mysterious Music of Ocean.	*Walsh's National Gazette.*	82
Summer Wind.	*Bryant.*	83
Summer Evening Lightning.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	84
Spring.	*N. P. Willis.*	85
To Seneca Lake.	*Percival.*	85
Mount Washington, N. H.	*G. Mellen.*	86
To the Dying Year.	*J. G. Whittier.*	87
The Captain. A Fragment.	*Brainard.*	88
"They that seek me early, shall find me."	*Columbian Star.*	89
A Son's Farewell to his Mother, &c.	*Connecticut Observer.*	90
"Hushed is the Voice of Judah's Mirth."	*From the Port-Folio.*	90
Extract from a Poem delivered at the Departure of the Senior Class of Yale College, in 1826.	*N. P. Willis.*	91
Retirement.	*Anonymous.*	94
To the River Arve.	*Talisman.*	95
The Burial.	*Anonymous.*	96
On the Loss of a pious Friend.	*Brainard.*	96
Icarus.	*From the Port-Folio.*	97
Sunset in September.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	98
From "The Buccaneer."	*R. H. Dana.*	100
Sonnet.	*Bryant.*	101
Power of the Soul in investing external Circumstances with the Hue of its own Feelings.	*R. H. Dana.*	102
Spring in Town.	*Bryant.*	103
The Sabbath.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	105
Industry and Prayer	*Carlos Wilcox.*	106

		Page.
Consolations of Religion to the Poor.	*Percival.*	107
Extract from "The Airs of Palestine"	*Pierpont.*	107
On the Death of Mr. Woodward, at Edinburgh.	*Brainard.*	109
From "The Minstrel Girl."	*J. G. Whittier.*	110
The Torn Hat.	*N. P. Willis.*	111
"The Memory of the Just is blessed."	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	112
The Wife.	*N. Y. Daily Advertiser.*	113
Song of the Stars.	*Bryant.*	114
Summer Evening at a short Distance from the City.	*Alonzo Lewis.*	115
Introduction to the Poem of "Yamoyden."	*Robert C. Sands.*	116
Dawn.	*N. P. Willis.*	119
The Restoration of Israel.	*J. W. Eastburn.*	120
The Buried Love.	*Rufus Dawes.*	121
The Missionary.	*W. B. Tappan.*	123
Missions.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	123
The Fear of Madness.	*Lucretia Maria Davidson.*	125
The Matin Hour of Prayer.	*Anonymous.*	125
Song.	*From Yamoyden.*	127
Solitude.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	127
Bishop Ravenscroft.	*G. W. Doane.*	128
The Life of God in the Soul of Man.	*R. H. Dana.*	130
To Pneuma.	*J. W. Eastburn.*	133
To a Star.	*Lucretia Maria Davidson.*	134
Thanatopsis.	*Bryant.*	135
Sacred Melody.	*N. Y. American.*	137
The Graves of the Patriots.	*Percival.*	138
Funeral Hymn.	*Christian Examiner.*	139
To Laura, two Years of Age.	*N. P. Willis.*	141
"The dead Leaves strew the Forest-walk."	*Brainard.*	142
Seasons of Prayer.	*Henry Ware, Jr.*	143
Effect of the Ocean and its Scenery on the Mind of the Buccaneer, when agitated with Remorse for his Crime.	*R. H. Dana.*	145
The third and last Appearance of the Spectre Horse, &c.	*R. H. Dana.*	147
God's first Temples. A Hymn.	*Bryant.*	149
Scene from "Hadad."	*Hillhouse.*	152
Extract from "The Airs of Palestine."	*Pierpont.*	156
The Falls of Niagara.	*Brainard.*	157
At Musing Hour.	*T. Wells.*	157
Evergreens.	*Pinkney.*	158
The Flower Spirit.	*Anonymous.*	158
"Man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he?"	*Christian Examiner.*	159
Woods in Winter.	*Longfellow.*	160
A Last Wish.	*Anonymous.*	161

		Page.
Rousseau and Cowper.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	61
To the Dead.	*Brainard.*	63
The Deep.	*Brainard.*	64
Scene after a Summer Shower.	*Andrews Norton.*	65
The Child's Wish in June.	*Mrs. Gilman.*	66
From "The Minstrel Girl."	*J. G. Whittier.*	66
Description of a sultry Summer's Noon.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	68
The Dying Child.	*Christian Examiner.*	70
Looking unto Jesus.	*Christian Examiner.*	71
Scene from Hadad.	*Hillhouse.*	72
Roman Catholic Chaunt. From "Percy's Masque."	*Hillhouse.*	76
Song.	*From the Talisman.*	77
September.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	77
On the Loss of Professor Fisher.	*Brainard.*	78
Idle Words.	*Anonymous.*	79
"He knoweth our Frame, He remembereth we are Dust."	*R. H. Dana.*	80
Immortality.	*R. H. Dana.*	80
The mysterious Music of Ocean.	*Walsh's National Gazette.*	82
Summer Wind.	*Bryant.*	83
Summer Evening Lightning.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	84
Spring.	*N. P. Willis.*	85
To Seneca Lake.	*Percival.*	85
Mount Washington, N. H.	*G. Mellen.*	86
To the Dying Year.	*J. G. Whittier.*	87
The Captain. A Fragment.	*Brainard.*	88
"They that seek me early, shall find me."	*Columbian Star.*	89
A Son's Farewell to his Mother, &c.	*Connecticut Observer.*	90
"Hushed is the Voice of Judah's Mirth."	*From the Port-Folio.*	90
Extract from a Poem delivered at the Departure of the Senior Class of Yale College, in 1826.	*N. P. Willis.*	91
Retirement.	*Anonymous.*	94
To the River Arve.	*Talisman.*	95
The Burial.	*Anonymous.*	96
On the Loss of a pious Friend.	*Brainard.*	96
Icarus.	*From the Port-Folio.*	97
Sunset in September.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	98
From "The Buccaneer."	*R. H. Dana.*	100
Sonnet.	*Bryant.*	101
Power of the Soul in investing external Circumstances with the Hue of its own Feelings.	*R. H. Dana.*	102
Spring in Town.	*Bryant.*	103
The Sabbath.	*Carlos Wilcox.*	105
Industry and Prayer	*Carlos Wilcox.*	

		Page.
Consolations of Religion to the Poor.	*Percival.*	107
Extract from "The Airs of Palestine"	*Pierpont.*	107
On the Death of Mr. Woodward, at Edinburgh.	*Brainard.*	109
From "The Minstrel Girl."	*J. G. Whittier.*	110
The Torn Hat.	*N. P. Willis.*	111
"The Memory of the Just is blessed."	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	112
The Wife.	*N. Y. Daily Advertiser.*	113
Song of the Stars.	*Bryant.*	114
Summer Evening at a short Distance from the City.	*Alonzo Lewis.*	115
Introduction to the Poem of "Yamoyden."	*Robert C. Sands.*	116
Dawn.	*N. P. Willis.*	119
The Restoration of Israel.	*J. W. Eastburn.*	120
The Buried Love.	*Rufus Dawes.*	121
The Missionary.	*W. B. Tappan.*	123
Missions.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	123
The Fear of Madness.	*Lucretia Maria Davidson.*	125
The Matin Hour of Prayer.	*Anonymous.*	125
Song.	*From Yamoyden.*	127
Solitude.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	127
Bishop Ravenscroft.	*G. W. Doane.*	128
The Life of God in the Soul of Man.	*R. H. Dana.*	130
To Pneuma.	*J. W. Eastburn.*	133
To a Star.	*Lucretia Maria Davidson.*	134
Thanatopsis.	*Bryant.*	135
Sacred Melody.	*N. Y. American.*	137
The Graves of the Patriots.	*Percival.*	138
Funeral Hymn.	*Christian Examiner.*	139
To Laura, two Years of Age.	*N. P. Willis.*	141
"The dead Leaves strew the Forest-walk."	*Brainard.*	142
Seasons of Prayer.	*Henry Ware, Jr.*	143
Effect of the Ocean and its Scenery on the Mind of the Buccaneer, when agitated with Remorse for his Crime.	*R. H. Dana.*	145
The third and last Appearance of the Spectre Horse, &c.	*R. H. Dana.*	147
God's first Temples. A Hymn.	*Bryant.*	149
Scene from "Hadad."	*Hillhouse.*	152
Extract from "The Airs of Palestine."	*Pierpont.*	156
The Falls of Niagara.	*Brainard.*	157
At Musing Hour.	*T. Wells.*	157
Evergreens.	*Pinkney.*	158
The Flower Spirit.	*Anonymous.*	158
"Man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he?"	*Christian Examiner.*	159
Woods in Winter.	*Longfellow.*	160
A [illegible]	*Anonymous.*	161

		Page.
The Winged Worshippers.	*Charles Sprague.*	162
Death of an Infant.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	163
Burns.	*F. G. Halleck.*	163
Mary Magdalen. From the Spanish.	*Bryant.*	166
Be Humble.	*Jones.*	167
Sabbath Evening Twilight.	*Anonymous.*	168
The Burial of Arnold.	*N. P. Willis.*	169
Lines to a Child on his Voyage to France, &c.	*Henry Ware, Jr.*	170
New England.	*Percival.*	172
The Damsel of Peru.	*Bryant.*	173
Power of Maternal Piety.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	175
Niagara. From the Spanish.	*U. States Review and Literary Gazette.*	177
Absalom.	*N. P. Willis.*	178
Hymn of Nature.	*W. O. B. Peabody.*	181
The Garden of Gethsemane.	*Pierpont.*	183
Trust in God.	*Percival.*	183
Heaven.	*Christian Examiner.*	184
Geehale. An Indian Lament.	*Anonymous.*	185
Scene from "Percy's Masque."	*Hillhouse.*	186
To S****, weeping.	*Anonymous*	191
Autumn.	*Longfellow.*	193
The Bucket.	*Samuel Woodworth.*	194
The Snow-Flake.	*Hannah F. Gould.*	195
"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."	*Anonymous.*	196
The Iceberg.	*J. O. Rockwell.*	197
Hymn.	*Pierpont.*	198
The Bride.	*Anonymous.*	199
On seeing an Eagle pass near me in Autumn Twilight.	*G. Mellen.*	200
To the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, on reading his eloquent Speech in Defence of Indian Rights.	*W. L. Garrison.*	201
Genius Slumbering.	*Percival.*	202
Genius Waking.	*Percival.*	204
The Spirit of Poetry.	*Longfellow.*	206
Incomprehensibility of God.	*Miss Elizabeth Townsend.*	207
Lament of a Swiss Minstrel over the Ruins of Goldau.	*J. Neal.*	209
Lines on visiting the Burying-Ground at New Haven.	*Christian Disciple.*	211
The Pilgrim Fathers.	*Pierpont.*	211
Song of the Pilgrims.	*T. C. Upham.*	212
Dedication Hymn.	*N. P. Willis.*	213
Extract from a Poem written on reading an Account of the Opinions of a Deaf and Dumb Child, before she had received Instruction. She was afraid of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.	*Hillhouse.*	214
The Land of the Blest.	*W. O. B. Peabody.*	215

Page.
To the Moon. . . . . *Massachusetts Spy.* 216
Song. . . . . *From Yamoyden.* 217
The Light of Home. . . . . *Mrs. Hale.* 218
The American Flag. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 218
To the Ursa Major. . . . . *Henry Ware, Jr.* 220
"Look not upon the Wine when it is red." . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 224
To ****, on the Death of a Friend. . . . . *Andrews Norton.* 225
Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth. . . . . *Edward Everett.* 225
Apostrophe to the Sun. . . . . *Percival.* 228
"I thought it slept." . . . . *Henry Pickering.* 230
The Snow-Storm. . . . . *Anonymous.* 231
"I went and washed, and I received sight." *New York Evening Post.* 232
The Huma. . . . . *Louisa P. Smith.* 233
The Paint King . . . . . *Washington Allston,* 233
The murdered Traveller. . . . . *Bryant.* 239
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 240
To H——. . . . . *Christian Examiner.* 240
The Dying Raven. . . . . *R. H. Dana.* 241
After a Tempest. . . . . *Bryant.* 244
A Winter Scene. . . . . *Idle Man.* 246
Description of the Quiet Island . . . . . *R. H. Dana* 247
The Religious Cottage. . . . . *D. Huntington.* 248
The two Homes. . . . . *Anonymous.* 249
To a Sister. . . . . *Edward Everett.* 250
To the Moon. . . . . *Walsh's National Gazette.* 251
My native Land—My native Place. . . . . *Anonymous.* 252
"Awake, Psaltery and Harp; I myself will awake early." *Anonymous.* 253
Isaiah xxxv. . . . . *Brainard.* 254
On listening to a Cricket. . . . . *Andrews Norton.* 255
March . . . . . *Bryant.* 256
April. . . . . *Longfellow.* 257
May. . . . . *Percival.* 258
Mounds on the Western Rivers. . . . . *M. Flint.* 259
Burial of the Minisink. . . . . *Longfellow.* 260
To the Eagle. . . . . *Percival.* 262
Salmon River. . . . . *Brainard.* 264
To the Evening Wind. . . . . *Bryant.* 265
The Grave of the Indian Chief. . . . . *Percival.* 267
Escape from Winter. . . . . *Percival.* 267
Bury me with my Fathers. . . . . *Andrews Norton.* 269
Redemption. . . . . *W. B. Tappan.* 269
On the Close of the Year. . . . . *Christian Examiner.* 270
Saturday Afternoon. . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 271

Page.
Fall of Tecumseh. . . . . *New York Statesman.* 272
The Missionaries' Farewell. . . . . *Anonymous.* 274
Mozart s Requiem. . . . . *Rufus Dawes.* 275
"I will be glad in the Lord." Psalm civ. 34. . . . . *Anonymous.* 276
To the Memory of a Brother. . . . . *Anonymous.* 277
A Home everywhere. . . . . *S. Graham.* 278
The Time to Weep. . . . . *Anonymous.* 280
The Autumn Evening. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 281
Lines on revisiting the Country. . . . . *Bryant.* 282
The Spirit's Song of Consolation. . . . *F. W. P. Greenwood.* 283
Colonization of Africa. . . . . *Brainard.* 284
Fable of the Wood Rose and the Laurel. . . *Monthly Anthology.* 284
A Castle in the Air. . . . . *Professor Frisbie.* 286
The Consumptive. . . . . *Rockingham Gazette.* 288
Lines to the Western Mummy. . . . . *W. E. Gallaudet.* 289
Song. . . . . *Anonymous.* 291
The Life of the Blessed. From the Spanish. . . . . *Bryant.* 291
The Sunday School. . . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 292
"They went out into the Mount of Olives." . . . . *Pierpont.* 293
The Lily. . . . . *Percival.* 294
The Last Evening before Eternity. . . . . *Hillhouse.* 294
Wyoming. . . . . *Halleck.* 296
Sonnet to ———. . . . . *Bryant.* 298
Daybreak. . . . . *R. H. Dana.* 298
Sonnet. . . . . *Bryant.* 300
Hymn for the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.
Pierpont. 301
The little Beach Bird. . . . . *R. H. Dana.* 302
Address of the Sylph of Autumn to the Bard. . *Washington Allston.* 303
Omnipresence. . . . . *Anonymous.* 305
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.
Longfellow. 306
The Raising of Jairus's Daughter. . . . . *N. A. Review.* 307
Departure of the Pioneer. . . . . *Brainard.* 308
The Alpine Flowers. . . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 309
A Child's first Impression of a Star. . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 310
The Leper. . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 310
Versification of the Beginning of the Last Book of the Martyrs.
Alexander H. Everett. 314
Autumn. . . . . *Anonymous.* 315
The Treasure that waxeth not old. . . . . *D. Huntingdon.* 316
Fragment of an Epistle written while recovering from severe Illness.
R. H. Dana. 316

Page.

Lines occasioned by hearing a little Boy mock the Old South Clock, as it rung the Hour of Twelve. . . . . *Mrs. Child.* 321
Hymn to the North Star. . . . . *Bryant.* 322
Connecticut. From an unpublished Poem. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 323
The Rising Moon. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 325
America to Great Britain. . . . . *W. Allston.* 326
The Night-flowering Cereus. . . . . *Unitarian Miscellany.* 327
God is Good. . . . . *Anonymous.* 328
Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. . . . . *Anonymous.* 329
The Dying Child. . . . . *Carlos Wilcox.* 330
To a Musquito. . . . . *New York Review.* 331
Earth, with her thousand Voices, praises God. . . . . *Longfellow.* 332
The Blind Man's Lament. . . . . *J. W. Eastburn.* 334
The Dying Girl. . . . . *Mrs. Hale's Magazine.* 335
Autumn. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 336
Spring. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 336
Summer. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 337
Rosalie. . . . . *Mrs. Hale's Magazine.* 338
To a young Invalid, condemned, by accidental Lameness, to perpetual Confinement. . . . . *Henry Pickering.* 339
The Sage of Caucasus. . . . . *Hillhouse.* 340
The Resolution of Ruth. . . . . *Christian Examiner.* 341
Live for Eternity. . . . . *Carlos Wilcox.* 342
Dedication Hymn. . . . . *Pierpont.* 343
The Indian Summer. . . . . *Brainard.* 344
To William. Written by a bereaved Father. . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 345
Part of the 19th Psalm. . . . . *J. W. Eastburn* 347
"What is that, Mother?". . . . . *G. W. Doane.* 347
Scene at the Death-Bed of Rev. Dr. Payson. . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 348
The Indian's Tale. . . . . *J. G. Whittier.* 349
Setting Sail. . . . . *Percival.* 351
A Thanksgiving Hymn. . . . . *Henry Ware, Jr.* 353
The Temple of Theseus. . . . . *J. W. Eastburn.* 355
On the Death of a beautiful young Girl. . . . *Connecticut Mirror.* 356
Lines to a Lady of great musical Talent . . . . . *Mrs. Child.* 356
Hymn for the two hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Charlestown. . . . . *Pierpont.* 357
The Family Bible. . . . . *Anonymous.* 359
The Notes of the Birds. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 359
Sentimental Music. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 362
The Silk Worm. . . . . *Mrs. Hale.* 363

Page.

The Reverie. Written from College on the Birth Day of the Author's Mother. . . . . *Frisbie.* 364
The Soul's Defiance. . . . . *Anonymous.* 365
Hymn for the second Centennial Anniversary of the City of Boston. *Pierpont.* 366
Napoleon at Rest. . . . . *Pierpont.* 368
The Death of Napoleon. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 369
Jerusalem. . . . . *Brainard.* 370
The Angler's Song. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 372
Who is my Neighbor? . . . . . *Anonymous.* 373
Hymn. Matthew, xxvi. 6—13. . . . . *Christian Mirror.* 374
'Broken-hearted, weep no more." . . . . *Episcopal Watchman* 375
The Sweet Brier. . . . . *Brainard* 376
Mother, What is Death? . . . . . *Mrs. Gilman.* 376
Last Prayers. . . . . *Mary Ann Browne.* 377
A Noon Scene. . . . . *Bryant.* 379
New England's Dead. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 381
Installation Hymn. . . . . *Pierpont.* 382
The Wanderer of Africa. . . . . *Alonzo Lewis.* 383
A Legend. . . . . *J. G. Whittier.* 384
They heard a Voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither." Rev. xi. 12. . . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 386
Occasional Hymn. . . . . *Pierpont.* 387
The Sleeper. . . . . *Commercial Advertiser.* 388
God's Omnipresent Agency. . . . . *Carlos Wilcox.* 389
The Farewell. . . . . *Anonymous.* 389
Sunrise on the Hills. . . . . *Anonymous.* 390
Lines on passing the Grave of my Sister. . . . . *Micah P. Flint.* 391
The Revellers. . . . . *Ohio Backwoodsman.* 393
"I would not live always." . . . . *B. B. Thatcher.* 394
The Disimbodied Spirit. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 395
Lines on hearing of the Death of Garafilia Mohalbi. *Mrs. Sigourney.* 396
Crossing the Ford. . . . . *O. W. H.* 396
Hymn of the Cherokee Indian. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 397
Lake Superior. . . . . *S. G. Goodrich.* 398
Oriental Mysticism. . . . . *Leonard Woods.* 400
To a Sister about to embark on a Missionary Enterprise. *B B. Thatcher.* 401
The Pilgrim Fathers. . . . . *Charles Sprague* 403

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Page.

Allston, W. . . . 233, 303, 326
Anonymous. 17, 51, 79, 94, 96, 125, 158, 161, 168, 185, 191, 196, 199, 231, 249, 252, 253, 274, 276, 277, 280, 291, 305, 315, 328, 329, 359, 365, 373, 389, 390

Brainard, J. G. C. 63, 64, 78, 88, 96, 109, 142, 157, 254, 264, 284, 308, 344, 370, 376
Brooks, Mrs. J. G. 51
Browne, Mary Ann. 377
Bryant, W. C. 19, 35, 36, 52, 54, 83, 101, 103, 114, 135, 149, 166, 173, 239, 244, 256, 265, 282, 291, 298, 300, 322, 379

Child, Mrs. 321, 356
Christian Disciple. . . . 170, 211
Christian Examiner. 70, 71, 129, 159, 184, 240, 270, 341
Christian Mirror. 374
Columbian Star. 89
Commercial Advertiser . 388
Connecticut Mirror . . . 356
Connecticut Observer. . . . 90

Dana, R. H. 20, 30, 31, 55, 56, 80, 80, 100, 102, 130, 145, 147, 241, 247, 298, 302, 318
Davidson, Lucretia M. 25, 125, 134
Dawes, R. 121, 275
Doane, G. W. 128, 347

Page.

Eastburn. J. W. 120, 133, 334, 347, 355
Episcopal Watchman. . . . 375
Everett, E. 225, 250
Everett, A. H. 314

Flint, M. 259
Flint, M. P. 391
Frisbie, L. 286, 364

Gallaudet, W. E. 289
Garrison, W. L. . . . 57, 201
Gilman, Mrs. 66, 376
Goodrich, S. G. 382
Gould, Hannah F. 157
Graham, S. 278
Greenwood, W. P. 265

Hale, Mrs. 218, 352
Halleck, F. G. 58, 60, 163, 218, 270, 296, 323, 362
Hillhouse, J. A. 22, 25, 44, 46, 72, 76, 152, 186, 214, 294, 340
Huntington, D. . . . 248, 316

Idle Man. 246

Jones. 167

Ladies' Magazine (Mrs. Hale's). 335, 382
Lewis, A. 115, 382
Longfellow, G. W. 160, 193, 206, 257, 260, 306, 332

Page.
Massachusetts Spy. 216
McLellan, I. Jr. 359, 369, 372, 381, 397
Mellen, G. 86, 200
Monthly Anthology . . . 284

National Gazette (Walsh's). 82, 251
Neal, J. 209
New York American. . . . 137
New York Daily Advertiser. . 113
New York Evening Post. . . 232
New York Review. 331
New York Statesman. . . . 272
North American Review. . . 307
Norton, A. 65, 225, 255, 269

Ohio Backwoodsman, . . . 393
O. W. H. 396

Peabody, W. O. B. 181, 215, 281, 325, 336, 336, 337, 345, 395
Percival, J. G. 50, 85, 107, 138, 172, 183, 202, 204, 228, 258, 262, 267, 267, 294, 351
Pickering, H. 230, 339
Pierpont, J. 42, 43, 61, 107, 156, 183, 198, 211, 293, 301, 343, 357, 366, 368, 382, 387
Pinkney, E. C. 158
Port Folio. 90, 97

Page.
Rockingham Gazette, . . 288
Rockwell, J. O. 197

Sands, R. C. 116
Sigourney, Mrs. 38, 48, 48, 112, 123, 127, 163, 175, 292, 309, 348. 386, 396
Smith, Louisa P 233
Sprague, C. 162, 403

Talisman. 77, 95
Tappan, W. B. . . . 123, 269
Thatcher, B. B. . . . 394, 401
Townsend, Elizabeth. . . 207

Unitarian Miscellany. . . . 327
Upham, T. C. 212
U. S. Rev. & Lit. Gazette. . . 177

Ware, H. Jr. . . . 143, 220, 353
Wells, T. 157
Whittier, J. G. 37, 66, 87, 110, 349, 384
Wilcox, C. 17, 39, 41, 45, 61, 68, 77, 84, 98, 105, 106, 330, 342, 389
Willis, N. P. 27, 85, 91, 111, 119, 141, 169, 178, 213, 224, 271, 310, 310
Woodworth. 194
Woods, L. 400

Yamoyden, ... 127, 217

AMERICAN

COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF POETRY.

A Sacred Melody.—ANONYMOUS.

BE thou, O God! by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light Divine,
To keep me pure within;—

Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark, that soars
Till heaven shine round its plumes.

So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
Midst light from paradise.

Active Christian Benevolence the Source of sublime and lasting Happiness.—CARLOS WILCOX.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air

		Page.
The Winged Worshippers.	*Charles Sprague.*	162
Death of an Infant.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	163
Burns.	*F. G. Halleck.*	163
Mary Magdalen. From the Spanish.	*Bryant.*	166
Be Humble.	*Jones.*	167
Sabbath Evening Twilight.	*Anonymous.*	168
The Burial of Arnold.	*N. P. Willis.*	169
Lines to a Child on his Voyage to France, &c.	*Henry Ware, Jr.*	170
New England.	*Percival.*	172
The Damsel of Peru.	*Bryant.*	173
Power of Maternal Piety.	*Mrs. Sigourney.*	175
Niagara. From the Spanish.	*U. States Review and Literary Gazette.*	177
Absalom.	*N. P. Willis.*	178
Hymn of Nature.	*W. O. B. Peabody.*	181
The Garden of Gethsemane.	*Pierpont.*	183
Trust in God.	*Percival.*	183
Heaven.	*Christian Examiner.*	184
Geehale. An Indian Lament.	*Anonymous.*	185
Scene from "Percy's Masque."	*Hillhouse.*	186
To S****, weeping.	*Anonymous*	191
Autumn.	*Longfellow.*	193
The Bucket.	*Samuel Woodworth.*	194
The Snow-Flake.	*Hannah F. Gould.*	195
"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."	*Anonymous.*	196
The Iceberg.	*J. O. Rockwell.*	197
Hymn.	*Pierpont.*	198
The Bride.	*Anonymous.*	199
On seeing an Eagle pass near me in Autumn Twilight.	*G. Mellen.*	200
To the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, on reading his eloquent Speech in Defence of Indian Rights.	*W. L. Garrison.*	201
Genius Slumbering.	*Percival.*	202
Genius Waking.	*Percival.*	204
The Spirit of Poetry.	*Longfellow.*	206
Incomprehensibility of God.	*Miss Elizabeth Townsend.*	207
Lament of a Swiss Minstrel over the Ruins of Goldau.	*J. Neal.*	209
Lines on visiting the Burying-Ground at New Haven.	*Christian Disciple.*	211
The Pilgrim Fathers.	*Pierpont.*	211
Song of the Pilgrims.	*T. C. Upham.*	212
Dedication Hymn.	*N. P. Willis.*	213
Extract from a Poem written on reading an Account of the Opinions of a Deaf and Dumb Child, before she had received Instruction. She was afraid of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.	*Hillhouse.*	214
The Land of the Blest.	*W. O. B. Peabody.*	215

Page.
To the Moon. . . . . *Massachusetts Spy.* 216
Song. . . . . *From Yamoyden.* 217
The Light of Home. . . . . *Mrs. Hale.* 218
The American Flag. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 218
To the Ursa Major. . . . . *Henry Ware, Jr.* 220
"Look not upon the Wine when it is red." . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 224
To ****, on the Death of a Friend. . . . . *Andrews Norton.* 225
Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth. . . . . *Edward Everett.* 225
Apostrophe to the Sun. . . . . *Percival.* 228
"I thought it slept." . . . . *Henry Pickering.* 230
The Snow-Storm. . . . . *Anonymous.* 231
"I went and washed, and I received sight." *New York Evening Post.* 232
The Huma. . . . . *Louisa P. Smith.* 233
The Paint King . . . . . *Washington Allston,* 233
The murdered Traveller. . . . . *Bryant.* 239
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 240
To H——. . . . . *Christian Examiner.* 240
The Dying Raven. . . . . *R. H. Dana.* 241
After a Tempest. . . . . *Bryant.* 244
A Winter Scene. . . . . *Idle Man.* 246
Description of the Quiet Island . . . . . *R. H. Dana* 247
The Religious Cottage. . . . . *D. Huntington.* 248
The two Homes. . . . . *Anonymous.* 249
To a Sister. . . . . *Edward Everett.* 250
To the Moon. . . . . *Walsh's National Gazette.* 251
My native Land—My native Place. . . . . *Anonymous.* 252
"Awake, Psaltery and Harp; I myself will awake early." *Anonymous.* 253
Isaiah xxxv. . . . . *Brainard.* 254
On listening to a Cricket. . . . . *Andrews Norton.* 255
March . . . . . *Bryant.* 256
April. . . . . *Longfellow.* 257
May. . . . . *Percival.* 258
Mounds on the Western Rivers. . . . . *M. Flint.* 259
Burial of the Minisink. . . . . *Longfellow.* 260
To the Eagle. . . . . *Percival.* 262
Salmon River. . . . . *Brainard.* 264
To the Evening Wind. . . . . *Bryant.* 265
The Grave of the Indian Chief. . . . . *Percival.* 267
Escape from Winter. . . . . *Percival.* 267
Bury me with my Fathers. . . . . *Andrews Norton.* 269
Redemption. . . . . *W. B. Tappan.* 269
On the Close of the Year. . . . . *Christian Examiner.* 270
Saturday Afternoon. . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 271

Page.
Fall of Tecumseh. . . . . *New York Statesman.* 272
The Missionaries' Farewell. . . . . *Anonymous.* 274
Mozart s Requiem. . . . . *Rufus Dawes.* 275
"I will be glad in the Lord." Psalm civ. 34. . . . . *Anonymous.* 276
To the Memory of a Brother. . . . . *Anonymous.* 277
A Home everywhere. . . . . *S. Graham.* 278
The Time to Weep. . . . . *Anonymous.* 280
The Autumn Evening. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 281
Lines on revisiting the Country. . . . . *Bryant.* 282
The Spirit's Song of Consolation. . . . *F. W. P. Greenwood.* 283
Colonization of Africa. . . . . *Brainard.* 284
Fable of the Wood Rose and the Laurel. . . *Monthly Anthology.* 284
A Castle in the Air. . . . . *Professor Frisbie.* 286
The Consumptive. . . . . *Rockingham Gazette.* 288
Lines to the Western Mummy. . . . . *W. E. Gallaudet.* 289
Song. . . . . *Anonymous.* 291
The Life of the Blessed. From the Spanish. . . . . *Bryant.* 291
The Sunday School. . . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 292
"They went out into the Mount of Olives." . . . . *Pierpont.* 293
The Lily. . . . . *Percival.* 294
The Last Evening before Eternity. . . . . *Hillhouse.* 294
Wyoming. . . . . *Halleck.* 296
Sonnet to ———. . . . . *Bryant.* 298
Daybreak. . . . . *R. H. Dana.* 298
Sonnet. . . . . *Bryant.* 300
Hymn for the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.
Pierpont. 301
The little Beach Bird. . . . . *R. H. Dana.* 302
Address of the Sylph of Autumn to the Bard. . *Washington Allston.* 303
Omnipresence. . . . . *Anonymous.* 305
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.
Longfellow. 306
The Raising of Jairus's Daughter. . . . . *N. A. Review.* 307
Departure of the Pioneer. . . . . *Brainard.* 308
The Alpine Flowers. . . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 309
A Child's first Impression of a Star. . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 310
The Leper. . . . . *N. P. Willis.* 310
Versification of the Beginning of the Last Book of the Martyrs.
Alexander H. Everett. 314
Autumn. . . . . *Anonymous.* 315
The Treasure that waxeth not old. . . . . *D. Huntingdon.* 316
Fragment of an Epistle written while recovering from severe Illness.
R. H. Dana. 318

Page.

Lines occasioned by hearing a little Boy mock the Old South Clock, as it rung the Hour of Twelve. . . . . *Mrs. Child.* 321
Hymn to the North Star. . . . . *Bryant.* 322
Connecticut. From an unpublished Poem. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 323
The Rising Moon. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 325
America to Great Britain. . . . . *W. Allston.* 326
The Night-flowering Cereus. . . . . *Unitarian Miscellany.* 327
God is Good. . . . . *Anonymous.* 328
Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles. . . . . *Anonymous.* 329
The Dying Child. . . . . *Carlos Wilcox.* 330
To a Musquito. . . . . *New York Review.* 331
Earth, with her thousand Voices, praises God. . . . . *Longfellow.* 332
The Blind Man's Lament. . . . . *J. W. Eastburn.* 334
The Dying Girl. . . . . *Mrs. Hale's Magazine.* 335
Autumn. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 336
Spring. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 336
Summer. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 337
Rosalie. . . . . *Mrs. Hale's Magazine.* 338
To a young Invalid, condemned, by accidental Lameness, to perpetual Confinement. . . . . *Henry Pickering.* 339
The Sage of Caucasus. . . . . *Hillhouse.* 340
The Resolution of Ruth. . . . . *Christian Examiner.* 341
Live for Eternity. . . . . *Carlos Wilcox.* 342
Dedication Hymn. . . . . *Pierpont.* 343
The Indian Summer. . . . . *Brainard.* 344
To William. Written by a bereaved Father. . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 345
Part of the 19th Psalm. . . . . *J. W. Eastburn* 347
"What is that, Mother?" . . . . . *G. W. Doane.* 347
Scene at the Death-Bed of Rev. Dr. Payson. . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 348
The Indian's Tale. . . . . *J. G. Whittier.* 349
Setting Sail. . . . . *Percival.* 351
A Thanksgiving Hymn. . . . . *Henry Ware, Jr.* 353
The Temple of Theseus. . . . . *J. W. Eastburn.* 355
On the Death of a beautiful young Girl. . . . *Connecticut Mirror.* 356
Lines to a Lady of great musical Talent . . . . . *Mrs. Child.* 356
Hymn for the two hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Charlestown. . . . . *Pierpont.* 357
The Family Bible. . . . . *Anonymous.* 359
The Notes of the Birds. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 359
Sentimental Music. . . . . *F. G. Halleck.* 362
The Silk Worm. . . . . *Mrs. Hale.* 363

Page.
The Reverie. Written from College on the Birth Day of the Author's Mother. . . . . *Frisbie.* 364
The Soul's Defiance. . . . . *Anonymous.* 365
Hymn for the second Centennial Anniversary of the City of Boston. *Pierpont.* 366
Napoleon at Rest. . . . . *Pierpont.* 368
The Death of Napoleon. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 369
Jerusalem. . . . . *Brainard.* 370
The Angler's Song. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 372
Who is my Neighbor? . . . . . *Anonymous.* 373
Hymn. Matthew, xxvi. 6—13. . . . . *Christian Mirror.* 374
'Broken-hearted, weep no more." . . . . *Episcopal Watchman* 375
The Sweet Brier. . . . . *Brainard* 376
Mother, What is Death? . . . . . *Mrs. Gilman.* 376
Last Prayers. . . . . *Mary Ann Browne.* 377
A Noon Scene. . . . . *Bryant.* 379
New England's Dead. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 381
Installation Hymn. . . . . *Pierpont.* 382
The Wanderer of Africa. . . . . *Alonzo Lewis.* 383
A Legend. . . . . *J. G. Whittier.* 384
They heard a Voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither." Rev. xi. 12. . . . . *Mrs. Sigourney.* 386
Occasional Hymn. . . . . *Pierpont.* 387
The Sleeper. . . . . *Commercial Advertiser.* 388
God's Omnipresent Agency. . . . . *Carlos Wilcox.* 389
The Farewell. . . . . *Anonymous.* 389
Sunrise on the Hills. . . . . *Anonymous.* 390
Lines on passing the Grave of my Sister. . . . . *Micah P. Flint.* 391
The Revellers. . . . . *Ohio Backwoodsman.* 393
"I would not live always." . . . . *B. B. Thatcher.* 394
The Disimbodied Spirit. . . . . *W. O. B. Peabody.* 395
Lines on hearing of the Death of Garafilia Mohalbi. *Mrs. Sigourney.* 396
Crossing the Ford. . . . . *O. W. H.* 396
Hymn of the Cherokee Indian. . . . . *I. McLellan, Jr.* 397
Lake Superior. . . . . *S. G. Goodrich.* 398
Oriental Mysticism. . . . . *Leonard Woods.* 400
To a Sister about to embark on a Missionary Enterprise. *B B. Thatcher.* 401
The Pilgrim Fathers. . . . . *Charles Sprague* 402

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

Page.

Allston, W. . . . 233, 303, 326
Anonymous. 17, 51, 79, 94, 96, 125, 158, 161, 168, 185, 191, 196, 199, 231, 249, 252, 253, 274, 276, 277, 280, 291, 305, 315, 328, 329, 359, 365, 373, 389, 390

Brainard, J. G. C. 63, 64, 78, 88, 96, 109, 142, 157, 254, 264, 284, 308, 344, 370, 376
Brooks, Mrs. J. G. 51
Browne, Mary Ann. 377
Bryant, W. C. 19, 35, 36, 52, 54, 83, 101, 103, 114, 135, 149, 166, 173, 239, 244, 256, 265, 282, 291, 298, 300, 322, 379

Child, Mrs. 321, 356
Christian Disciple. . . . 170, 211
Christian Examiner. 70, 71, 129, 159, 184, 240, 270, 341
Christian Mirror. 374
Columbian Star. 89
Commercial Advertiser . 388
Connecticut Mirror . . . 356
Connecticut Observer. . . . 90

Dana, R. H. 20, 30, 31, 55, 56, 80, 80, 100, 102, 130, 145, 147, 241, 247, 298, 302, 318
Davidson, Lucretia M. 25, 125, 134
Dawes, R. 121, 275
Doane, G. W. 128, 347

Page.

Eastburn. J. W. 120, 133, 334, 347, 355
Episcopal Watchman. . . . 375
Everett, E. 225, 250
Everett, A. H. 314

Flint, M. 259
Flint, M. P. 391
Frisbie, L. 286, 364

Gallaudet, W. E. 289
Garrison, W. L. . . . 57, 201
Gilman, Mrs. 66, 376
Goodrich, S. G. 398
Gould, Hannah F. 157
Graham, S. 278
Greenwood, W. P. 265

Hale, Mrs. 218, 382
Halleck, F. G. 58, 60, 163, 218, 240, 296, 323, 362
Hillhouse, J. A. 22, 25, 44, 46, 76, 152, 186, 214, 294, 340
Huntington, D. . . . 248, 316

Idle Man. 246

Jones. 167

Ladies' Magazine (Mrs. Hale's). 335, 338
Lewis, A. 115, 382
Longfellow, G. W. 160, 193, 206, 257, 260, 306, 332

Page.
Massachusetts Spy. 216
McLellan, I. Jr. 359, 369, 372, 381, 397
Mellen, G. 86, 200
Monthly Anthology . . . 284

National Gazette (Walsh's). 82, 251
Neal, J. 209
New York American. . . . 137
New York Daily Advertiser. . 113
New York Evening Post. . . 232
New York Review. 331
New York Statesman. . . . 272
North American Review. . . 307
Norton, A. 65, 225, 255, 269

Ohio Backwoodsman, . . . 393
O. W. H. 396

Peabody, W. O. B. 181, 215, 281, 325, 336, 336, 337, 345, 395
Percival, J. G. 50, 85, 107, 138, 172, 183, 202, 204, 228, 258, 262, 267, 267, 294, 351
Pickering, H. 230, 339
Pierpont, J. 42, 43, 61, 107, 156, 183, 198, 211, 293, 301, 343, 357, 366, 368, 382, 387
Pinkney, E. C. 158
Port Folio. 90, 97

Page.
Rockingham Gazette, . . 288
Rockwell, J. O. 197

Sands, R. C. 116
Sigourney, Mrs. 38, 48, 48, 112, 123, 127, 163, 175, 292, 309, 348. 386, 396
Smith, Louisa P 233
Sprague, C. 162, 403

Talisman. 77, 95
Tappan, W. B. . . . 123, 269
Thatcher, B. B. . . . 394, 401
Townsend, Elizabeth. . . 207

Unitarian Miscellany. . . . 327
Upham, T. C. 212
U. S. Rev. & Lit. Gazette. . . 177

Ware, H. Jr. . . . 143, 220, 353
Wells, T. 157
Whittier, J. G. 37, 66, 87, 110, 349, 384
Wilcox, C. 17, 39, 41, 45, 61, 68, 77, 84, 98, 105, 106, 330, 342, 389
Willis, N. P. 27, 85, 91, 111, 119, 141, 169, 178, 213, 224, 271, 310, 310
Woodworth. 194
Woods, L. 400

Yamoyden, ... 127, 217

AMERICAN

COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF POETRY.

A Sacred Melody.—ANONYMOUS.

BE thou, O God! by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light Divine,
To keep me pure within;—

Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark, that soars
Till heaven shine round its plumes.

So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
Midst light from paradise.

Active Christian Benevolence the Source of sublime and lasting Happiness.—CARLOS WILCOX.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.—
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit
To light on man as from the passing air;
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers
Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,
That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers
Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given
To them that idly worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?
Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear
But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim
Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear
From other lips, without a blush of shame,
Or pride indignant; then be thine the blame,

And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist
The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;
'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

Inscription for the Entrance into a Wood.—BRYANT

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it,—enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
To guilt. And hence these shades are still the abodes
Of undissembled gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy

Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

The Death of Sin and the Life of Holiness.—DANA.

BE warned! Thou canst not break or 'scape the power
In kindness given in thy first breathing hour:
Thou canst not slay its life: it must create;
And, good or ill, there ne'er will come a date
To its tremendous energies. The trust,
Thus given, guard, and to thyself be just.
Nor dream with life to shuffle off this coil;
It takes fresh life, starts fresh for further toil,
And on it goes, for ever, ever on,
Changing, all down its course, each thing to one
With its immortal nature. All must be,
Like thy dread self, one dread eternity.

Blinded by passion, man gives up his breath,
Uncalled by God. We look, and name it death.
Mad wretch! the soul hath no last sleep; the strife
To end itself, but wakes intenser life
In the self-torturing spirit. Fool, give o'er!
Hast thou once been, yet think'st to be no more?
What! life destroy itself? O, idlest dream,
Shaped in that emptiest thing—a doubter's scheme.
Think'st in a universal soul will merge
Thy soul, as rain-drops mingle with the surge?

Or, no less skeptic, sin will have an end,
And thy purged spirit with the holy blend
In joys as holy? Why a sinner now?
As falls the tree, so lies it. So shalt thou.
God's Book, thou doubter, holds the plain record.
Dar'st talk of hopes and doubts against that Word?
Dar'st palter with it in a quibbling sense?
That Book shall judge thee when thou passest hence.
Then, with thy spirit from the body freed,
Thou'lt know, thou'lt see, thou'lt feel what's life, indeed.

Bursting to life, thy dominant desire
Will upward flame, like a fierce forest fire;
Then, like a sea of fire, heave, roar, and dash—
Roll up its lowest depths in waves, and flash
A wild disaster round, like its own wo—
Each wave cry, "Wo for ever!" in its flow,
And then pass on—from far adown its path
Send back commingling sounds of wo and wrath—
Th' indomitable *Will* then know no sway:—
God calls—Man, hear Him; quit that fearful way!

Come, listen to His voice who died to save
Lost man, and raise him from his moral grave;
From darkness showed a path of light to heaven;
Cried, "Rise and walk; thy sins are all forgiven."

Blest are the pure in heart. Would'st thou be blest?
He'll cleanse thy spotted soul. Would'st thou find rest?
Around thy toils and cares he'll breathe a calm,
And to thy wounded spirit lay a balm,
From fear draw love, and teach thee where to seek
Lost strength and grandeur, with the bowed and meek.

Come lowly; He will help thee. Lay aside
That subtle, first of evils—human pride.
Know God, and, so, thyself; and be afraid
To call aught poor or low that he has made.
Fear naught but sin; love all but sin; and learn
How that, in all things else, thou may'st discern
His forming, his creating power—how bind
Earth, self and brother to th' Eternal Mind.

Linked with th' Immortal, immortality
Begins e'en here. For what is time to thee,

To whose cleared sight the night is turned to day,
And that but changing life, miscalled decay?

Is it not glorious, then, from thy own heart
To pour a stream of life?—to make a part
With thy eternal spirit things that rot,—
That, looked on for a moment, are forgot,
But to thy opening vision pass to take
New forms of life, and in new beauties wake?

To thee the falling leaf but fades to bear
Its hues and odors to some fresher air;
Some passing sound floats by to yonder sphere,
That softly answers to thy listening ear.
In one eternal round they go and come;
And where they travel, there hast thou a home
For thy far-reaching thoughts.—O, Power Divine,
Has this poor worm a spirit so like thine?
Unwrap its folds, and clear its wings to go!
Would I could quit earth, sin, and care, and wo!
Nay, rather let me use the world aright:
Thus make me ready for my upward flight.

A Demon's false Description of his Race of fallen Intelligences. A Scene from Hadad.—HILLHOUSE.

Tamar. I SHUDDER,
Lest some dark Minister be near us now.
Hadad. You wrong them. They are bright Intelligences,
Robbed of some native splendor, and cast down,
'Tis true, from heaven; but not deformed, and foul,
Revengeful, malice-working fiends, as fools
Suppose. They dwell, like princes, in the clouds;
Sun their bright pinions in the middle sky;
Or arch their palaces beneath the hills,
With stones inestimable studded so,
That sun or stars were useless there.
Tam. Good heavens!
Had. He bade me look on rugged Caucasus,
Crag piled on crag beyond the utmost ken,
Naked, and wild, as if creation's ruins
Were heaped in one immeasurable chain
Of barren mountains, beaten by the storms

Of everlasting winter. But within
Are glorious palaces, and domes of light,
Irradiate halls, and crystal colonnades,
Vaults set with gems, the purchase of a crown,
Blazing with lustre past the noon-tide beam,
Or, with a milder beauty, mimicking
The mystic signs of changeful Mazzaroth.
Tam. Unheard of splendor!
Had. There they dwell, and muse,
And wander; Beings beautiful, immortal,
Minds vast as heaven, capacious as the sky,
Whose thoughts connect past, present, and to come,
And glow with light intense, imperishable.
Thus, in the sparry chambers of the sea
And air-pavilions, rainbow tabernacles,
They study Nature's secrets, and enjoy
No poor dominion.
Tam. Are they beautiful,
And powerful far beyond the human race?
Had. Man's feeble heart cannot conceive it. When
The sage described them, fiery eloquence
Flowed from his lips, his bosom heaved, his eyes
Grew bright and mystical; moved by the theme,
Like one who feels a deity within.
Tam. Wondrous!—What intercourse have they with men?
Had. Sometimes they deign to intermix with man,
But oft with woman.
Tam. Hah! with woman?
Had. She
Attracts them with her gentler virtues, soft,
And beautiful, and heavenly, like themselves.
They have been known to love her with a passion
Stronger than human.
Tam. That surpasses all
You yet have told me.
Had. This the sage affirms;
And Moses, darkly.
Tam. How do they appear?
How manifest their love?
Had. Sometimes 'tis spiritual, signified
By beatific dreams, or more distinct
And glorious apparition.—They have stooped
To animate a human form, and love
Like mortals.
Tam. Frightful to be so beloved!

Who could endure the horrid thought!—What makes
Thy cold hand tremble? or is't mine
That feels so deathy?
Had. Dark imaginations haunt me
When I recall the dreadful interview.
Tam. O, tell them not—I would not hear them.
Had. But why contemn a Spirit's love? so high,
So glorious, if he haply deigned?—
Tam. Forswear
My Maker! love a Demon!
Had. No—O, no—
My thoughts but wandered—Oft, alas! they wander.
Tam. Why dost thou speak so sadly now?—and lo!
Thine eyes are fixed again upon Arcturus.
Thus ever, when thy drooping spirits ebb,
Thou gazest on that star. Hath it the power
To cause or cure thy melancholy mood?——
[*He appears lost in thought.*]
Tell me, ascrib'st thou influence to the stars?
Had. (*starting.*) The stars! What know'st thou of the stars?
Tam. I know that they were made to rule the night.
Had. Like palace lamps! thou echoest well thy grandsire.
Woman! the stars are living, glorious,
Amazing, infinite!
Tam. Speak not so wildly.—
I know them numberless, resplendent, set
As symbols of the countless, countless years
That make eternity.
Had. Eternity!—
Oh! mighty, glorious, miserable thought!—
Had ye endured like those great sufferers,
Like them, seen ages, myriad ages roll;
Could ye but look into the void abyss
With eyes experienced, unobscured by torments,—
Then mightst thou name it, name it feelingly.
Tam. What ails thee, Hadad?—Draw me not so close.
Had. Tamar! I need thy love—more than thy love—
Tam. Thy cheek is wet with tears—Nay, let us part—
Tis late—I cannot, must not linger.—
[*Breaks from him, and exit.*]
Had. Loved and abhorred!—Still, still accursed!—
[*He paces, twice or thrice, up and down, with passionate gestures; then turns his face to the sky, and stands a moment in silence.*]

—Oh! where,
In the illimitable space, in what
Profound of untried misery, when all
His worlds, his rolling orbs of light, that fill
With life and beauty yonder infinite,
Their radiant journey run, for ever set,
Where, where, in what abyss shall I be groaning?
[*Exit.*]

Hadad's Description of the City of David.—HILLHOUSE.

'TIS so;—the hoary harper sings aright;
How beautiful is Zion!—Like a queen,
Armed with a helm in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods,
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrazures of alabaster shine;
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
But not, for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blessed
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the Glory hovers, here I war.

The Song at Twilight.—LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.*

WHEN evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

*The remains and a biographical sketch of this remarkable girl were published last year by Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse. An interesting review of the volume appeared soon after in the London Quarterly: we are not

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie;—

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
O, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles half afraid,
O, sister, sing the song once more
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?

---

aware that it has been noticed in any periodical in this country. Southey has rendered himself distinguished for his attention to youthful genius. Except the cases of Chatterton and Henry Kirke White, he thinks there is no instance on record of "so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement," as is exhibited in the history of this young lady. "In these poems, there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends and parents of the deceased, could have formed; nor can any person rise from the perusal of such a volume without feeling the vanity of human hopes."

"She was peculiarly sensitive to music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy; she wished to hear it only at twilight; thus, with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the windharp in the window when she was composing, seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system, already diseasedly susceptible; for it is said, that, whenever she heard this song, she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favorite of all songs, and gave occasion to these verses, addressed, in her fifteenth year, to her sister.

"To young readers it might be useful to observe, that these verses, in one place, approach the verge of meaning, but are on the wrong side of the line: to none can it be necessary to say, that they breathe the deep feeling of a mind essentially poetical." The piece here referred to, is that extracted above. Ed.

Hagar in the Wilderness.—N. P. WILLIS

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dies; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And every thing that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light,
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were caroling as life
Were a new thing to them; but, oh! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood left them; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn

Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One cord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
O no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once, it boots not how,
By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—
And there is not a high thing out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow;
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning past, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,

And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:—

'God stay thee in thine agony, my boy;
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

'I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

'Oh no! and when I watched by thee the while
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
An heritage for thee!

'And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!'

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

Return of the Buccaneer.—RICHARD H. DANA.

WITHIN our bay, one stormy night,
The isle's men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light
That flashed on man and oar.
When hailed, the rowing stopt, and all was dark.
"Ha! lantern work!—We'll home! They're playing shark!"

Next day, at noon, towards the town,
All stared and wondered much to see
Matt and his men come strolling down.
The boys shout, "Here comes Lee!"
"Thy ship, good Lee?" "Not many leagues from shore
Our ship by chance took fire."—They learnt no more.

He and his crew were flush of gold.
"You did not lose your cargo, then?"
"Learn where all's fairly bought and sold."
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

"Wouldst see my log-book? Fairly writ,
With pen of steel, and ink like blood!
How lightly doth the conscience sit!
Learn, truth's the only good."

And thus, with flout, and cold and impious jeer,
He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink.
"Come, pass the bowl, my jolly crew.
It thicks the blood to mope and think.
Here's merry days, though few!"
And then he quaffs.—So riot reigns within;
So brawl and laughter shake that house of sin.

Matt lords it now throughout the isle.
His hand falls heavier than before.
All dread alike his frown or smile.
None come within his door,
Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him;
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

Appearance of the Spectre Horse and the Burning Ship to the Buccaneer.—IBID.

"To-night's our anniversary;
And, mind me, lads, we'll have it kept
With royal state and special glee!
Better with those who slept
Their sleep that night, had he be now, who slinks!
And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks!"

The words they spoke we may not speak.
The tales they told we may not tell.
Mere mortal man, forbear to seek
The secrets of that hell!
Their shouts grow loud. 'Tis near mid-hour of night.
What means upon the waters that red light?

Not bigger than a star it seems;
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon;
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light!—'Twill reach us soon!
A ship! and all on fire!—hull, yards and mast!
Her sheets are sheets of flame!—She's nearing fast!

And now she rides, upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light

Around the cove on inland hill,
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror! Men in dumb amaze
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

It scares the sea-birds from their nests.
They dart and wheel with deaf'ning screams;
Now dark,—and now their wings and breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams.
O, sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

And what comes up above that wave,
So ghastly white?—A spectral head!—
A horse's head—(May heaven save
Those looking on the dead,—
The waking dead!) There on the sea he stands—
The spectre-horse!—he moves; he gains the sands!

Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night!
His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray break.

The revel now is high within:
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, midst mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seemed the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damned away,
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarred hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot, flushed cheeks are blanched with fear,
And why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drowned horse near?

He drops his cup; his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down!—It is thy banquet night.

"I cannot sit. I needs must go:
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread! I go to wo!"
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man?—His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The shadow stands?—His eyes are on thee, Lee!—

Thy hair pricks up!—"O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!
His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
Speak that I must not name!"
Thou'rt mad to mount that horse!—"A power within,
I must obey, cries, 'Mount thee, man of sin!'"

He's now astride the spectre's back,
With rein of silk, and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed!—the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold:
Nor doth he touch the shade he strides, upborne
By an unseen power.—God help thee, man forlorn!

He goes with speed; he goes with dread!
And now they're on the hanging steep!
And, now, the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap!
The horse stops short:—his feet are on the verge.
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
With red, hot spars and crackling flame.
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone.
She burns, and yet's the same!
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
Thou ne'er again wilt curse and ban.
How fast he moves the lip!
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound!
What see you, Lee,—the bodies of the drowned?

"I look—where mortal man may not—
Into the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot;
I see them in their sleep.
A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo."

Thou mild, sad mother, waning moon
Thy last, low, melancholy ray
Shines towards him.—Quit him not so soon!
Mother, in mercy, stay!
Despair and death are with him; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

O, thou wast born for things of love;
Making more lovely in thy shine
Whate'er thou look'st on. Hosts above,
In that soft light of thine,
Burn softer:—earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.—
Thou'rt going down!—Thou'st left him unforgiven!

The far, low west is bright no more
How still it is! No sound is heard
At sea, or all along the shore,
But cry of passing bird.
Thou living thing, and dar'st thou come so near
These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear?

Now long that thick, red light has shone
On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
On man and horse that seem of stone,
So motionless are they.
But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns:
The night is going—faint, gray dawn returns.

The spectre-steed now slowly pales;
Now changes like the moonlit cloud.
That cold, thin light, now slowly fails,
Which wrapt them like a shroud.
Both ship and horse are fading into air.
Lost, mazed, alone, see, Lee is standing there!

The morning air blows fresh on him;
The waves dance gladly in his sight;

The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim—
O, blèssed morning light!
He doth not hear that joyous call; he sees
No beauty in the wave; he feels no breeze.

For he's accurst from all that's good;
He ne'er must know its healing power.
The sinner on his sins must brood;
Must wait, alone, his hour.
Thou stranger to earth's beauty—human love—
There's here no rest for thee, no hope above!

The Death of the Flowers.—BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

The Skies.—BRYANT.

AY, gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament!
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With that bright vault and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height;
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns: with thee, on high,
The storm has made his airy seat:
Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet:
Thence the consuming lightnings break;
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern:
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
A song at their return;
The glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
  The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
  The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
  The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
  May thy blue pillars rise:—
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.

And they are fair: a charm is theirs,
  That earth—the proud, green earth—has not,
With all the hues, and forms, and airs,
  That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,
And read of heaven's eternal year.

Oh! when, amid the throng of men,
  The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us, then,
  Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest!

From "The Minstrel Girl."—JAMES G. WHITTIER.

HER lover died. Away from her,
  The ocean-girls his requiem sang,
And smoothed his dreamless sepulchre
  Where the tall coral branches sprang.
And it was told her how he strove
  With death; but not from selfish fear:
It was the memory of her love
  Which made existence doubly dear.
They told her how his fevered sleep
  Revealed the phantom of his brain—
He thought his love had come to keep
  Her vigils at his couch of pain;

And he would speak in his soft tone,
  And stretch his arms to clasp the air,
And then awaken with a moan,
  And weep that there was nothing there!
And when he bowed himself at last
  Beneath the spoiler's cold eclipse,
Even as the weary spirit passed,
  Her name was on his marble lips.
She heard the tale; she did not weep;
  It was too strangely sad for tears;
And so she kept it for the deep
  Rememberings of after years.
She poured one lone and plaintive wail
  For the loved dead—it was her last—
Like harp-tones dying, on the gale
  Her minstrelsy of spirit passed:
And she became an altered one,
  Forgetful of her olden shrine,
As if her darkened soul had done
  With all beneath the fair sunshine.

"*Weep for Yourselves, and for your Children.*"—
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WE mourn for those who *toil*,
  The slave who ploughs the main,
Or him who hopeless tills the soil
  Beneath the stripe and chain;
For those who in the world's hard race
  O'erwearied and unblest,
A host of restless phantoms chase,—
  Why mourn for those who *rest?*

We mourn for those who *sin*,
  Bound in the tempter's snare,
Whom syren pleasure beckons in
  To prisons of despair,
Whose hearts, by whirlwind passions torn,
  Are wrecked on folly's shore,—
But why in sorrow should we mourn
  For those who *sin no more?*

We mourn for those who weep,
  Whom stern afflictions bend

With anguish o'er the lowly sleep
  Of lover or of friend;—
But they to whom the sway
  Of pain and grief is o'er,
Whose tears our God hath wiped away,
  Oh, mourn for them no more!

The sudden Coming on of Spring after long Rains.—
CARLOS WILCOX.

THE spring, made dreary by incessant rain,
Was well nigh gone, and not a glimpse appeared
Of vernal loveliness, but light-green turf
Round the deep bubbling fountain in the vale,
Or by the rivulet on the hill-side, near
Its cultivated base, fronting the south,
Where, in the first warm rays of March, it sprung
Amid dissolving snow:—save these mere specks
Of earliest verdure, with a few pale flowers,
In other years bright blowing soon as earth
Unveils her face, and a faint vermil tinge
On clumps of maple of the softer kind,
Was nothing visible to give to May,
Though far advanced, an aspect more like her's
Than like November's universal gloom.
All day, beneath the sheltering hovel, stood
The drooping herd, or lingered near to ask
The food of winter. A few lonely birds,
Of those that in this northern clime remain
Throughout the year, and in the dawn of spring,
At pleasant noon, from their unknown retreat,
Come suddenly to view with lively notes,
Or those that soonest to this clime return
From warmer regions, in thick groves were seen,
But with their feathers ruffled, and despoiled
Of all their glossy lustre, sitting mute,
Or only skipping, with a single chirp,
In quest of food. Whene'er the heavy clouds,
That half way down the mountain side oft hung,
As if o'erloaded with their watery store,
Were parted, though with motion unobserved,
Through their dark opening, white with snow appeared
Its lowest, e'en its cultivated, peaks.

With sinking heart the husbandman surveyed
The melancholy scene, and much his fears
On famine dwelt; when, suddenly awaked
At the first glimpse of daylight, by the sound,
Long time unheard, of cheerful martins, near
His window, round their dwelling chirping quick,
With spirits by hope enlivened, up he sprung
To look abroad, and to his joy beheld
A sky without the remnant of a cloud.
From gloom to gayety and beauty bright
So rapid now the universal change,
The rude survey it with delight refined,
And e'en the thoughtless talk of thanks devout.
Long swoln in drenching rain, seeds, germs, and buds,
Start at the touch of vivifying beams.
Moved by their secret force, the vital lymph
Diffusive runs, and spreads o'er wood and field
A flood of verdure. Clothed, in one short week,
Is naked nature in her full attire.
On the first morn, light as an open plain
Is all the woodland, filled with sunbeams, poured
Through the bare tops, on yellow leaves below,
With strong reflection: on the last, 'tis dark
With full-grown foliage, shading all within.
In one short week, the orchard buds and blooms;
And now, when steeped in dew or gentle showers,
It yields the purest sweetness to the breeze,
Or all the tranquil atmosphere perfumes.
E'en from the juicy leaves, of sudden growth,
And the rank grass of steaming ground, the air,
Filled with a watery glimmering, receives
A grateful smell, exhaled by warming rays.
Each day are heard, and almost every hour,
New notes to swell the music of the groves.
And soon the latest of the feathered train
At evening twilight come;—the lonely snipe,
O'er marshy fields, high in the dusky air,
Invisible, but, with faint, tremulous tones,
Hovering or playing o'er the listener's head;—
And, in mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but, when upturned,
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,

Then far down diving with loud hollow sound;—
And, deep at first within the distant wood,
The whip-poor-will, her name her only song.
She, soon as children from the noisy sport
Of hooping, laughing, talking with all tones,
To hear the echoes of the empty barn,
Are by her voice diverted, and held mute,
Comes to the margin of the nearest grove;
And when the twilight, deepened into night,
Calls them within, close to the house she comes,
And on its dark side, haply on the step
Of unfrequented door, lighting unseen,
Breaks into strains articulate and clear,
The closing sometimes quickened as in sport.
Now, animate throughout, from morn to eve
All harmony, activity, and joy,
Is lovely Nature, as in her blest prime.
The robin to the garden, or green yard,
Close to the door repairs to build again
Within her wonted tree; and at her work
Seems doubly busy, for her past delay.
Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim;
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence, with motion serpentine,
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.
The flippant blackbird, with light yellow crown,
Hangs fluttering in the air, and chatters thick
Till her breath fail, when, breaking off, she drops
On the next tree, and on its highest limb,
Or some tall flag, and, gently rocking, sits,
Her strain repeating.

Slavery.—CARLOS WILCOX.

ALL are born free, and all with equal rights.
So speaks the charter of a nation proud
Of her unequalled liberties and laws,

While, in that nation,—shameful to relate,—
One man in five is born and dies a slave.
Is this my country? this that happy land,
The wonder and the envy of the world?
O for a mantle to conceal her shame!
But why, when Patriotism cannot hide
The ruin which her guilt will surely bring
If unrepented? and unless the God
Who poured his plagues on Egypt till she let
The oppressed go free, and often pours his wrath,
In earthquakes and tornadoes, on the isles
Of western India, laying waste their fields,
Dashing their mercenary ships ashore,
Tossing the isles themselves like floating wrecks,
And burying towns alive in one wide grave,
No sooner ope'd but closed, let judgment pass
For once untasted till the general doom,
Can it go well with us while we retain
This cursed thing? Will not untimely frosts,
Devouring insects, drought, and wind and hail,
Destroy the fruits of ground long tilled in chains?
Will not some daring spirit, born to thoughts
Above his beast-like state, find out the truth,
That Africans are men; and, catching fire
From Freedom's altar raised before his eyes
With incense fuming sweet, in others light
A kindred flame in secret, till a train,
Kindled at once, deal death on every side?
Cease then, Columbia, for thy safety cease,
And for thine honor, to proclaim the praise
Of thy fair shores of liberty and joy,
While thrice five hundred thousand wretched slaves,
In thine own bosom, start at every word
As meant to mock their woes, and shake their chains,
Thinking defiance which they dare not speak

Hymn for the African Colonization Society.—PIERPONT.

WITH thy pure dews and rains,
Wash out, O God, the stains
From Afric's shore;
And, while her palm-trees bud,

Let not her children's blood
With her broad Niger's flood
Be mingled more!

Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed,
The thirst for gold.
Shall not thy thunders speak,
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
By Christians wrought!
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

Cast down, great God, the fanes
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison!

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image, cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

Dedication Hymn.—PIERPONT.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—

Not now, on Zion's height alone,
The favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.

To thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverend air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

Evening Music of the Angels.—HILLHOUSE.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,
Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet distance-mellowed bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.

In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

Vernal Melody in the Forest.—CARLOS WILCOX.*

WITH sonorous notes
Of every tone, mixed in confusion sweet,
All chanted in the fulness of delight,
The forest rings. Where, far around enclosed
With bushy sides, and covered high above
With foliage thick, supported by bare trunks,
Like pillars rising to support a roof,
It seems a temple vast, the space within
Rings loud and clear with thrilling melody.
Apart, but near the choir, with voice distinct,
The merry mocking-bird together links
In one continued song their different notes,

* He was a true poet, and deeply interesting in his character, both as a man and a Christian. He resembled Cowper in many respects;—in the gentleness and tenderness of his sensibilities—in the modest and retiring disposition of his mind—in its fine culture, and its original poetical cast—and not a little in the character of his poetry. It has been said with truth, that, if he had given himself to poetry as his chief occupation, he might have been the Cowper of New England. We pretend not to place his unfinished and broken compositions on a level with the works of the author of the Task; but they possess much of his spirit, and, at the same time, are original. Like Cowper, "he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the developement of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth." Amidst the throngs of imitators, whose names have crowded the pages of the annuals and magazines, his is never to be seen; and the merits of his poetry are almost unknown to those who regulate the criticisms of the public journals. But it is both a proof and a consequence of his original powers and his elevated feelings, that, instead of devoting his mind to the composition of short, artificial pieces for the public eye, he started at once upon a wide and noble subject, with the outline in his mind of a magnificent moral poem. The history, the scenery, and the public and domestic manners in this country, afforded scope for the composition of another Task, which, if the powers of the writer were equal to his subject, would be more for America, and the religious world, than even Cowper's was for England and his fellow men. Mr. Wilcox did not live to execute his design; but the fragments he has left us are so rich, in a vein of unaffected poetry and piety, that they make us sorrowful for what we have lost, and indignant that his merits are so little known and appreciated beyond a small circle of affectionate Christian friends.—ED.

Adding new life and sweetness to them all.
Hid under shrubs, the squirrel, that in fields
Frequents the stony wall and briery fence,
Here chirps so shrill that human feet approach
Unheard till just upon him, when, with cries
Sudden and sharp, he darts to his retreat,
Beneath the mossy hillock or aged tree;
But oft, a moment after, re-appears,
First peeping out, then starting forth at once
With a courageous air, yet in his pranks
Keeping a watchful eye, nor venturing far
Till left unheeded.

Close of the Vision of Judgment.—HILLHOUSE.

As when, from some proud capital that crowns
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze
Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog,
Impervious, mantled o'er her highest towers,
Bright on the eye rush Brahma's temples, capped
With spiry tops, gay-trellised minarets,
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnished domes,
Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun,
So from the hill the cloudy curtains rolled,
And, in the lingering lustre of the eve,
Again the Savior and his seraphs shone.
Emitted sudden in his rising, flashed
Intenser light, as toward the right hand host
Mild turning, with a look ineffable,
The invitation he proclaimed in accents
Which on their ravished ears poured thrilling, like
The silver sound of many trumpets heard
Afar in sweetest jubilee; then, swift
Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left,
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice
Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them
Seemed like the crush of Heaven, pronounced the doom
The sentence uttered, as with life instinct,
The throne uprose majestically slow;
Each angel spread his wings; in one dread swell
Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets,
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument

Of heavenly minstrelsy unknown on earth,
And angels' voices, and the loud acclaim
Of all the ransomed, like a thunder-shout.
Far through the skies melodious echoes rolled,
And faint hosannas distant climes returned.

Down from the lessening multitude came faint
And fainter still the trumpet's dying peal,
All else in distance lost, when, to receive
Their new inhabitants, the heavens unfolded.
Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpse
The wicked caught of Paradise, where streaks
Of splendor, golden gleamings, radiance shone,
Like the deep glories of declining day,
When, washed by evening showers, the huge-orbed sun
Breaks instantaneous o'er the illumined world.
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,
Slow turning to the light their snowy wings.
A deep-drawn, agonizing groan escaped
The hapless outcasts, when upon the Lord
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood
Wistfully gazing on the cold gray heaven,
As if to catch, alas! a hope not there.
But shades began to gather, night approached,
Murky and lowering; round with horror rolled
On one another their despairing eyes,
That glared with anguish; starless, hopeless gloom
Fell on their souls, never to know an end.
Though in the far horizon lingered yet
A lurid gleam; black clouds were mustering there;
Red flashes, followed by low, muttering sounds,
Announced the fiery tempest doomed to hurl
The fragments of the earth again to chaos.
Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals
Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged
Their dark, impure abyss, as sea-foul dive
Their watery element.——O'erwhelmed with sights
And sounds of horror, I awoke; and found
For gathering storms, and signs of coming wo,
The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed
Serene and peaceful. Gladly I surveyed her
Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,
And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

"*As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be.*"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,—
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang,—the keenest, and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

The Pilgrims.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom,—then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lashed,—or reels,
Half wrecked, through gulfs profound.
—Moons wax and wane,
But still that lonely traveller treads the deep.—
I see an ice-bound coast, toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds.—
They land!—They land!—not like the Genoese,
With glittering sword and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies.—Forth they come
From their long prison,—hardy forms, that brave
The world's unkindness,—men of hoary hair,

And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave,
Who hush the wailing infant with a *glance.*—
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow.—What could lure their steps
To this drear desert?—Ask of him who let
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the Guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as Ocean's sands.—
But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.—
They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims.—Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is severed?—Can ye tell what pangs were there,
What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones?—
Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck.—Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms?—No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!—
Pray,—and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air.—Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,—
A loftiness,—to face a world in arms,—
To strip the pomp from sceptres,—and to lay
Upon the sacred altar the warm blood
Of slain affections, when they rise between
The soul and God.—
And can ye deem it strange
That from *their* planting such a branch should bloom
As nations envy?—Would a germ, embalmed
With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew
Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
Hid by its veil of waters from the hand
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
In giant strength.—
Its early clusters, crushed
In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host

"*As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be.*"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs,—
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,—
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

When, with sad footstep, memory roves
Mid smitten joys, and buried loves,—
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs,—
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

One trial more must yet be past,
One pang,—the keenest, and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

The Pilgrims.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How slow yon tiny vessel ploughs the main!
Amid the heavy billows now she seems
A toiling atom,—then from wave to wave
Leaps madly, by the tempest lashed,—or reels,
Half wrecked, through gulfs profound.
—Moons wax and wane,
But still that lonely traveller treads the deep.—
I see an ice-bound coast, toward which she steers
With such a tardy movement, that it seems
Stern Winter's hand hath turned her keel to stone,
And sealed his victory on her slippery shrouds.—
They land!—They land!—not like the Genoese,
With glittering sword and gaudy train, and eye
Kindling with golden fancies.—Forth they come
From their long prison,—hardy forms, that brave
The world's unkindness,—men of hoary hair,

And virgins of firm heart, and matrons grave,
Who hush the wailing infant with a *glance*.—
Bleak Nature's desolation wraps them round,
Eternal forests, and unyielding earth,
And savage men, who through the thickets peer
With vengeful arrow.—What could lure their steps
To this drear desert?—Ask of him who let
His father's home to roam through Haran's wilds,
Distrusting not the Guide who called him forth,
Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as Ocean's sands.—
But yon lone bark
Hath spread her parting sail.—
They crowd the strand,
Those few, lone pilgrims.—Can ye scan the wo
That wrings their bosoms, as the last frail link
Binding to man, and habitable earth,
Is severed?—Can ye tell what pangs were there,
What keen regrets, what sickness of the heart,
What yearnings o'er their forfeit land of birth,
Their distant, dear ones?—
Long, with straining eye,
They watch the lessening speck.—Heard ye no shriek
Of anguish, when that bitter loneliness
Sank down into their bosoms?—No! they turn
Back to their dreary, famished huts, and pray!—
Pray,—and the ills that haunt this transient life
Fade into air.—Up in each girded breast
There sprang a rooted and mysterious strength,—
A loftiness,—to face a world in arms,—
To strip the pomp from sceptres,—and to lay
Upon the sacred altar the warm blood
Of slain affections, when they rise between
The soul and God.—
And can ye deem it strange
That from *their* planting such a branch should bloom
As nations envy?—Would a germ, embalmed
With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew
Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
Hid by its veil of waters from the hand
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
In giant strength.—
Its early clusters, crushed
In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host

A draught of deadly wine.——O, ye who boast
In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
Lose not their lineaments.—Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart,—or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue,—or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth's beach,—and on that rock
Kneel in *their* foot-prints, and renew the vow
They breathed to God.

The Coral Grove.—PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and the waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful Spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the waves his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of Ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;

Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

Hebrew Melody.—MRS. J. G. BROOKS.

Jeremiah x. 17.

FROM the hall of our fathers in anguish we fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread,
For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
And earth, at his footstep, was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of His eye.

O Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep?
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

To a Child.—ANONYMOUS.

"The memory of thy name, dear one,
Lives in my inmost heart,
Linked with a thousand hopes and fears,
That will not thence depart."

THINGS of high import sound I in thine ears,
Dear child, though now thou may'st not feel their power.
But hoard them up, and in thy coming years
Forget them not; and when earth's tempests lower,
A talisman unto thee shall they be,
To give thy weak arm strength, to make thy dim eye see.

Seek TRUTH—that pure, celestial Truth, whose birth
Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined,
In reason's light Not oft she visits earth;
But her majestic port the willing mind,

Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll

Be FREE—not chiefly from the iron chain,
But from the one which passion forges; be
The master of thyself! If lost, regain
The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free.
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek VIRTUE. Wear her armor to the fight;
Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might
By each contending, turbulent ill of life.
Seek Virtue; she alone is all divine;
And, having found, be strong in God's own strength and thine.

TRUTH—FREEDOM—VIRTUE—these, dear child, have power,
If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour:
Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain—
In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled;
Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

The Western World.—BRYANT.

LATE, from this western shore, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,

Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet, that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank—as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and, when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood;
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew
When on the dewy woods the day-beam played;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

To a Waterfowl.—BRYANT.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The Constancy of Nature contrasted with the Changes in Human Life.—DANA.

How like eternity doth nature seem
To life of man—that short and fitful dream!
I look around me;—no where can I trace
Lines of decay that mark our human race.
These are the murmuring waters, these the flowers
I mused o'er in my earlier, better hours.
Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.
Long years have past since this was last my home!
And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame;
But all this vale shuts in is still the same:
'Tis I alone am changed; they know me not:
I feel a stranger—or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow,
Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.
The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,
While gazing idly on them, as they played,
Are holding yet their frolic in the air;
The motion, joy, and beauty still are there—
But not for me!—I look upon the ground:
Myriads of happy faces throng me round,
Familiar to my eye; yet heart and mind
In vain would now the old communion find.
Ye were as living, conscious beings, then,
With whom I talked—but I have talked with men!
With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts I've met;
Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset;
Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow;
Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

And fare thee well, my own green, quiet Vale.—DANA.

THE sun was nigh its set, when we were come
Once more where stood the good man's lowly home.
We sat beside the door; a gorgeous sight
Above our heads—the elm in golden light.
Thoughtful and silent for awhile—he then
Talked of my coming.—"Thou'lt not go again
From thine own vale; and we will make thy home
Pleasant; and it shall glad thee to have come."
Then of my garden and my house he spoke,
And well ranged orchard on the sunny slope;
And grew more bright and happy in his talk
Of social winter eve, and summer walk.
And, while I listened, to my sadder soul
A sunnier, gentler sense in silence stole;
Nor had I heart to spoil the little plan
Which cheered the spirit of the kind old man.

At length I spake—
"No! here I must not stay
I'll rest to-night—to-morrow go my way."

He did not urge me. Looking in my face,
As he each feeling of the heart could trace,
He prest my hand, and prayed I might be blest,—
Where'er I went, that Heaven would give me rest.

The silent night has past into the prime
Of day—to thoughtful souls a solemn time.
For man has wakened from his nightly death,
And shut up sense to morning's life and breath.
He sees go out in heaven the stars that kept
Their glorious watch while he, unconscious, slept,—
Feels God was round him while he knew it not—
Is awed—then meets the world—and God's forgot.
So may I not forget thee, holy Power!
Be to me ever as at this calm hour.

The tree tops now are glittering in the sun:
Away! 'Tis time my journey was begun.

Why should I stay, when all I loved are fled,
Strange to the living, knowing but the dead;

A homeless wanderer through my early home;
Gone childhood's joy, and not a joy to come?
To pass each cottage, and to have it tell,
Here did thy mother, here a playmate dwell;
To think upon that lost one's girlish bloom,
And see that sickly smile, and mark her doom!—
It haunts me now—her dim and wildered brain.
I would not look upon that eye again!

Let me go, rather, where I shall not find
Aught that my former self will bring to mind.
These old, familiar things, where'er I tread,
Are round me like the mansions of the dead.
No! wide and foreign lands shall be my range,
That suits the lonely soul, where all is strange.

Then for the dashing sea, the broad full sail!
And fare thee well, my own green, quiet vale.

SONNET.

The Free Mind.—

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.*

HIGH walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:

*This sonnet, written during Mr. Garrison's despotic imprisonment, possesses a nobleness and an energy in the thought, a corresponding ease and originality in the expression, and an antique richness in its whole structure, which make it worthy of the happiest 'Olden Times' of the English Muse.

With all the heart, we bid its author God speed in his efforts in the cause of freedom. But it needs *patience* and *prudence*, as well as stern moral courage. The possible result of the Colonization Society, and the success which may attend the efforts for the entire abolition of slavery in this country, constitute *the great problem*, on the solution of which our prosperity, and perhaps even our existence as a nation, depends. Every man who can speak, every editor who can influence the public mind, should certainly be doing all in his power to hasten forward the period of complete emancipation.

"Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!"

ED.

Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fire-side tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

Marco Bozzaris.—F. G. HALLECK.

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come: the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;—
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;—
  Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;—
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
  We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame s—
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

Weehawken.—F. G. HALLECK.

WEEHAWKEN! in thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of Nature, in her wild
And frolic hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smiled
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling, like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour, he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him—
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one,
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,
That in his manhood prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

On laying the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.—PIERPONT.

O, IS not this a holy spot?
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth!
God of our fathers! is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side;
The robber roams o'er Sinai now;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on *this* hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust: 'tis holy ground:
And we, the children of the brave,
From th[illegible]our winds are gathered round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,
Free as the waves below us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame:
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

Rousseau and Cowper.—CARLOS WILCOX.

ROUSSEAU could weep; yes, with a heart of stone,
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at even tide—
On its small running waves, in purple dyed,
Beneath bright clouds or all the glowing sky,

On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gushed from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine
Of grief or love; at fancy's flash they flowed,
Like burning drops from some proud lonely pine
By lightning fired; his heart with passion glowed
Till it consumed his life, and yet he showed
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe,
As Etna, with its centre an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow the living world below.

Was he but justly wretched from his crimes?
Then why was Cowper's anguish oft as keen,
With all the heaven-born virtue that sublimes
Genius and feeling, and to things unseen
Lifts the pure heart through clouds, that roll between
The earth and skies, to darken human hope?
Or wherefore did those clouds thus intervene
To render vain faith's lifted telescope,
And leave him in thick gloom his weary way to grope?

He, too, could give himself to musing deep;
By the calm lake at evening, he could stand,
Lonely and sad, to see the moonlight sleep
On all its breast, by not an insect fanned,
And hear low voices on the far-off strand,
Or, through the still and dewy atmosphere,
The pipe's soft tones, waked by some gentle hand,
From fronting shore and woody island near
In echoes quick returned more mellow and more clear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams,
In the pine grove, when low the full moon, fair,
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,
Stretching the shades of trunks erect and bare,
In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,
As of some temple vast or colonnade,
While on green turf, made smooth without his care,
He wandered o'er its stripes of light and shade,
And heard the dying day-breeze all the boughs pervade

'Twas thus, in nature's bloom and solitude,
He nursed his grief till nothing could assuage;
'Twas thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in life's toils it could no more engage;
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,
To send his thoughts to every future age;
But he is gone where grief will not devour,
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower.

To that bright world where things of earth appear
Stripped of false charms, my fancy often flies,
To ask him there what life is happiest here;
And, as he points around him, and replies
With glowing lips, my heart within me dies,
And conscience whispers of a dreadful bar,
When, in some scene where every beauty lies,
A soft, sweet pensiveness begins to mar
The joys of social life, and with its claims to war.

To the Dead.—BRAINARD.

How many now are dead to me
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look which we
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Beyond the blue seas, far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope or comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me;
Though months and years have passed,
In a lone hour, his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see
As when I saw him last.

And one, with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me.
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His lip was cold—it would not speak;
His heart was dead, for it did not break;
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life and deadly bloom—
Dim is such glare; but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile.

The Deep.—BRAINARD.

THERE's beauty in the deep:—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep:—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep:—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend,
with sin and sorrow to the end:

Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

Scene after a Summer Shower.—PROFESSOR NORTON.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence, earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind flows cool; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest, to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on Nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,
And all the train of mean desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

The Child's Wish in June.—MRS. GILMAN.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

From "The Minstrel Girl."—JAMES G. WHITTIER.

SHE leaned against her favorite tree,
The golden sunlight melting through
The twined branches, as the free
And easy-pinioned breezes flew

Around the bloom and greenness there,
  Awaking all to life and motion,
Like unseen spirits sent to bear
  Earth's perfume to the barren ocean
That ocean lay before her then
  Like a broad lustre, to send back
The scattered beams of day again
  To burn along its sunset track!
And broad and beautiful it shone;
  As quickened by some spiritual breath,
Its very waves seemed dancing on
  To music whispered underneath.

And there she leaned,—that minstrel girl!
  The breeze's kiss was soft and meek
Where coral melted into pearl
  On parted lip and glowing cheek;
Her dark and lifted eye had caught
  Its lustre from the spirit's gem;
And round her brow the light of thought
  Was like an angel's diadem;
For genius, as a living coal,
  Had touched her lip and heart with flame,
And on the altar of her soul
  The fire of inspiration came.
And early she had learned to love
  Each holy charm to Nature given,—
The changing earth, the skies above,
  Were prompters to her dreams of Heaven!
She loved the earth—the streams that wind
  Like music from its hills of green—
The stirring boughs above them twined—
  The shifting light and shade between;—
The fall of waves—the fountain gush—
  The sigh of winds—the music heard
At even-tide, from air and bush—
  The minstrelsy of leaf and bird.
But chief she loved the sunset sky—
  Its golden clouds, like curtains drawn
To form the gorgeous canopy
  Of monarchs to their slumbers gone!

The sun went down,—and, broad and red
  One moment, on the burning wave,

Rested his front of fire, to shed
A glory round his ocean-grave:
And sunset—far and gorgeous hung
A banner from the wall of heaven—
A wave of living glory, flung
Along the shadowy verge of even.

*Description of a sultry Summer's Noon.**—
CARLOS WILCOX.

A SULTRY NOON, not in the summer's prime,
When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom,
But near its close, when vegetation stops,
And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun,
Soothes and enervates with its thousand charms,
Its images of silence and of rest,
The melancholy mind. The fields are still;
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken, on the coolest side
Of his abode, reclines, in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone,
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks their heavy bended heads
Support as motionless as oaks their tops.
O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still;
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle down,
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside

* How perfect is this description of the hot noon of a summer's day in the country! and yet how simple and unstudied! Several of its most expressive images are entirely new, and the whole graphic combination is original—a quality very difficult to attain after Thomson and Cowper. The thistle alighting sleepily on the grass, the yellow-hammer mutely picking the seeds, the grasshopper snapping his wings, and the low singing of the locust—all the images, indeed, make up a picture inimitably beautiful and true to nature. ED.

Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense and as distinct
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side;
Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

No sound nor motion of a living thing
The stillness breaks, but such as serve to soothe,
Or cause the soul to feel the stillness more.
The yellow-hammer by the way-side picks,
Mutely, the thistle's seed; but in her flight,
So smoothly serpentine, her wings outspread
To rise a little, closed to fall as far,
Moving like sea-fowl o'er the heaving waves,
With each new impulse chimes a feeble note.
The russet grasshopper at times is heard,
Snapping his many wings, as half he flies,
Half hovers in the air. Where strikes the sun,
With sultriest beams, upon the sandy plain,
Or stony mount, or in the close, deep vale,
The harmless locust of this western clime,
At intervals, amid the leaves unseen,
Is heard to sing with one unbroken sound,
As with a long-drawn breath, beginning low,
And rising to the midst with shriller swell,
Then in low cadence dying all away.
Beside the stream, collected in a flock,
The noiseless butterflies, though on the ground,
Continue still to wave their open fans
Powdered with gold; while on the jutting twigs
The spindling insects that frequent the banks
Rest, with their thin transparent wings outspread
As when they fly. Ofttimes, though seldom seen,
The cuckoo, that in summer haunts our groves,
Is heard to moan, as if at every breath
Panting aloud. The hawk, in mid-air high,

On his broad pinions sailing round and round,
With not a flutter, or but now and then,
As if his trembling balance to regain,
Utters a single scream, but faintly heard,
And all again is still.

The Dying Child.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

'TIS dying! life is yielding place
To that mysterious charm,
Which spreads upon the troubled face
A fixed, unchanging calm,
That deepens as the parting breath
Is gently sinking into death.

A thoughtful beauty rests the while
Upon its snowy brow;
But those pale lips could never smile
More radiantly than now;
And sure some heavenly dreams begin
To dawn upon the soul within!

O that those mildly conscious lips
Were parted to reply—
To tell how death's severe eclipse
Is passing from thine eye;
For living eye can never see
The change that death hath wrought in thee.

Perhaps thy sight is wandering far
Throughout the kindled sky,
In tracing every infant star
Amid the flames on high;—
Souls of the just, whose path is bent
Around the glorious firmament.

Perhaps thine eye is gazing down
Upon the earth below,
Rejoicing to have gained thy crown,
And hurried from its wo
To dwell beneath the throne of Him,
Before whose glory heaven is dim.

Thy life! how cold it might have been,
If days had grown to years!
How dark, how deeply stained with sin,
With weariness and tears!
How happy thus to sink to rest,
So early numbered with the blest!

'Tis well, then, that the smile should lie
Upon thy marble cheek:
It tells to our inquiring eye
What words could never speak—
A revelation sweetly given
Of all that man can learn of heaven.

Looking unto Jesus.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

THOU, who didst stoop below,
To drain the cup of wo,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,—
Thy blessed labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home o

Man may no longer trace,
In thy celestial face,
The image of the bright, the viewless One;
Nor may thy servants hear,
Save with faith's raptured ear,
Thy voice of tenderness, God's holy Son!

Our eyes behold thee not,
Yet hast thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in thee;
Before thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where thou art, there they may also be.

It was no path of flowers,
Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we, in dismay,
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife!
Was not thy head by earth's fierce tempests bowed?
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

Even through the awful gloom,
Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

Scene from Hadad.—HILLHOUSE.

The garden of ABSALOM's house on Mount Zion, near the palace, over looking the city. TAMAR sitting by a fountain.

Tamar. How aromatic evening grows! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;
Spikenard and henna emulate in sweets.
Blest hour! which He, who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And, lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle. Heaven
Accept the expiation, and forgive
This day's offences!—Ha! the wonted strain,
Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this—
It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

Enter HADAD.

Hadad. Does beauteous Tamar view, in this clear fount,
Herself, or heaven?

Tam. Nay, Hadad, tell me whence
Those sad, mysterious sounds.

Had. What sounds, dear princess?

Tam. Surely, thou know'st; and now I almost think
Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had. I heard no sounds, but such as evening sends
Up from the city to these quiet shades;
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing
With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
And voices from the hills.

Tam. The sounds I mean
Floated like mournful music round my head,
From unseen fingers.
Had. When?
Tam. Now, as thou camest.
Had. 'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
To ecstasy; or else thy grandsire's harp
Resounding from his tower at eventide.
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones,
Till the broad moon, that rose o'er Olivet,
Stood listening in the zenith; yea, have deemed
Viols and heavenly voices answered him.
Tam. But these—
Had. Were we in Syria, I might say
The naiad of the fount, or some sweet nymph,
The goddess of these shades, rejoiced in thee,
And gave thee salutations; but I fear
Judah would call me infidel to Moses.
Tam. How like my fancy! When these strains precede
Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
Some gentle being, who delights in us,
Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming;
But they are dirge-like.
Had. Youthful fantasy,
Attuned to sadness, makes them seem so, lady.
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever,
As signs of rest and peace;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing-bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.
Tam. But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call!
Had. Delicious to behold the world at rest.
Meek Labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and, hark!
What merry strains they send from Olivet!
The jar of life is still; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs; voices chime with lutes
Waked in the streets and gardens; loving pairs
Eye the red west in one another's arms;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
Earth and the stars, had power to make eternal.

Tam. Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the Friend
Who gave so much, because he gave not all?
Had. Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed
Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy;
Filled the whole universe of human hearts
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.
Tam. Our Prophet teaches so, till man rebelled.
Had. Mighty rebellion! Had he 'leagured heaven
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
Strong as the enginery that rocks the world
When all its pillars tremble; mixed the fires
Of onset with annihilating bolts
Defensive volleyed from the throne; this, this
Had been rebellion worthy of the name,
Worthy of punishment. But what did man?
Tasted an apple! and the fragile scene,
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
Vanish; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse.
Tam. Ah! talk not thus.
Had. Is this benevolence?—
Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me;
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,
Forest, and mountain, glade, and bosky dell,
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
Of man, a spiritual race, allied
To him by many sympathies, who seek
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their airs.
O'er them, the Spirit of the Universe,
Or Soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent, and sun-like radiance;
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars, rise;
And shooting stellar influence through her caves,
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.
Tam. Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.
Had. These deities
They invocate with cheerful, gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines

With Nature's bounties, fruits, and fragrant flowers.
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks—
Tam. Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.
Had. Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all pleasures here
That Nature prompts, but chiefly blissful love,
At death, the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial nies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped,
Till time, or fate, return her in its course
To quaff, once more, the cup of human joy.
Tam. But thou believ'st not this.
Had. I almost wish
Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar,
Thy spirit is too tender for a law
Announced in terrors, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being,
Whose word annihilates, whose awful voice
Thunders the doom of nations, who can check
The sun in heaven, and shake the loosened stars,
Like wind-tossed fruit, to earth, whose fiery step
The earthquake follows, whose tempestuous breath
Divides the sea, whose anger never dies,
Never remits, but everlasting burns,
Burns unextinguished in the deeps of hell.
Jealous, implacable—
Tam. Peace! impious! peace!
Had. Ha! says not Moses so?
The Lord is jealous.
Tam. Jealous of our faith,
Our love, our true obedience, justly his;
And a poor recompense for all his favors.
Implacable he is not; contrite man
Ne'er found him so.
Had. But others have,
If oracles be true.
Tam. Little we know
Of them; and nothing of their dire offence
Had. I meant not to displease, love; but my soul
Sometimes revolts, because I think thy nature
Shudders at him and yonder bloody rites.
How dreadful! when the world awakes to light,
And life, and gladness, and the jocund tide
Bounds in the veins of every happy creature,
Morning is ushered by a murdered victim,

Whose wasting members reek upon the air,
Polluting the pure firmament; the shades
Of evening scent of death; almost, the shrine
O'ershadowed by the holy cherubim;
And where the clotted current from the altar
Mixes with Kedron, all its waves are gore.
Nay, nay, I grieve thee—'tis not for myself,
But that I fear these gloomy things oppress
Thy soul, and cloud its native sunshine.
Tam. (in tears, clasping her hands.)
Witness, ye heavens! Eternal Father, witness!
Blest God of Jacob! Maker! Friend! Preserver!
That, with my heart, my undivided soul,
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy laws
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
O Hadad, Hadad! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me: 'tis for thee
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness.
Had. O say not so,
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?
Tam. Thou know'st, alas! my weakness; but remember,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou own'st, with truth and love sincere,
The Lord Jehovah.

Roman Catholic Chaunt. From "Percy's Masque."—HILLHOUSE.

O, HOLY VIRGIN, call thy child;
Her spirit longs to be with thee;
For, threatening, lower those skies so mild,
Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,
From youthful dreams which all beguiled,
To quiet slumber on thy breast,
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,
And haggard phantoms haunt me wild;
Despair assails, and Hope is dead:
O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

Song.—FROM THE TALISMAN.

WHEN the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam,
And the woodlands, awaking, burst into a hymn,
And the glow of the sky blazes back from the stream,—
How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness grow dim!

Oh, tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,
To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,
The glittering host, that kept watch all night long
O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one;—

Till the circle of ether, deep, rosy and vast,
Scarce glimmers with one of the train that were there;
And their leader, the day-star, the brightest and last,
Twinkles faintly, and fades in that desert of air.

Thus Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow we came,
Steals o'er us again when life's moment is gone;
And the crowd of bright names in the heaven of fame
Grow pale and are quenched as the years hasten on.

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in whose flight
Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall die,
May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light
Of the dawn that effaces the stars from the sky.

September.—CARLOS WILCOX.

THE sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow-declining year;—
All mildness, soothing loneliness and peace;
The fading season ere the falling come,
More sober than the buxom blooming May,
And therefore less the favorite of the world,
But dearest month of all to pensive minds.

Tis now far spent; and the meridian sun,
Most sweetly smiling with attempered beams,
Sheds gently down a mild and grateful warmth
Beneath its yellow lustre, groves and woods,
Checkered by one night's frost with various hues,
While yet no wind has swept a leaf away,
Shine doubly rich. It were a sad delight
Down the smooth stream to glide, and see it tinged
Upon each brink with all the gorgeous hues,
The yellow, red, or purple of the trees,
That, singly, or in tufts, or forests thick,
Adorn the shores; to see, perhaps, the side
Of some high mount reflected far below
With its bright colors, intermixed with spots
Of darker green. Yes, it were sweetly sad
To wander in the open fields, and hear,
E'en at this hour, the noon-day hardly past,
The lulling insects of the summer's night;
To hear, where lately buzzing swarms were heard,
A lonely bee long roving here and there
To find a single flower, but all in vain;
Then, rising quick, and with a louder hum,
In widening circles round and round his head,
Straight by the listener flying clear away,
As if to bid the fields a last adieu;
To hear, within the woodland's sunny side,
Late full of music, nothing, save, perhaps,
The sound of nut-shells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

On the Loss of Professor Fisher.—BRAINARD.

THE breath of air, that stirs the harp's soft string,
Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm;
The drops of dew, exhaled from flowers of spring,
Rise, and assume the tempest's threatening form;
The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash;
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whispered in thy charmed ear,
  And radiant learning beckoned thee away.
The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
  Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
And they have wrecked thee!—But there is a shore
  Where storms are hushed, where tempests never rage;
Where angry skies and blackening seas no more
  With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
  Thy home is heaven, and thy Friend is God.

Idle Words.—ANONYMOUS.

I have a high sense of the virtue and dignity of the female character; and would not, by any means, be thought to attribute to the ladies emphatically, the fault here spoken of. But I have remarked it in some of my friends, who, in all but this, were among the loveliest of their sex. In such, the blemish is more distinct and striking, because so strongly contrasted with the superior delicacy and loveliness of their natures.

"MY GOD!" the beauty oft exclaimed,
  With deep impassioned tone—
But not in humble prayer she named
  The High and Holy One!

'Twas not upon the bended knee,
  With soul upraised to heaven,
Pleading, with heartfelt agony,
  That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise
  To the great Source of good
Her daily offering of praise,
  Her song of gratitude.

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
  And in the festive hall,
'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
  She named the Lord of All.

She called upon that awful name,
  When laughter loudest rang—
Or when the flush of triumph came—
  Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flattery knew,
The most unmeaning jest,
From those sweet lips profanely drew
Names of the Holiest!

I thought—How sweet that voice would be,
Breathing this prayer to heaven—
"My God, I worship only thee;
O, be my sins forgiven!"

He knoweth our Frame, He remembereth we are Dust.—DANA.

THOU, who didst form us with mysterious powers,
Didst give a conscious soul, and call it ours,
'Tis thou alone who know'st the strife within;
Thou'lt kindly judge, nor name each weakness sin.
Thou art not man, who only sees in part,
Yet deals unsparing with a brother's heart;
For thou look'st in upon the struggling throng
That war—the good with ill—the weak with strong.
And those thy hand hath wrought of finer frame,
When grief o'erthrows the mind, thou wilt not blame.
—"It is enough!" thou'lt say, and pity show;
"Thy pain shall turn to joy, thou child of wo!—
Thy heart find rest—thy dark mind clear away,
And thou sit in the peace of heaven's calm day!"

Immortality.—DANA.*

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms

* We scarcely know where, in the English language, we could point out a finer extract than this,—of the same character. It has a softened grandeur worthy of the subject; especially in the noble paragraph commencing "O, listen, man!"—ED.

Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the vail of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne, before which, even now,
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched

By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

The mysterious Music of Ocean.—WALSH'S NATIONAL GAZETTE.

"And the people of this place say, that, at certain seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean."—*Mavor's Voyages.*

LONELY and wild it rose,
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery.

Again a low, sweet tone,
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the heaving plain,
Thrilled a rich peal triumphantly around,
And fled again.

O boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom concealed,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly glow
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colors with unsparing hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches fling
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm cannot contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like thyself arrayed,
Strong in immortal and unchecked delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or to mankind allied,
Toiling with wo, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace preside,
As the winds bring?

Alas for human thought!
How does it flee existence, worn and old,
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould!

'Tis vain the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages flown,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown.

Summer Wind.—BRYANT.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drank
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,

Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
O come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

Summer Evening Lightning.—CARLOS WILCOX.

FAR off and low
In the horizon, from a sultry cloud,
Where sleeps in embryo the midnight storm,
The silent lightning gleams in fitful sheets,
Illumes the solid mass, revealing thus
Its darker fragments, and its ragged verge;
Or if the bolder fancy so conceive
Of its fantastic forms, revealing thus
Its gloomy caverns, rugged sides and tops
With beetling cliffs grotesque. But not so bright
The distant flashes gleam as to efface
The window's image on the floor impressed,
By the dim crescent; or outshines the light
Cast from the room upon the trees hard by,
If haply, to illume a moonless night,

The lighted taper shine; though lit in vain
To waste away unused, and from abroad
Distinctly through the open window seen,
Lone, pale, and still as a sepulchral lamp.

Spring.—N. P. WILLIS.*

THE Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel.*

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment, in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

To Seneca Lake.—PERCIVAL.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,

*This is a beautiful piece of poetry—more exquisitely finished than any of Mr. Willis's poetry which we have seen. Even a prejudiced mind (and there seem to be many such) cannot but admire it.—ED.

And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

Mount Washington; the loftiest Peak of the White Mountains, N. H.—G. MELLEN.

MOUNT of the clouds, on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,
To chant immortal songs to Freedom there!
Thine is the rock of other regions; where
The world of life which blooms so far below
Sweeps a wide waste: no gladdening scenes appear,
Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow
Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
Or, eddying wildly, round thy cliffs are borne;

When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
His billowy mist amid the thunder's home!
Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,
And bow the forests as they sweep along;
While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb,
The storms come forth—and, hurrying darkly on,
Amid the echoing peaks, the revelry prolong!

And, when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quenched in silence all the tempest flame,
There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
Around the steep which bears the hero's name.
The stars look down upon them—and the same
Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave,
Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave—
The richest, purest tear, that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds, when winter round thee throws
The hoary mantle of the dying year,
Sublime, amid thy canopy of snows,
Thy towers in bright magnificence appear!
'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear
Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue;
When, lo! in softened grandeur, far, yet clear,
Thy battlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue,
To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded view!

To the dying Year.—J. G. WHITTIER.

AND thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee,
Fresh from the hand of GOD! for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold,
Eternal prison-house;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fevered care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold;
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quenched light
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Ay, bear along

These wrecks of thine own making. Lo! thy knell
Gathers upon the windy breath of night,
Its last and faintest echo! Fare thee well!

*The Captain. A Fragment.**—BRAINARD.

SOLEMN he paced upon that schooner's deck,
And muttered of his hardships:—"I have been
Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
Has dashed me on the sawyer; I have sailed
In the thick night, along the wave-washed edge
Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas;
And often, in my cold and midnight watch,
Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore
Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows;
And, when they made the deep boil like a pot,
Have swung into its vortex; and I know
To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;—
But never yet, upon the stormy wave,
Or where the river mixes with the main,
Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
In all my rough experience of harm,
Met I—a Methodist meeting-house!
* * * *
Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!
It comes in such a "questionable shape,"
I cannot even *speak* it! Up jib, Josey,
And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,
Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest!*
And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
Riding at anchor, by a meeting-house!

* The Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said: "Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist meeting-house from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

"*They that seek me early shall find me.*"—COLUMBIAN STAR.

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast—
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;
Those who now bless thee will have passed for ever;
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray:
O, touch the sceptre!—with a hope in heaven—
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal;
Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss:
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

A Son's Farewell to his Mother, and Departure from Home
—CONNECTICUT OBSERVER.

MOTHER—I leave thy dwelling,
Thy counsel and thy care;
With grief my heart is swelling
No more in them to share;
Nor hear that sweet voice speaking
When hours of joy run high,
Nor meet that mild eye seeking
When sorrow's touch comes nigh.

Mother—I leave thy dwelling,
And the sweet hour of prayer;
With grief my heart is swelling
No more to meet thee there.
Thy faith and fervor, pleading
In unspent tones of love,
Perchance my soul are leading
To better hopes above.

Mother—I leave thy dwelling;
Oh! shall it be for ever?
With grief my heart is swelling,
From thee—from thee—to sever.
These arms, that now enfold me
So closely to thy heart,
These eyes, that now behold me,
From all—from all—I part.

Hushed is the Voice of Judah's Mirth. A Sacred Melody.—
FROM THE PORT-FOLIO.*

"In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." *St. Matt.* ii. 18.

HUSHED is the voice of Judah's mirth;
And Judah's minstrels, too, are gone;

* We are not sensible that this piece is inferior, in any respect whatever, to Moore's celebrated and beautiful Sacred Melodies We lately saw it quoted, and wrongly ascribed to the English poet. It was written in

And harps that told Messiah's birth
  Are hung on heaven's eternal throne.

Fled is the bright and shining throng
  That swelled on earth the welcome strain,
And lost in air the choral song
  That floated wild on David's plain:—

For dark and sad is Bethlehem's fate;
  Her valleys gush with human blood;
Despair sits mourning at her gate,
  And Murder stalks in frantic mood.

At morn, the mother's heart was light,
  Her infant bloomed upon her breast;
At eve, 'twas pale and withered quite,
  And gone to its eternal rest.

Weep on, ye childless mothers, weep;
  Your babes are hushed in one cold grave;
In Jordan's streams their spirits sleep,
  Their blood is mingled with the wave.

Extract from a Poem delivered at the Departure of the Senior Class of Yale College, in 1826.—N. P. Willis.

We shall go forth together. There will come
Alike the day of trial unto all,
And the rude world will buffet us alike.
Temptation hath a music for all ears;
And mad ambition trumpeteth to all;
And the ungovernable thought within
Will be in every bosom eloquent;—
But, when the silence and the calm come on,
And the high seal of character is set,
We shall not all be similar. The scale
Of being is a graduated thing;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
Gradation, in its hidden characters.

Charleston, South Carolina, and published in the Port-Folio of 1818. While under Mr. Dennie's care, the pages of this journal were enriched with many fine articles, both in poetry and prose.—Ed.

The pathway to the grave may be the same,
And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,
With his bowed head, shall bear him company.
Decay will make no difference, and death,
With his cold hand, shall make no difference;
And there will be no precedence of power,
In waking at the coming trump of God;
But in the temper of the invisible mind,
The godlike and undying intellect,
There are distinctions that will live in heaven,
When time is a forgotten circumstance!
The elevated brow of kings will lose
The impress of regalia, and the slave
Will wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.
It is life's mystery. The soul of man
Createth its own destiny of power;
And, as the trial is intenser here,
His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

What is its earthly victory? Press on!
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on!—'for in the grave there is no work,
And no device.'—Press on! while yet ye may!

So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst
Of his immortal nature; and he rends
The rock for secret fountains, and pursues
The path of the illimitable wind

For mysteries—and this is human pride!
There is a gentler element, and man
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,
And drink its living waters till his heart
Is pure—and this is human happiness!
Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
Living their life of music; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree;
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!
It is to linger on 'the magic face
Of human beauty,' and from light and shade
Alike to draw a lesson; 'tis to love
The cadences of voices that are tuned
By majesty and purity of thought;
To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair;
And in the gush of music to be still,
And feel that it has purified the heart!
It is to love all virtue for itself,
All nature for its breathing evidence;
And, when the eye hath seen, and when the ear
Hath drunk the beautiful harmony of the world,
It is to humble the imperfect mind,
And lean the broken spirit upon God!

Thus would I, at this parting hour, be true
To the great moral of a passing world.
Thus would I—like a just departing child,
Who lingers on the threshold of his home—
Remember the best lesson of the lips
Whose accents shall be with us now, no more!
It is the gift of sorrow to be pure;
And I would press the lesson; that, when life
Hath half become a weariness, and hope
Thirsts for serener waters, Go abroad

Upon the paths of nature, and, when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God
Who hath the living waters shall be there!



Retirement.—ANONYMOUS.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

"There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness to her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

Cowper.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my sighs and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
Such prospects oft my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
  May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
  And lead to endless day.

To the River Arve.—TALISMAN.

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks,
  Thou rapid Arve, thy waters flow;
Nor earth, within its bosom, locks
  Thy dark, unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
  Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
  Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder, and the blast,
  And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest, swoln, and loud, and fast,
  By these low homes, as if in scorn:
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves,
  And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
  With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay; for here are flowers and trees;
  Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,
And laugh of girls, and hum of bees:
  Here linger till thy waves are clear.
Thou heedest not; thou hastest on;
  From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
  It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on; but were there one with me
  That loved me, I would light my hearth
Here, where with God's own majesty
  Are touched the features of the earth.
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
  Still rising as the tempests beat,
Here would I dwell, and sleep, at last,
  Among the blossoms at their feet.

The Burial.—Anonymous.

"We therefore commit his body to the ground."—*Burial Service.*

The earth has fallen cold and deep
Above his narrow bier;
No wintry winds can break his sleep,
No thunders reach his ear.

The mourner's parting steps are gone,
Gone the last echoing sound;
And night's dark shadows, stealing on,
Spread solemn gloom around.

And he whose heart was wont to glow
With joy, when hastening home,
Here must he lie, cold, silent, now,
And mouldering in the tomb,—

Till time itself, and days, and years,
Shall all have passed away;
In that cold heart, no hopes nor fears
Shall hold their dubious sway.

* * * * * * * *

Though deep the slumbers of the tomb,
Though dark that bed of clay,
Yet shall he wake, and leave that gloom,
For everlasting day.

On the Loss of a pious Friend.—Brainard.

Imitated from the 57th chapter of Isaiah.

Who shall weep when the righteous die?
Who shall mourn when the good depart?
When the soul of the godly away shall fly,
Who shall lay the loss to heart?

He has gone into peace; he has laid him down
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day;
And he shall wake on that holy morn,
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

But ye, who worship in sin and shame
  Your idol gods, whate'er they be,—
Who scoff in your pride at your Maker's name,
  By the pebbly stream and the shady tree,—

Hope in your mountains, and hope in your streams,
  Bow down in their worship, and loudly pray;
Trust in your strength, and believe in your dreams,
  But the wind shall carry them all away.

There's one who drank at a purer fountain,
  One who was washed in a purer flood:
He shall inherit a holier mountain,
  He shall worship a holier Lord.

But the sinner shall utterly fail and die,
  Whelmed in the waves of a troubled sea;
And God, from his throne of light on high,
  Shall say, "There is no peace for thee."

*Icarus.**—From the Port-Folio.

Heard'st thou that dying moan of gasping breath,
The shriek of agony, despair and death?
Prone from his lofty station in the skies,
The lost adventurer falls, no more to rise;
Vain boast of earthly nature, that hath striven
To rival, in his flight, the lords of heaven!

Long o'er the azure air he winged his way,
And tracked the pure ethereal light of day,
On floating clouds of amber radiance hung,
And on the fragrant breeze his pinions flung;
But ah! forgetful that the blaze of noon
Would sweep his daring frame to earth too soon,
Spurning his sire, he rose sublime on high,
Lost in the radiance of the solar sky:—
The melting wax proclaims his sad defeat;
He fades before the intolerable heat.

* This piece, which was first published in the Port-Folio, was written, we believe, by Rev. J. W. Eastburn.—Ed.

The heaving surge received him as he fell,
While sadder moaned the unaccustomed swell;
The Nereids caught him on the trembling waves,
And bore his body to their coral caves;
His funeral song they sung, and every surge
Murmured along his melancholy dirge:
Wide o'er the sparkling deep the sound was heard,
Mixed with the wailing of the ocean bird,
Then passed away, and all was still again
Upon the wide, unfathomable main;
But to that roaring sea immortal fame
Gave—to commemorate the deed—his name!

*Sunset in September.**—CARLOS WILCOX.

THE sun now rests upon the mountain tops—
Begins to sink behind—is half concealed—
And now is gone: the last faint twinkling beam
Is cut in twain by the sharp rising ridge.

* Every person, who has witnessed the splendor of the sunset scenery in Andover, will recognise with delight the *local* as well as general truth and beauty of this description. There is not, perhaps, in New England, a spot where the sun goes down, of a clear summer's evening, amidst so much grandeur reflected over earth and sky. In the winter season, too, it is a most magnificent and impressive scene. The great extent of the landscape; the situation of the hill, on the broad level summit of which stand the buildings of the Theological Institution; the vast amphitheatre of luxuriant forest and field, which rises from its base, and swells away into the heavens; the perfect outline of the horizon; the noble range of blue mountains in the background, that seem to retire one beyond another almost to infinite distance; together with the magnificent expanse of sky visible at once from the elevated spot,—these features constitute at all times a scene on which the lover of nature can never be weary with gazing. When the sun goes down, it is all in a blaze with his descending glory. The sunset is the most perfectly beautiful when an afternoon shower has just preceded it. The gorgeous clouds roll away like masses of amber. The sky, close to the horizon, is a sea of the richest purple. The setting sun shines through the mist, which rises from the wet forest and meadow, and makes the clustered foliage appear invested with a brilliant golden transparency. Nearer to the eye, the trees and shrubs are sparkling with fresh rain drops, and over the whole scene, the parting rays of sunlight linger with a yellow gleam, as if reluctant to pass entirely away. Then come the varying tints of twilight, 'fading, still fading,' till the stars are out in their beauty, and a cloudless night reigns, with its silence, shadows and repose. In the summer, Andover combines almost every thing to charm and elevate the feelings of the student. In winter, the north-western blasts, that sweep fresh from the snow-banks on the Grand Monadnock, make the invalid, at least, sigh for a more congenial climate.—ED.

Sweet to the pensive is departing day,
When only one small cloud, so still and thin,
So thoroughly imbued with amber light,
And so transparent, that it seems a spot
Of brighter sky, beyond the farthest mount,
Hangs o'er the hidden orb; or where a few
Long, narrow stripes of denser, darker grain,
At each end sharpened to a needle's point,
With golden borders, sometimes straight and smooth,
And sometimes crinkling like the lightning stream,
A half hour's space above the mountain lie;
Or when the whole consolidated mass,
That only threatened rain, is broken up
Into a thousand parts, and yet is one,
One as the ocean broken into waves;
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote,
All fading soon as lower sinks the sun,
Till twilight end. But now another scene,
To me most beautiful of all, appears:
The sky, without the shadow of a cloud,
Throughout the west, is kindled to a glow
So bright and broad, it glares upon the eye,
Not dazzling, but dilating with calm force
Its power of vision to admit the whole.
Below, 'tis all of richest orange dye,
Midway the blushing of the mellow peach
Paints not, but tinges the ethereal deep;
And here, in this most lovely region, shines,
With added loveliness, the evening-star.
Above, the fainter purple slowly fades,
Till changed into the azure of mid-heaven.
  Along the level ridge, o'er which the sun
Descended, in a single row arranged,
As if thus planted by the hand of art,
Majestic pines shoot up into the sky,
And in its fluid gold seem half dissolved.
Upon a nearer peak, a cluster stands
With shafts erect, and tops converged to one,
A stately colonnade with verdant roof;
Upon a nearer still, a single tree,
With shapely form, looks beautiful alone;
While, farther northward, through a narrow pass

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Scooped in the hither range, a single mount
Beyond the rest, of finer smoothness seems,
And of a softer, more ethereal blue,
A pyramid of polished sapphire built.
But now the twilight mingles into one
The various mountains; levels to a plain
This nearer, lower landscape, dark with shade,
Where every object to my sight presents
Its shaded side; while here upon these walls,
And in that eastern wood, upon the trunks
Under thick foliage, reflective shows
Its yellow lustre. How distinct the line
Of the horizon parting heaven and earth!

From "The Buccaneer."—DANA.

A SOUND is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are full of blood;—

And wrath and terror shake the land;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.
Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from Spain!
The spell is broke!—Arthur is come again!—

Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride:
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride.
He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmured sound—
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,
And wait, amidst her sorrows, till the day
His voice of love should call her thence away.

Lee feigned him grieved, and bowed him low.
'Twould joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her wo,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants, she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

The sun goes down upon the sea;
The shadows gather round her home.
"How like a pall are ye to me!
My home, how like a tomb!
O, blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head.
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead."

And now the stars are burning bright;
Yet still she looks towards the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
"I ne'er shall see thee more!
Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow,
And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee now;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.
He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

Sonnet.—BRYANT.

A POWER is on the earth and in the air
From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid;
And shelters him, in nooks of deepest shade,
From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.
Look forth upon the earth: her thousand plants
Are smitten; even the dark sun-loving maize
Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze:
The herd beside the shaded fountain pants;
For life is driven from all the landscape brown;
The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den;
The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men
Drop by the sun-stroke in the populous town:
As if the Day of Fire had dawned, and sent
Its deadly breath into the firmament.

Power of the Soul in investing external Circumstances wit the Hue of its own Feelings.—DANA.

—LIFE in itself, it life to all things gives;
For whatsoe'er it looks on, that thing lives—
Becomes an acting being, ill or good;
And, grateful to its giver, tenders food
For the soul's health, or, suffering change unblest,
Pours poison down to rankle in the breast:
As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,
And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,
In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,
Now rests, now stirs, as if a breeze were there
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!
And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall;
The double strips of silvery sand unite
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.—
Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,
Peck not alone; that bird below, as thou,
Is busy after food, and happy, too —
They're gone! Both, pleased, away together flew.

And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,
Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?
The world, O man, is like that flood to thee:
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see
Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand
Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,
If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,
Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams
That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams;
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye
Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,
And one still, sightless level make the earth,
Like thy dull, lonely, joyless soul,—a dearth.

The rill is tuneless to his ear, who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen amongst the leaves.
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives.

Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more—
In nature's calmest hour, he hears the roar
Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,
When high and angry passions meet in fight;
And, his own spirit into tumult hurled,
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world:
The fiends of his own bosom people air
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.
Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems
'Tis hate for hate:—as he, so each one seems.

Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms
All things into its likeness; heaves in storms
The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,
Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast—
Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,
And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,
That so, they joy, or love, or hate, impart,
As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.

Spring in Town.—BRYANT.

THE country ever has a lagging spring,
Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
And June its roses. Showers and sunshine bring
Slowly the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
And one by one the singing birds come back;

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May,
Shine on our roofs, and chase the wintry gloom—
And, lo, our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
That, overhung with blossoms, through its glen
Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon;
And they that search the untrodden wood for flowers
Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
  Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies;
And foreheads white as when, in clusters set,
  The anemonies by forest fountains rise;
And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
  Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has curled—
Thrice happy man, whose trade it is to buy,
  And bake, and braid those love-nets of the world!
Who curls of every glossy color keepest,
And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest!

And well thou mayst; for Italy's brown maids
  Send the dark locks with which their brows are drest;
And Tuscan lasses from their jetty braids
  Crop half to buy a ribbon for the rest;
But the fresh Norman girls their ringlets spare,
And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then henceforth let no maid or matron grieve
  To see her locks of an unlovely hue,
Frowzy or thin; for Vignardonne shall give
  Such piles of curls as nature never knew:
Eve, with her veil of tresses, at the sight
Had blushed outdone, and owned herself a fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street
  Like notes of wood-birds, and where'er the eye
Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
  Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by;
The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleeter pace.

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
  Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,
Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,—
  A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
To Singsing and the shores of Tappan bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots, who will care
  For steeds and footmen now? Ye cannot show

Fair face, and dazzling dress, and graceful air,
And last edition of the shape! Ah no;
These sights are for the earth and open sky,
And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

The Sabbath.—CARLOS WILCOX.

WHO scorn the hallowed day set heaven at naught.
Heaven would wear out whom one short sabbath tires.
Emblem and earnest of eternal rest,
A festival with fruits celestial crowned,
A jubilee releasing him from earth,
The day delights and animates the saint.
It gives new vigor to the languid pulse
Of life divine, restores the wandering feet,
Strengthens the weak, upholds the prone to slip,
Quickens the lingering, and the sinking lifts,
Establishing them all upon a rock.
Sabbaths, like way-marks, cheer the pilgrim's path,
His progress mark, and keep his rest in view.
In life's bleak winter, they are pleasant days,
Short foretastes of the long, long spring to come.
To every new-born soul, each hallowed morn
Seems like the first, when every thing was new.
Time seems an angel come afresh from heaven,
His pinions shedding fragrance as he flies,
And his bright hour-glass running sands of gold.
In every thing a smiling God is seen.
On earth, his beauty blooms, and in the sun
His glory shines. In objects overlooked
On other days he now arrests the eye.
Not in the deep recesses of his works,
But on their face, he now appears to dwell.
While silence reigns among the works of man,
The works of God have leave to speak his praise
With louder voice, in earth, and air, and sea.
His vital Spirit, like the light, pervades
All nature, breathing round the air of heaven,
And spreading o'er the troubled sea of life
A halcyon calm. Sight were not needed now
To bring him near; for Faith performs the work;
In solemn thought surrounds herself with God,
With such transparent vividness, she feels

Struck with admiring awe, as if transform'd
To sudden vision. Such is oft her power
In God's own house, which, in the absorbing act
Of adoration, or inspiring praise,
She with his glory fills, as once a cloud
Of radiance filled the temple's inner court.

Industry and Prayer.—CARLOS WILCOX.

TIME well employed is Satan's deadliest foe:
It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend:
Life it imparts to watchfulness and prayer,
Statues, without it in the form of guards.
The closet which the saint devotes to prayer
Is not his temple only, but his tower,
Whither he runs for refuge, when attacked;
His armory, to which he soon retreats
When danger warns, his weapons to select,
And fit them on. He dares not stop to plead,
When taken by surprise and half o'ercome,
That, now, to venture near the hallowed place
Were but profane; a plea that marks a soul
Glad to impose on conscience with a show
Of humble veneration, to secure
Present indulgence, which, when once enjoyed,
It means to mourn with floods of bitter tears.
The tempter quits his vain pursuit, and flies,
When by the mounting suppliant drawn too near
The upper world of purity and light.
He loses sight of his intended prey,
In that effulgence beaming from the throne
Radiant with mercy. But devotion fails
To succor and preserve the tempted soul,
Whose time and talents rest or run to waste.
Ne'er will the incense of the morn diffuse
A salutary savor through the day,
With charities and duties not well filled.
These form the links of an electric chain
That join the orisons of morn and eve,
And propagate through all its several parts,
While kept continuous, the ethereal fire;
But if a break be found, the fire is spent.

Consolations of Religion to the Poor.—PERCIVAL.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken;
She is a widow; she is old and poor;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?
She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.
Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days;
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.
And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her: Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee:
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

Extract from the Airs of Palestine.—PIERPONT.

WHERE lies our path?—Though many a vista call,
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.

Where lies our path?—A poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
Between them, Tempe breathes in beds of flowers,
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.
Your theme is MUSIC;—Yonder rolls the wave,
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre:—Cithæron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
There be thy path—for there the muses dwell.
  No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine;
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.
  Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,
Shake their green shields, and purple odors shed,
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.
Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring;
And here,—as musing on my theme divine,—
I gather flowers to bloom along my line,
And hang my garlands in festoons around,
Inwreathed with clusters, and with tendrils bound;
And fondly, warmly, humbly hope the Power,
That gave perfumes and beauty to the flower,
Drew living water from this rocky shrine,
Purpled the clustering honors of the vine,
And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,

To weave a garland, will not let it wither;—
Wond'ring, I listen to the strain sublime,
That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,
Wafted in grand simplicity along,
The undying breath, the very soul of song.

On the Death of Mr. Woodward, at Edinburgh.—
BRAINARD.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze."

ANOTHER! 'tis a sad word to the heart,
That one by one has lost its hold on life,
From all it loved or valued, forced to part
In detail. Feeling dies not by the knife
That cuts at once and kills: its tortured strife
Is with distilled affliction, drop by drop
Oozing its bitterness. Our world is rife
With grief and sorrow: all that we would prop,
Or would be propped with, falls; when shall the ruin stop!

The sea has one, and Palestine has one,
And Scotland has the last. The snooded maid
Shall gaze in wonder on the stranger's stone,
And wipe the dust off with her tartan plaid—
And from the lonely tomb where thou art laid,
Turn to some other monument—nor know
Whose grave she passes, or whose name she read;
Whose loved and honored relics lie below;
Whose is immortal joy, and whose is mortal wo.

There is a world of bliss hereafter—else
Why are the bad above, the good beneath
The green grass of the grave? The Mower fells
Flowers and briers alike. But man shall breathe
(When he his desolating blade shall sheathe,
And rest him from his work) in a pure sky,
Above the smoke of burning worlds;—and Death
On scorched pinions with the dead shall lie,
When Time, with all his years and centuries, has passed by

From "The Minstrel Girl."—JAMES G. WHITTIER.

AGAIN 'twas evening.—Agnes knelt,
Pale, passionless,—a sainted one:
On wasted cheek and pale brow dwelt
The last beams of the setting sun.
Alone—the damp and cloistered wall
Was round her like a sepulchre;
And at the vesper's mournful call
Was bending every worshipper.
She knelt—her knee upon the stone—
Her thin hand veiled her tearful eye,
As it were sin to gaze upon
The changes of the changeful sky.
It seemed as if a sudden thought
Of her enthusiast moments came
With the bland eve—and she had sought
To stifle in her heart the flame
Of its awakened memory:
She felt she might not cherish, then,
The raptures of a spirit, free
And passionate as hers had been,
When its sole worship was, to look
With a delighted eye abroad;
And read, as from an open book,
The written languages of God.

How changed she kneels!—the vile, gray hood,
Where spring-flowers twined with raven hair;
And where the jewelled silk hath flowed,
Coarse veil and gloomy scapulaire.
And wherefore thus? Was hers a soul,
Which, all unfit for Nature's gladness,
Could grasp the bigot's poisoned bowl,
And drain with joy its draught of madness?
Read ye the secret, who have nursed
In your own hearts intenser feelings,
Which stole upon ye, at the first,
Like bland and musical revealings
From some untrodden Paradise,
Until your very soul was theirs;
And from their maddening ecstasies
Ye woke to mournfulness and prayers.

But she is sometimes happy now—
And yet her happiness is not
Such as the buoyant heart may know—
And it is blended with her lot
To chasten every smile with tears,
And look on life with tempered gladness,
That, undebased by human fears,
Her hope can smile on Memory's sadness,
Like sunshine on the falling rain,
Or as the moonlight on the cloud;—
Nor would she mingle once again
With life's unsympathising crowd;—
But, yielding up to earnest prayer
Life's dark and mournful residue,
She waiteth for her summons where
The pure in heart their faith renew.

The Torn Hat.—N. P. Willis.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

And yet it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now—
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,

And, heedless of his shouted name
  As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air
As if some dream were passing there—
  'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful but thoughtful face,
  And, like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet, familiar meanings trace,
  Remembering a thousand things
  Which passed me on these golden wings
Which time has fettered now—
  Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
  And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
  A holier and a gentler cast,
  That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thought upon a child
  Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
  And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
  How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
  And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

The Memory of the Just is blessed.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THOU too, blest Raikes—philanthropist divine—
  Who, all unconscious what thy hands had done,
Didst plant that germ, whose glorious fruit shall shine
  When from his throne doth fall yon darkened sun,—
The Sabbath bell, the Teacher's hallowed lore,
  The countless throng from childhood's snares set free,
Who in sweet strains the Sire of Heaven adore,
  Shall point in solemn gratitude to thee.

Who was with Martyn, when he breathed his last,
A martyr pale, on Asia's burning sod?
Who cheered his spirit as it onward past
From its frail house of clay?—*The hosts of God.*
Oh! ye who trust, when earthly toils shall cease,
To find a home in heaven's unfading clime,
Drink deeper at the fountain head of peace,
And cleanse your spirits for that world sublime!

The Wife.—NEW YORK DAILY ADVERTISER.

"She flung her white arms around him—Thou art
That this poor heart can cling to."

I COULD have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be "alone."

I could—I think I could have brooked,
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and, whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."

But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek;—
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be "alone;"—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,

As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest; 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone;
It must not be; we may not part;
I could not live "alone!"

Song of the Stars.—BRYANT.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung;
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

"Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
Lo, yonder the living splendors play:
Away, on our joyous path away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;

And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And, twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round!

"Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air, wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

Summer Evening at a short Distance from the City.—
ALONZO LEWIS.

AND now the city smoke begins to rise,
And spread its volume o'er the misty sea;
From school dismissed, the barefoot urchin hies
To drive the cattle from the upland lea;
With gentle pace we cross the polished beach,
And the sun sets as we our mansion reach.

Then come the social joys of summer eve,
The pleasant walk along the river-side,
What time their task the weary boatmen leave,
And little fishes from the silver tide,
Elate with joy, leap in successive springs,
And spread the wavelets in diverging rings.

High overhead the stripe-winged nighthawk soars
With loud responses to his distant love;
And while the air for insects he explores,
In frequent swoop descending from above,
Startles, with whizzing sound, the fearful wight,
Who wanders lonely in the silent night.

Around our heads the bat, on leathern wings,
In airy circles wheels his sudden flight;
The whippoorwill, in distant forest, sings
Her loud, unvaried song; and o'er the night
The boding owl, upon the evening gale,
Sends forth her wild and melancholy wail.

The first sweet hour of gentle evening flies,
On downy pinions to eternal rest;
Along the vale the balmy breezes rise,
Fanning the languid boughs; while in the west
The last faint streaks of daylight die away,
And night and silence close the summer day.

Introduction to the Poem of "Yamoyden."—
ROBERT C. SANDS.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,
The last that either bard shall e'er essay:
The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,
That first awoke them in a happier day:
Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,
His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave;
And he who feebly now prolongs the lay
Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honors crave;
His harp lies buried deep in that untimely grave!

Friend of my youth! with thee began the love
Of sacred song; the wont, in golden dreams,
'Mid classic realms of splendors past to rove,
O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams;
Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams
Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,
For ever lit by memory's twilight beams;
Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,
Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranced, to hear,
O'er battle fields, the epic thunders roll;
Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear,
Through Argive palaces shrill echoing stole;
There would we mark, uncurbed by all control,
In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight;

Or hold communion with the musing soul
Of sage or bard, who sought, 'mid pagan night,
In loved Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

Homeward we turned to that fair land, but late
Redeemed from the strong spell that bound it fast,
Where Mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate,
And kept the key, till three millenniums past;
When, as creation's noblest work was last,
Latest, to man it was vouchsafed to see
Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,
And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be
An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here forerunners strange and meet were found
Of that blest freedom, only dreamed before;—
Dark were the morning mists, that lingered round
Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.
"Earth was their mother;" or they knew no more,
Or would not that their secret should be told;
For they were grave and silent; and such lore,
To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,
The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught of old

Kind Nature's commoners, from her they drew
Their needful wants, and learned not how to hoard;
And him whom strength and wisdom crowned they knew,
But with no servile reverence, as their lord.
And on their mountain summits they adored
One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,
And thence their incense and orisons poured
To his pervading presence, that abroad
They felt through all his works,—their Father, King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray,
The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,
Soft falling showers, or hues of orient day,
They imaged spirits beautiful and good;
But when the tempest roared, with voices rude,
Or fierce, red lightning fired the forest pine,
Or withering heats untimely seared the wood,
The angry forms they saw of powers malign;
These they besought to spare, those blessed for aid divine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,
With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,
Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,
And, as the fleet deer's, agile was their frame:
Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name;
These simple truths went down from sire to son,—
To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame,
And craven warrior's infamy, to shun,—
And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred done.

From forest shades they peered, with awful dread,
When, uttering flame and thunder from its side,
The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread,
Came, ploughing gallantly the virgin tide.
Few years have passed, and all their forests' pride
From shores and hills has vanished, with the race,
Their tenants erst, from memory who have died,
Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace,
In each green thicket's depths, and lone, sequestered place

And many a gloomy tale tradition yet
Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,
Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymer meet
To people scenes where still their names remain;
And so began our young, delighted strain,
That would evoke the plumed chieftains brave,
And bid their martial hosts arise again,
Where Narragansett's tides roll by their grave,
And Haup's romantic steeps are piled above the wave.

Friend of my youth! with thee began my song,
And o'er thy bier its latest accents die;
Misled in phantom-peopled realms too long,—
Though not to me the muse averse deny,
Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry,—
Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er;
And he who loved with thee his notes to try,
But for thy sake such idlesse would deplore,—
And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But no! the freshness of that past shall still
Sacred to memory's holiest musings be;
When through the ideal fields of song, at will,
He roved, and gathered chaplets wild with thee;
When, reckless of the world, alone and free,

Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,
That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea;
Their white apparel and their streamers gay,
Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly ray;—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear
Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees;
So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,
And silently obey the noiseless breeze;—
Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,
They part for distant ports. The gales benign,
Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,
To its own harbor sure, where each divine
And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

Muses of Helicon! melodious race
Of Jove and golden-haired Mnemosyne!
Whose art from memory blots each sadder trace,
And drives each scowling form of grief away!
Who, round the violet fount, your measures gay
Once trod, and round the altar of great Jove;
Whence, wrapt in silvery clouds, your nightly way
Ye held, and ravishing strains of music wove,
That soothed the Thunderer's soul, and filled his courts above!

Bright choir! with lips untempted, and with zone
Sparkling, and unapproached by touch profane;
Ye, to whose gladsome bosoms ne'er was known
The blight of sorrow, or the throb of pain;—
Rightly invoked,—if right the elected swain,
On your own mountain's side ye taught of yore,
Whose honored hand took not your gift in vain.
Worthy the budding laurel-bough it bore,—
Farewell! a long farewell! I worship you no more.

Dawn.—N. P. Willis.

"*That* line I learned not in the old sad song."—*Charles Lamb.*

Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life
In its most subtle luxury. The air
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;
And the south wind seems liquid—it o'ersteals

My bosom and my brow so bathingly.
It has come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed; for as it parts,
With its invisible fingers, my loose hair,
I know it has been trifling with the rose,
And stooping to the violet. There is joy
For all God's creatures in it. The wet leaves
Are stirring at its touch, and birds are singing
As if to breathe were music; and the grass
Sends up its modest odor with the dew,
Like the small tribute of humility.
Lovely indeed is morning! I have drank
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
Its delicate touch; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine.

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,
And light was welcome to me. I looked out
To feel the common air, and when the breath
Of the delicious morning met my brow,
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun
Shone on familiar objects, it was like
The feeling of the captive who comes forth
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.
Oh! could we wake from sorrow; were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside
Like an untimely garment with the morn;
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature; or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers—
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

The Restoration of Israel.—JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

MOUNTAINS of Israel, rear on high
Your summits, crowned with verdure new,
And spread your branches to the sky,
Refulgent with celestial dew.
O'er Jordan's stream, of gentle flow,
And Judah's peaceful valleys, smile,

And far reflect the lovely glow
  Where ocean's waves incessant toil

See where the scattered tribes return;
  Their slavery is burst at length,
And purer flames to Jesus burn,
  And Zion girds on her new strength:
New cities bloom along the plain,
  New temples to Jehovah rise,
The kindling voice of praise again
  Pours its sweet anthems to the skies.

The fruitful fields again are blest,
  And yellow harvests smile around;
Sweet scenes of heavenly joy and rest,
  Where peace and innocence are found.
The bloody sacrifice no more
  Shall smoke upon the altars high,—
But ardent hearts, from hill to shore,
  Send grateful incense to the sky!

The jubilee of man is near,
  When earth, as heaven, shall own His reign;
He comes to wipe the mourner's tear,
  And cleanse the heart from sin and pain.
Praise him, ye tribes of Israel, praise
  The king that ransomed you from wo:
Nations, the hymn of triumph raise,
  And bid the song of rapture flow!

The buried Love.—RUFUS DAWES.

"I have often thought that flowers were the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths."—*The Rebels.*

SHE sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
  The maid who lies below,
And these are angel-missioned flowers,
  That o'er the green turf grow.

And they are sent to warn the fair,
  How transient is their bloom;
See, how they bend their tender forms,
  And weep upon her tomb.

And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what home on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
Light for that trampled clime
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wrecked the boast of time;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!
On the maddening idol-train,
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
And the fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky!
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armor when Death invades;
Hark! Hark!—'tis the sainted Martyn's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony,
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppressed;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

*The Fear of Madness.**—LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

THERE is a something which I dread;
It is a dark, a fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
'Tis not the dread of death,—'tis more,—
It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause,
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which, burning, glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still,
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal——

* * * *

The Matin Hour of Prayer.—ANONYMOUS.

THIS cool and fragrant hour of prime,
Unvexed by life's intrusive care,
My matin hour of praise shall be,
Sweet, solitary praise, and prayer.

* These lines, expressing her fears of insanity, were written by this interesting girl while confined to her bed in the last stage of consumption. They were unfinished, and the last she ever composed.—ED.

'Twill gird my spirit for the fight,
The glare, the strife, of this world's way;
Weak, tempted, weary, lone, and sad,—
'Tis never, never vain to pray.

This cool and fragrant hour of prime;
The silent stars are fading quite;
The moist air gently stirs the leaves,
Dew-laden, to the breaking light.

The stillness, the repose, the peace,
They win the quiet soul away,
To visit that Elysian world,
Where breaketh an eternal day.

Ere falls the stealing step of dawn,
The night's soft dew on her brown wings,
Upriseth from her nest the lark,
And, soaring to the sunlight, sings.

Thus may my soul sing on, and soar
Where sight tracks not her flight sublime,
Morn, noon, sweet eve, and ever in
This cool and fragrant hour of prime.

For, though the world enclose me round,
Strong Faith can carry me abroad,
Where shines my home,—Jerusalem,
The glorious dwelling-place of God!

Then let my soul sing on, and soar
Above the world, beyond all time,
And dwell in that pure light, and breathe
The air from that celestial clime.

Sing on and soar, sing on and soar,
Till, through the crystal gates of heaven,
No longer closed in upper skies,
Thou enter in to sing, Forgiven!

*Song.**—From Yamoyden.

Sleep, child of my love! be thy slumber as light
As the red birds that nestle secure on the spray;
Be the visions that visit thee fairy and bright
As the dew drops that sparkle around with the ray.

O, soft flows the breath from thine innocent breast;
In the wild wood Sleep cradles in roses thy head;
But her who protects thee, a wanderer unblessed,
He forsakes, or surrounds with his phantoms of dread.

I fear for thy father! why stays he so long
On the shores where the wife of the giant was thrown,
And the sailor oft lingered to hearken her song,
So sad o'er the wave, e'er she hardened to stone.

He skims the blue tide in his birchen canoe,
Where the foe in the moon-beams his path may descry,
The ball to its scope may speed rapid and true,
And lost in the wave be thy father's death cry!

The Power that is round us—whose presence is near,
In the gloom and the solitude felt by the soul—
Protect that lone bark in its lonely career,
And shield *thee*, when roughly life's billows shall roll!

Solitude.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Deep solitude I sought. There was a dell
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky. Thither I went,
And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught,
For which it long had languished 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be

* We cannot determine whether the authorship of this beautiful song belongs to Mr. Eastburn or Mr. Sands. From a comparison of its character with that of some other pieces by Mr. Eastburn, which the reader will find in this volume, we should be inclined to attribute it to him. He and his friend were but youthful poets when Yamoyden was composed; the former being but twenty-two, the latter only eighteen.—Ed.

There without witness. But the violet's eye
Looked up upon me,—the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek
And there were voices too. The garrulous brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history;—up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The tireless spider threw
From spray to spray her silver-tissued snare.
The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The treasured grain, toiled toward her citadel.
To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,
And from the wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird
Sang to her nurslings.
Yet I strangely thought
To be *alone, and silent in thy realm,*
Spirit of life and love! It might not be!
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when, in his selfish breast,
He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round
Without a witness. Trees, and flowers, and streams,
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

Bishop Ravenscroft.—GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.

"——For he was a good man."

THE good old man is gone!
He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labors all are done,
And the work that he loved the best.
The good old man is gone—
But the dead in the Lord are blessed!

I stood in the holy aisle,
When he spake the solemn word,
That bound him, through care and toil,
The servant of the Lord:

And I saw how the depths of his manly soul
By that sacred vow were stirred.

And nobly his pledge he kept—
For the truth he stood up alone,
And his spirit never slept,
And his march was ever *on!*
Oh! deeply and long shall his loss be wept,
The brave old man that's gone.

There were heralds of the cross,
By his bed of death that stood,
And heard how he counted all but loss,
For the gain of his Savior's blood;
And patiently waited his Master's voice,
Let it call him when it would.

The good old man is gone!
An apostle chair is void;
There is dust on his mitre thrown,
And they've broken his pastoral rod;
And the fold of his love he has left alone,
To account for its care to God.

The wise old man is gone!
His honored head lies low,
And his thoughts of power are done,
And his voice's manly flow,
And the pen that, for truth, like a sword was drawn,
Is still and soulless now.

The brave old man is gone!
With his armor on, he fell;*
Nor a groan nor a sigh was drawn,
When his spirit fled, to tell;
For mortal sufferings, keen and long,
Had no power his heart to quell.

The good old man is gone!
He is gone to his saintly rest,
Where no sorrow can be known,
And no trouble can molest:
For his crown of life is won,
And the dead in Christ are blessed!

*The bishop was at that time (ten days before his death) employing the little strength he had in revising his MSS. for publication. By them, though dead, he will yet speak.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man.—DANA.*

COME, brother, turn with me from pining thought,
And all those inward ills that sin has wrought;
Come, send abroad a love for all who live.
Canst guess what deep content, in turn, they give?
Kind wishes and good deeds will render back
More than thou e'er canst sum. Thou'lt nothing lack,
But say, "I'm full!"—Where does the stream begin?
The source of outward joy lies deep within.

E'en let it flow, and make the places glad
Where dwell thy fellow men. Should'st thou be sad,
And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness
More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear
The music of those waters running near,
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,
And thine eye gladden with the playing beam,

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*We are disposed to rank Mr. Dana at the head of all the American poets, not excepting Bryant; and we think this is the judgment which posterity will pass upon his writings. Not because he is superior to all others in the elegance of his language, and in the polished beauty and finish of his compositions: in these respects, Bryant has, in this country, no equal: and Mr. Dana is often careless in the dress of his thoughts. Not because, in the same kind and class of composition to which Bryant has principally confined his genius, he would be superior, or even equal to this delightful writer: for the genius and style of Bryant are peculiarly suited to the accurate and exquisite description of what is beautiful in nature; and, what is more, he unites with this power the spirit of gentle human feeling, and sometimes a rich, grand, and solemn philosophy: it will be long ere any one breathes forth the soul of poetry in a finer strain than that to the evening wind; and Coleridge himself could hardly have written a nobler "Thanatopsis." But Mr. Dana has attempted and proved successful in a higher and more difficult range of poetry; he exhibits loftier powers, and his compositions agitate the soul with a deeper emotion. His language, without being so beautiful and finished, is yet more vivid, concise, and alive and informed with meaning. His descriptions of natural objects may not pass before the mind with such sweet harmony, but they often present, in a single line, a whole picture before the imagination, with a vividness and power of compression which are astonishing. For instance;

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And, on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently."

And again;

"The ship works hard; the seas run high;
Their white tops, flashing through the night,

That now, upon the water, dances, now,
Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.

Is it not lovely? Tell me, where doth dwell
The fay that wrought so beautiful a spell?
In thine own bosom, brother, didst thou say?
Then cherish as thine own so good a fay.

And if, indeed, 'tis not the outward state,
But temper of the soul, by which we rate
Sadness or joy, then let thy bosom move
With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love.
Then let the feeling in thy breast be given
To honest ends; this, sanctified by Heaven,
And springing into life, new life imparts,
Till thy frame beats as with a thousand hearts.

Our sins our nobler faculties debase,
And make the earth a spiritual waste
Unto the soul's dimmed eye:—'tis man, not earth—
'Tis thou, poor, self-starved soul, hast caused the dearth.

Give to the eager, straining eye,
A wild and shifting light."

Again, as a more general instance, and a more sublime one; speaking of the prospect of immortality:—

" 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee."—

In these respects,—in the power of giving in one word, as it were, a whole picture,—in his admirable skill in the perspective,—and in the faculty of chaining down the vast and the infinite to the mind's observation,—he reminds us both of Collins and of Milton. We have not space here, in a note, to illustrate the resemblance, by instances which would show our meaning, and his merits, better than a whole chapter of criticism.

But, above all, we admire Mr. Dana, more than any other American poet, because he has aimed not merely to please the imagination, but to rouse up the soul to a solemn consideration of its future destinies. We admire him, because his poetry is full of benevolent, affectionate, domestic feeling; but, more than this, because it is full of religious feeling. The fountain which gushes here has mingled with the "well of water springing up to everlasting life." The aspirations breathed forth in this poetry are humble, earnest desires after that holiness, "without which no man shall see God." It speaks of a better land of rest, "but bids us turn to God, and seek our rest in Him."—Ed.

The earth is full of life: the living Hand
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand
With principles of being made to suit
Man's varied powers, and raise him from the brute.
And shall the earth of higher ends be full?—
Earth which thou tread'st!—and thy poor mind be dull?
Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep!
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirits leap
Forth to the day; and let the fresh air blow
Through thy soul's shut up mansion. Would'st thou know
Something of what is life, shake off this death;
Have thy soul feel the universal breath
With which all nature's quick! and learn to be
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.
Break from thy body's grasp thy spirit's trance;
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse:—
Love, joy,—e'en sorrow,—yield thyself to all!
They'll make thy freedom, man, and rot thy thrall.
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind.
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be, like man at first, "A LIVING SOUL!"

* * * * * * * * *

Debased by sin, and used to things of sense,
How shall man's spirit rise and travel hence,
Where lie the soul's pure regions, without bounds—
Where mind's at large—where passion ne'er confounds
Clear thought—where thought is sight—the far brings nigh,
Calls up the deep, and, now, calls down the high.

Cast off thy slough! Send thy low spirit forth
Up to the Infinite; then know thy worth.
With Infinite, be infinite; with Love, be love;
Angel, midst angel throngs that move above;
Ay, more than angel: nearer the great CAUSE,
Through his redeeming power, now read his laws—
Not with thy earthly mind, that half detects
Something of outward things by slow effects;
Viewing creative causes, learn to *know*
The hidden springs; nor *guess*, as here below,
Laws, purposes, relations, sympathies—
In errors vain.—Clear Truth's in yonder skies.

Creature all grandeur, son of truth and light,
Up from the dust! the last, great day is bright–

Bright on the holy mountain, round the throne,
Bright where in borrowed light the far stars shone.
Look down! the depths are bright! and hear them cry,
"Light! light!"—Look up! 'tis rushing down from high!
Regions on regions—far away they shine:
'Tis light ineffable, 'tis light divine!
"Immortal light, and life for evermore!"
Off through the deeps is heard from shore to shore
Of rolling worlds—"Man, wake thee from the sod—
Wake thee from death—awake!—and live with God!"

To Pneuma.—JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

TEMPESTS their furious course may sweep
Swiftly o'er the troubled deep,
Darkness may lend her gloomy aid,
And wrap the groaning world in shade;
But man can show a darker hour,
And bend beneath a stronger power;—
There is a tempest of the SOUL,
A gloom where wilder billows roll!

The howling wilderness may spread
Its pathless deserts, parched and dread,
Where not a blade of herbage blooms,
Nor yields the breeze its soft perfumes;
Where silence, death, and horror reign,
Unchecked, across the wide domain;—
There is a desert of the MIND
More hopeless, dreary, undefined!

There Sorrow, moody Discontent,
And gnawing Care, are wildly blent;
There Horror hangs her darkest clouds,
And the whole scene in gloom enshrouds;
A sickly ray is cast around,
Where nought but dreariness is found;
A feeling that may not be told,
Dark, rending, lonely, drear, and cold.

The wildest ills that darken life
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;

The tempest, in its blackest form,
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;
The ocean, lashed to fury loud,
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
Is peaceful, sweet serenity
To passion's dark and boundless sea.

There sleeps no calm, there smiles no rest,
When storms are warring in the breast;
There is no moment of repose
In bosoms lashed by hidden woes;
The scorpion sting the fury rears,
And every trembling fibre tears;
The vulture preys with bloody beak
Upon the heart that can but break!

To a Star.—LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

Written in her fifteenth year.

THOU brightly glittering star of even,
Thou gem upon the brow of heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in virtue's shrine!
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

*Thanatopsis.**—BRYANT.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist

* This poem, so much admired, both in England and America, was first published in 1817, in the North American Review. The following verses were then prefixed to it; they are in themselves beautiful, but more so as an introduction to the solemn grandeur of the piece which they preceded.

"Not that from life, and all its woes,
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head shall then repose,
In the low vale, most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flattering verse may breathe
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife;
There is a sacred dread of death,
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given,
When angry *Justice* frowned severe;
And 'tis the eternal doom of Heaven,
That man must view the grave with fear.'

ED.

Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould
  Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings; yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
  So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Sacred Melody.—NEW YORK AMERICAN.

"Sing to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." *Exodus* xv. 26.

Ye daughters and soldiers of Israel, look back!
Where—where are the thousands who shadowed your track—
The chariots that shook the deep earth as they rolled—
The banners of silk, and the helmets of gold?

Where are they—the vultures, whose beaks would have fed
On the tide of your hearts ere the pulses had fled?
Give glory to God, who in mercy arose,
And strewed mid the waters the strength of our foes!

When we travelled the waste of the desert by day,
With his banner-cloud's motion he marshalled our way;
When we saw the tired sun in his glory expire,
Before us he walked, in a pillar of fire!

But this morn, and the Israelites' strength was a reed,
That shook with the thunder of chariot and steed:
Where now are the swords and their far-flashing sweep?
Their lightnings are quenched in the depths of the deep.

O thou, who redeemest the weak one at length,
And scourgest the strong in the pride of their strength—

Who holdest the earth and the sea in thine hand,
And rulest Eternity's shadowy land—

To thee let our thoughts and our offerings tend,
Of virtue the Hope, and of sorrow the Friend;
Let the incense of prayer still ascend to thy throne,
Omnipotent—glorious—eternal—alone!

The Graves of the Patriots.—PERCIVAL.

HERE rest the great and good—here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves.
And gathers them again, as Winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre; green sods
Are all their monument; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute,
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demigods of old.
Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
Where first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need

No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column, pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
And build, with their green roof, the only fane
Where we may gather on the hallowed day,
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
Here let us meet, and, while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears,—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
And they have rendered ours—perpetually.

Funeral Hymn.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

HE has gone to his God; he has gone to his home,
No more amid peril and error to roam;
His eyes are no longer dim;
His feet will no more falter;
No grief can follow him;
No pang his cheek can alter.

There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow;
But the harps of heaven are ringing;
Glad angels come to greet him;
And hymns of joy are singing
While old friends press to meet him.

O honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high; thou hast left us behind.
But our parting is not forever;
We will follow thee, by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dissever
The souls whom God will unite.

Yes, visions of his future rest
To man, the pilgrim, here are shown;
Deep love, pure friendship, thrill his breast,
And hopes rush in of joys unknown.

Released from earth's dull round of cares,
The aspiring soul her vigor tries;
Plumes her soiled pinions, and prepares
To soar amid ethereal skies.

Around us float, in changing light,
The dazzling forms of distant years;
And earth becomes a glorious sight,
Beyond which opening heaven appears.

We did not part as others part;
And should we meet on earth no more,
Yet deep and dear, within my heart,
Some thoughts will rest, a treasured store.

How oft, when weary and alone,
Have I recalled each word, each look,
The meaning of each varying tone,
And the last parting glance we took!

Yes, sometimes, even here, are found
Those who can touch the chords of love,
And wake a glad and holy sound,
Like that which fills the courts above.

It is as when a traveller hears,
In a strange land, his native tongue,
A voice he loved in happier years,
A song that once his mother sung.

We part; the sea will roll between,
While we through different climates roam;
Sad days, a life may intervene;
But we shall meet again,—at home.

To Laura, two Years of Age.—N. P. Willis.

Bright be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow—
Bright as the dream flung over thee
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's,
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now,—
That Time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow,—
I would life were "all poetry,"
To gentle measure set,
That nought but chastened melody
Might stain thine eye of jet—
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove,
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
And nerved by purer love.
By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to Heaven.
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air;
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shrine
Breathe on it as they bow—

Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?
Keep thee as thou art now?
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim:
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up—to Him?
He, who himself was "undefiled:"
With him we trust thee, beautiful child!

The dead Leaves strew the Forest-walk.—BRAINARD.

THE dead leaves strew the forest-walk,
And withered are the pale wild-flowers;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the spring's green, sprouting bowers,
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learned a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swelled from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perched, and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she?
Away——where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there;
The northern breeze, that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair;
No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain-top, with sleety hair,
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
  A happier clime, with livelier flight;
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek;
  And leave me lonely with the night.
  I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
  See—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone!

Seasons of Prayer.—HENRY WARE, JR.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows.
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!

Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upwards bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

Effect of the Ocean and its Scenery on the Mind of the Buccaneer when agitated with Remorse for his Crime.—RICHARD H. DANA.

WHO's yonder on that long, black ledge,
Which makes so far into the sea?
See! there he sits, and pulls the sedge—
Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
So weak and pale? A year and little more,
And thou didst lord it bravely round this shore!

And on the shingles now he sits,
And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands;
Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
And scores the smooth, wet sands;
Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
The isle; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
From day to day, the uneven strand?—
"I wish, I wish that I might go!
But I would go by land;
And there's no way that I can find—I've tried
All day and night!"—He looked towards sea, and sighed.

It brought the tear to many an eye,
That, once, his eye had made to quail.
"Lee, go with us; our sloop rides nigh;
Come! help us hoist her sail."
He shook.—"You know the spirit-horse I ride!
He'll let me on the sea with none beside!"

He views the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings
Flinging a glory round them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine

Into the air; then rush to mimic strife:—
Glad creatures of the sea! How all seems life!—

But not to Lee. He sits alone;
No fellowship nor joy for him.
Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
Though tears will sometimes dim
That asking eye.—O, how his worn thoughts crave—
Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
That lies so heavy off the shore.
Scarce seen the running breakers;—list
Their dull and smothered roar!
Lee hearkens to their voice.—"I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!"

And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
Enormous thing!—There's no escape;
'Tis close upon the coast.
Lee kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock him so?
The ship has cleared the fog, Lee, see her go!

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song.
Its tones come winding up those heights,
Telling of wo and wrong;
And he must listen, till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child
The man should dread to hear!
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

In thick, dark nights, he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below—and hear it break
With savage roar, then pause and gather strength.
And, then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

But thou no more shalt haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach,
Nor feebly sit thee down,
Watching the swaying weeds:—another day,
And thou'lt have gone far hence that dreadful way.

The third and last Appearance of the Spectre Horse and the Burning Ship.—RICHARD H. DANA.

To-NIGHT the charmed number's told.
"Twice have I come for thee," it said.
"Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead!"—
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night;
Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

Again he sits within that room;
All day he leans at that still board;
None to bring comfort to his gloom,
Or speak a friendly word.
Weakened with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
Poor, shattered wretch, there waits he that pale horse.

Not long he'll wait.—Where now are gone
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
Beautiful, while the west sun shone
And bathed them in his flood
Of airy glory?—Sudden darkness fell;
And down they sank, peak, tower, and citadel.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
Ceils up the heavens.—'Tis hush as death—
All but the ocean's dull, low moan.
How hard Lee draws his breath!
He shudders as he feels the working Power.
Arouse thee, Lee! up; man thee for thine hour!—

'Tis close at hand; for there, once more,
The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
And shafted fire she showed before;
Twice thus she hither came;—

But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
A wasting light; then, settling, down she goes.

And where she sank, up slowly came
The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
And there he stands! His pale sides flame.
He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
He treads the waters as a solid floor:
He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They've met.—"I know thou com'st for me,"
Lee's spirit to the spectre said—
"I know that I must go with thee—
Take me not to the dead.
It was not I alone that did the deed!"
Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed!

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
In that fixed eye, which holds him fast.
How still they stand!—that man and horse.
—"Thine hour is almost past."
"O, spare me," cries the wretch, "thou fearful one!"—
"My time is full—I must not go alone."

"I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay!"
—"Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!"
The horse and man are on their way;
He bears him to the sea.
Hark! how the spectre breathes through this still night!
See! from his nostrils streams a deathly light!

He's on the beach; but stops not there.
He's on the sea!—Lee, quit the horse!
Lee struggles hard.—'Tis mad despair!—
'Tis vain! The spirit-corse
Holds him by fearful spell;—he cannot leap.
Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track—
The curling comb, and dark steel wave:
There, yet, sits Lee the spectre's back—
Gone! gone! and none to save!
They're seen no more; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has washed away its stain.
The sealed up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again
From the far south and north.
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.—
O, whither on its waters rideth Lee?

God's first Temples. A Hymn.—BRYANT.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,

Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride;—no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal, of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,

How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great Deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face,
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

Scene from Hadad.—HILLHOUSE.

An apartment in ABSALOM's house. NATHAN and TAMAR.

Nathan. THOU'RT left to-day, (would thou wert ever left
Ot some that haunt thee!) therefore am I come
To give thee counsel.—Child of sainted Miriam,
Fear not to look upon me; thou wilt hear
The gentle voice of love, not stern monition.
Commune with me as with a tender parent,
Who cares for all thy wishes, hopes, and fears,
Though prizing thy immortal gem above
The transitory.
Tamar. Have I not thus, ever?
Nath. But I would probe the tenderest of thy heart,
Touch its disease, and give it strength again,
And yet inflict no pain.
Tam. What means my lord?
Nath. I know thee pure, and guileless as the dove;
The easier prey; and thou art fair, to tempt
The spoiler—nay, be not alarmed, but speak
Openly to me. I would ask thee, princess,
If not displeasing, somewhat of the stranger,
The Syrian, who aspires to David's line.
Tam. (*averting her eyes.*)
If I can answer——
Nath. Maiden, need I ask,—
I fear I need not,—is he dear to thee?——
'Tis well. But tell me, hast thou ever noted,
Amidst his many shining qualities,
Aught strange or singular?—unlike to others?—
That caused thy wonder?—even to thyself,
Moved thee to say, How! Wherefore's this?
Tam. Never.
Nath. Nothing that marked him from the rest of men?—
Hereafter you shall know why thus I question.
Tam. O yes, unlike he seems in many things;
In knowledge, eloquence, high thoughts.
Nath. Proud thoughts
Thou mean'st.
Tam. I'm but a young and simple maid;
But, father, he, of all my ears have judged,
Is master of the loftiest, richest mind.

Nath. How have I wronged him! deeming him more apt
For intricate designs, and daring deeds,
Than contemplation's solitary flights.
Tam. Seer, his far-soaring thoughts ascend the stars,
Pierce the unseen abyss, pervade, like light,
The universe, and wing the infinite.
Nath. (*fixing his eyes upon her.*)
What stores of love, and praise, and gratitude,
He thence must bring to Him, whose mighty hand
Fashioned their glories, hung yon golden orbs
Amidst his wondrous firmament; who bids
The day-spring know his place, and sheds from all
Sweet influences; who bars the haughty sea,
Binds fast his dreadful hail, but drops the dew
Nightly upon his people! How his soul,
Returning from its quest through earth and heaven,
Must glow with holy fervor!—Doth it, maiden?
Tam. Ah, father, father! were it so indeed,
I were too happy.
Nath. How!—expound thy words.
Tam. Though he has trod the confines of the world,
Knows all its wonders, and almost has pierced
The secrets of eternity, his heart
Is melancholy, lone, discordant, save
When love attunes it into happiness.
He hath not found, alas! the peace which dwells
But with our fathers' God.
Nath. And canst thou love
One who loves not Jehovah?
Tam. O, ask not.
Nath. (*fervently.*)
My child, thou wouldst not wed an infidel?
Tam. (*in tears.*) O no! O no!
Nath. Why, then, this embassage? Why doth your sire
Still urge the king? Why hast thou hearkened it?
Tam. There was a time when I had hopes,—when truth
Seemed dawning in his mind—and sometimes, still,
Such heavenly glimpses shine, that my fond heart
Refuses to forego the hope, at last,
To number him with Israel.
Nath. Beware!
Or thou'lt delude thy soul to ruin. Say,
Doth he attend our holy ordinances?
Tam. He promises observance.

Nath. Two full years
Hath he abode in Jewry.
Tam. Prophet, think
How he was nurtured—in the faith of idols.—
That impious worship long since he abjured
By his own native strength; and now he looks
Abroad through nature's works, and yet must rise—
Nath. Speaks he of Moses?
Tam. Familiar as thyself.
Nath. I think thou said'st he had surveyed the world?
Tam. From Ethiopia to the farthest East,
Cities, and tribes, and nations. He can speak
Of hundred-gated Thebes, towered Babylon,
And mightier Nineveh, vast Palibothra,
Serendib anchored by the gates of morning,
Renowned Benares, where the sages teach
The mystery of the soul, and that famed seat
Where fleets and warriors from Elishah's Isles
Besieged the Beauty, where great Memnon fell;—
Of temples, groves, and superstitious caves
Filled with strange symbols of the Deity;
Of wondrous mountains, desert-circled seas,
Isles of the ocean, lovely Paradises,
Set, like unfading emeralds, in the deep.
Nath. Yet manhood scarce confirms his cheek.
Tam. All this
His thirst of knowledge has achieved; the wish
To gather from the wise eternal truth.
Nath. Not found where he has sought it, and has led
Thy wandering fancy.
Tam. O, might I relate—
But I bethink me, father, of a thing
Like that you asked. Sometimes, when I'm alone,
Just ere his coming, I have heard a sound,
A strange, mysterious, melancholy sound,
Like music in the air. Anon he enters.
Nath. Ha! is this oft?
Tam. 'Tis not unfrequent.
Nath. Only
When thou'rt alone?
Tam. I have not heard it else.
Nath. A sound like what?
Tam. Like wild, sad music, father;
More moving than the lute or viol touched

By skilful fingers. Wailing in the air,
It seems around me, and withdraws as when
One looks and lingers for a last adieu.
Nath. Just ere he enters?
Tam. At his step it dies.
Nath. Mark me.—Thou know'st 'tis held by righteous men,
That Heaven intrusts us all to watching spirits,
Who ward us from the tempter.—This I deem
Some intimation of an unseen danger.
Tam. But whence?
Nath. Time may reveal: meanwhile, I warn thee,
Trust not thyself alone with Hadad.
Tam. Father,—
Nath. I lay not to his charge; I know, in sooth,
Little of him, (though I have supplicated,)
And will not wound thee with a dark suspicion
But shun the peril thou art warned of; shun
What looks like danger, though we haply err:
Be not alone with him, I charge thee.
Tam. Seer,
I will avoid it.
Nath. All is ominous:
The oracles are mute, dreams warn no more,
Urim and Thummim keep their glory hid;
My days are dark, my nights are visionless;
Jehovah hath forsaken, or, in wrath,
Resigned us for a season. Times like these
Are jubilee in hell. Fiends walk the earth,
Misleading princes, tempting poor men's pillows,
Supplying moody hatred with the dagger,
Lust with occasions, treason with excuses,
Lifting man's heart, like the rebellious waves,
Against his Maker. Watch, and pray, and tremble;
So may the Highest overshadow thee!
[*Exit Nath.*]
Tam. His awful accents freeze my blood.—Alas!
How desolate, how dark my prospect lowers!—
O Hadad, is it thus those sunny days,
Those sweet deceptive hopes, must terminate,
When, mixing in thy gentle looks, I saw
Love blend with reverence, as my lips described
The power, the patience, purity, and faith
Of our Almighty Father? Then, I thought
Thy spirit, softened by its earthly passion,

Meetly refined, and tempered, to receive
The impression of a love which never dies.
How art thou changed! All tenderness you seemed,
Gentle and social as a playful child;
But now, in lofty meditation wrapped,
As on an icy mountain-top thou sit'st
Lonely and unapproachable, or tossest
Upon the surge of passion, like the wreck
Of some proud Tyrian in the stormy sea.

Extract from "The Airs of Palestine."—PIERPONT.

On Arno's bosom, as he calmly flows,
And his cool arms round Vallombrosa throws,
Rolling his crystal tide through classic vales,
Alone,—at night,—the Italian boatman sails.
High o'er Mont Alto walks, in maiden pride,
Night's queen:—he sees her image, on that tide,
Now, ride the wave that curls its infant crest
Around his brow, then rippling sinks to rest;
Now, glittering, dance around his eddying oar,
Whose every sweep is echoed from the shore;
Now, far before him, on a liquid bed
Of waveless water, rests her radiant head.
How mild the empire of that virgin queen!
How dark the mountain's shade! How still the scene!
Hushed by her silver sceptre, zephyrs sleep
On dewy leaves, that overhang the deep,
Nor dare to whisper through the boughs, nor stir
The valley's willow, nor the mountain's fir,
Nor make the pale and breathless aspen quiver,
Nor brush, with ruffling wing, that glassy river.

Hark!—'tis a convent's bell:—its midnight chime:
For music measures even the march of time:—
O'er bending trees, that fringe the distant shore,
Gray turrets rise:—the eye can catch no more.
The boatman, listening to the tolling bell,
Suspends his oar;—a low and solemn swell,
From the deep shade, that round the cloister lies,
Rolls through the air, and on the water dies.
What melting song wakes the cold ear of night?
A funeral dirge, that pale nuns, robed in white,

Chant round a sister's dark and narrow bed,
To charm the parting spirit of the dead.
Triumphant is the spell! With raptured ear,
That uncaged spirit, hovering, lingers near:—
Why should she mount? why pant for brighter bliss,
A lovelier scene, a sweeter song, than this?

The Falls of Niagara.—BRAINARD.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"
And hung his bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him,
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O, what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

At Musing Hour.—THOMAS WELLS.

AT musing hour of twilight gray,
When silence reigns around,
I love to walk the churchyard way:
To me 'tis holy ground.

To me, congenial is the place
Where yew and cypress grow;
I love the moss-grown stone to trace,
That tells who lies below.

And, as the lonely spot I pass
  Where weary ones repose,
I think, like them, how soon, alas!
  My pilgrimage will close.

Like them, I think, when I am gone,
  And soundly sleep as they,
Alike unnoticed and unknown
  Shall pass my name away.

Yet, ah!—and let me lightly tread!—
  She sleeps beneath this stone,
That would have soothed my dying bed,
  And wept for me when gone!

Her image 'tis—to memory dear—
  That clings around my heart,
And makes me fondly linger here,
  Unwilling to depart.

Evergreens.—PINKNEY.

WHEN summer's sunny hues adorn
  Sky, forest, hill and meadow,
The foliage of the evergreens,
  In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of autumn have
  Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
  Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth
  Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
  May be bright hopes to-morrow.

The Flower Spirit.—ANONYMOUS.

I AM the spirit that dwells in the flower;
Mine is the exquisite music that flies,

When silence and moonlight reign over each bower,
That blooms in the glory of tropical skies.
I woo the bird with his melody glowing
To leap in the sunshine, and warble its strain,
And mine is the odor, in turn, that bestowing,
The songster is paid for his music again.

There dwells no sorrow where I am abiding;
Care is a stranger, and troubles us not;
And the winds, as they pass, when too hastily riding,
I woo, and they tenderly glide o'er the spot.
They pause, and we glow in their rugged embraces,
They drink our warm breath, rich with odor and song,
Then hurry away to their desolate places,
And look for us hourly, and think of us long.

Who of the dull earth that's moving around us,
Would ever imagine, that, nursed in a rose,
At the opening of spring, our destiny found us
A prisoner until the first bud should unclose;
Then, as the dawn of light breaks upon us,
Our winglets of silk we unfold to the air,
And leap off in joy to the music that won us,
And made us the tenants of climates so fair!

"*Man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he?*"—
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

I STAND among the dark-gray stones;
No living thing is near;
Beneath me are the mouldering bones
Of those who once were here.

And *here*, perhaps, they mused like me,
And heard the grave declare,
On every side, its victory,
And saw how frail they were.

Like me, they felt that sense is nought,
That passion is a dream,
That pleasure's bark, though richly fraught,
Must sink beneath the stream.

Yet sense and passion held them slaves,
And lashed them to the oar,
Till they were wrecked upon their graves,
And then they rose no more!

Perhaps, like them, I, too, shall go,
Nor heed my coming doom,
And every trace of me below
Be swept into the tomb.

And yet I would not live in vain,
By earthly pleasures cloyed,
Or render back to God again
My talent unemployed.

O God of mercy, make me know
The gift which thou hast given,
Nor let me idly spend it so,
But make it fit for heaven!

Woods in Winter.—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the white-thorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark
Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips;
Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark!—
His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
  Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
  And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
  When birds sang out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
  And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
  Pale, desert woods, within your crowd;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
  Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
  Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
  I listen, and it cheers me long.



A Last Wish.—ANONYMOUS.

WHEN breath and sense have left this clay,
  In yon damp vault, O, lay me not!
But kindly bear my bones away
  To some lone, green, and sunny spot;
Where few shall be the feet that tread,
  With reckless haste, upon my grave;
And gently, o'er my last, still bed,
  To whispering winds, the grass shall wave.
The wild flowers, too, I loved so well,
  Shall blow, and breathe their sweetness there.
And all around my grave shall tell,
  "She felt that nature's face was fair."
And those that come because they loved
  The mouldering frame that lies below,
Shall find their anguish half removed,
  While that sweet spot shall soothe their wo.
The notes of happy birds alone
  Shall there disturb the silent air;
And when the cheerful sun goes down,
  His beams shall linger longest there.
And if,—when soft night breezes wake,

Roving among the sleeping flowers,
When dews their airy home forsake,
To rest till morn in earthly bowers,—
If, then, some dearer friend than all
Steal to my grave to weep awhile,
And happier hours awhile recall,
And bid fond memory beguile
The tediousness of cherished grief—
Faintly descried—a fading ray—
My passing ghost shall breathe relief,
And whisper—"Lingerer, come away!"

The Winged Worshippers.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep:
Penance is not for you,
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

Death of an Infant.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DEATH found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip;—he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness,—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste, he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile
So fixed and holy from that marble brow,—
Death gazed, and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven.

Burns.—F. G. HALLECK.

THE memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
  Where the bard-peasant first drew breath,
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
  A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
  His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
  To that bard-peasant given.

* * * * * * * *

There have been loftier themes than his,
  And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
  Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death,—
  Few nobler ones than Burns are there,
And few have won a greener wreath
  Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
  In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
  Or the smile light the cheek;

And his, that music, to whose tone
  The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
  In cold or sunny clime.

* * * * * * * *

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
  What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
  Or "Auld lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
  Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
  With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
  Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
  Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

* * * * * * * *

Praise to the bard!—His words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man!—A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors, with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,—
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
  Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
  His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
  And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
  The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
  His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not, graven on the heart,
  The name of Robert Burns?

Mary Magdalen.—BRYANT.

From the Spanish of Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
  In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
  The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
  On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
  Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much, that to the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change, the bitter fir
  Distil Arabian myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
  Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their tops with roses; come and see
  Leaves on the dry, dead tree:

The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
For ever, towards the skies.

Be humble.—JONES.

TRIUMPH not, frail man; thou art
Too weak a thing to boast;
Thou hast a sad and foolish heart;
Misdeeds are all thou dost.
Thou seem'st most proud of thine offence;
Thou sinn'st e'en where thou want'st pretence

Triumph not, though nothing warns
Of vigor waning fast;
Remember roses fade, but thorns
Survive the wintry blast.
A pleasant morn, a sultry noon,
Foretell the tempest rising soon.

Triumph not, though fortune sends
The riches of the mine;
If then thou countest many friends,
It is good luck of thine.
But triumph not: that gold may go;
And friends will fly in hour of wo.

And thou may'st love a smooth, soft cheek,
And woo a tender eye:
But triumph not: a single week,
And cold those lips may lie,—
Or, worse, that trusted heart may rove,
And leave thee, for another love.

But triumph, if thy soul feels firm
In faith, and leans on God;
If wo bids flourish love's warm germ,
And thou can'st kiss the rod;
Then triumph, man; for this alone
Is cause for an exulting tone.

Sabbath Evening Twilight.—ANONYMOUS.

DELIGHTFUL hour of sweet repose,
Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!
I love thy deep and tranquil close,
For all the Sabbath day is there.
Each pure desire, each high request
That burned before the temple shrine,—
The hopes, the fears, that moved the breast,—
All live again in light like thine.

I love thee for the fervid glow
Thou shed'st around the closing day,—
Those golden fires, those wreaths of snow,
That light and pave his glorious way!
Through them, I've sometimes thought, the eye
May pierce the unmeasured deeps of space,
And track the course where spirits fly,
On viewless wings, to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm,
That slumbers on this fading scene,
And throws its kind and soothing charm
O'er "all the little world within."
It trances every roving thought,
Yet sets the soaring fancy free,—
Shuts from the soul the present out,
That all is musing memory.

I love those joyous memories,
That rush, with thee, upon the soul,—
Those deep, unuttered symphonies,
That o'er the spell-bound spirit roll.
All the bright scenes of love and youth
Revive, as if they had not fled;
And Fancy clothes with seeming truth
The forms she rescues from the dead.

Yet holier is thy peaceful close,
For vows love left recorded there;—
This is the noiseless hour we chose
To consecrate to mutual prayer.
'Twas when misfortune's fearful cloud
Was gathering o'er the brow of heaven,

Ere yet despair's eternal shroud
Wrapped every vision hope had given.

When these deep purpling shades came down,
In softened tints, upon the hills,
We swore, that, whether fate should crown
Our future course with joys or ills,—
Whether safe moored in love's retreat,
Or severed wide by mount and sea,—
This hour, in spirit, we would meet,
And urge to Heaven our mutual plea.

* * * * * * *

O, tell me if this hallowed hour
Still finds thee constant at our shrine,
Still witnesses thy fervent prayer
Ascending warm and true with mine!
Faithful through every change of wo,
My heart still flies to meet thee there:
'Twould soothe this weary heart to know
That thine responded every prayer.

*The Burial of Arnold.**—N. P. Willis.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you, then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?

* A member of the senior class in Yale College.

Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
  Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung—
  Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
  No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
  There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,
  The last deep prayer is said—
On to his burial, comrades—on,
  With the noblest of the dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily—
  It is a man ye bear!
Slow for our thoughts dwell wearily
  On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
  His dark locks on his brow—
Like life—save deeper light and shade:
  We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
  That blue-veined eye-lid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
  Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done—
  Your feet are on his sod—
Death's chain is on your champion—
  He waiteth here his God!
Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness
  To be heart-broken here—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
  Is watered by the tear.

Lines to a Child on his Voyage to France, to meet his Father.—HENRY WARE, JR.

Lo, how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses, eager to be free!
Her flag streams wildly, and her fluttering sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more,

And she will move, in stately grandeur, on,
Cleaving her path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep.
O, 'tis a thought sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds,
Those freest agents of almighty Power,
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes. Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder. Thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood,
Unconscious of the high sublimity,
As 'twere a common thing—thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking *man*
Shrinks back into himself,—himself so mean
'Mid things so vast,—and, rapt in deepest awe,
Bends to the might of that mysterious Power,
Who holds the waters in his hand, and guides
The ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
To look unmoved upon that heaving waste,
Which, from horizon to horizon spread,
Meets the o'er-arching heavens on every side,
Blending their hues in distant faintness there.

'Tis wonderful!—and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet, sometimes,
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven
Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon, dark clouds
Arise, contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck.

And thou must sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise *may* suffer wreck,
The foolish *must*. O, then, be early wise;
Learn from the mariner his skilful art
To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path,
'Mid countless dangers, to the destined port
Unerringly secure. O, learn from him
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm,
To guard thyself from Passion's sudden blasts,
And make Religion thy magnetic guide,

Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in heaven.

Farewell! Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
Of love paternal. Yes, and more than this—
Blessed be thy passage o'er the changing sea
Of life; the clouds be few that intercept
The light of joy; the waves roll gently on
Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
To meet in peace thine other Father—GOD.

New England.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast;
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on Glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here; our unchained feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;—
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
O, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of Liberty,
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And Slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed:
All, who the wreath of Freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine,
Are blessed.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home;—and leant on Heaven
Our hand.

The Damsel of Peru.—BRYANT.

ERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew,
ere sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru:
twixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
me glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair;
d sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

s a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish tongue,
at once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,

When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north;—
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is gone;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride;
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein;
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane;
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill:
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak:
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee."

Power of Maternal Piety.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'When I was a little child, (said a good old man,) my mother used to bid kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she yed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand on my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was osed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the rs of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my irt, a voice that must be obeyed,—'O, do not this wickedness, my son, sin against thy God.'"

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children, young and gay?
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day;
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in wo,
And said a lonely prayer;
Yet still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear;
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;
  Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
  And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;
  But oft, at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
  Blessed mother, was it thine?—

In foreign lands I travelled wide,
  My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
  And pleasure lured my eye;—

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
  Maintained its mystic sway,
As when, amid my curls of gold,
  With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
  As from the lowly sod,
"My son—my only one—beware!
  Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
  My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul;—
  Yet when, with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed,
  That guides the warrior throng,
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
  These manly locks among,—

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!—
  And now, though time hath set
His frosty seal upon my lot,
  These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
  A mother's holy prayer,
A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
That pointed to a Savior dear,
  Have led the wanderer there.

Niagara.—U. States Review and Literary Gazette.

From the Spanish of Jose Maria Heredia.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face.
I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
For, from my very boyhood, have I loved,—
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,—
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and, when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.
Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current, then,
Shoots onward, like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah! terribly they rage—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent: waves innumerable
Meet there and madden; waves innumerable
Urge on, and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.
They reach—they leap the barrier: the abyss
Swallows, insatiable, the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets:
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter, near,
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

* * * * * *

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw

Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness,
I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.
Dread torrent! that, with wonder and with fear,
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to overwhelm the earth?
The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass, of man,—
Pass, like a noon-day dream,—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. * * * *
Hear, dread Niagara! my latest voice.
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal. I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

Absalom.—N. P. Willis.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,

Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!
King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled

With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee.
And hear thy sweet "*my father*" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

Hymn of Nature.—W. O. B. Peabody.

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might commune with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;

But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense fires shall cease to burn;
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

The Garden of Gethsemane.—J. PIERPONT

O'ER Kedron's stream, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep;—

All but the children of distress,
Of sorrow, grief, and care—
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless;—
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.

For those who shun the glare of day,
There's a composing power,
That meets them, on their lonely way,
In the still air, the sober ray
Of this religious hour.

'Tis a religious hour;—for he,
Who many a grief shall bear,
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Getnsemane,
In agony and prayer.

O, Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer like him.

Trust in God.—PERCIVAL

THOU art, O Lord, my only trust,
When friends are mingled with the dust,
And all my loves are gone.
When earth has nothing to bestow,
And every flower is dead below,
I look to thee alone.

Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear,
The humble soul, who loves to hear
The lessons of thy word.
When foes around us thickly press,
And all is danger and distress,
There's safety in the Lord.

The bosom friend may sleep below
The churchyard turf, and we may go
To close a loved one's eyes:
They will not always slumber there;
We see a world more bright and fair,
A home beyond the skies.

And we may feel the bitter dart,
Most keenly rankling in the heart,
By some dark ingrate driven:
In us revenge can never burn;
We pity, pardon; then we turn,
And rest our souls in heaven.

'Tis thou, O Lord, who shield'st my head,
And draw'st thy curtains round my bed;
I sleep secure in thee;
And, O, may soon that time arrive,
When we before thy face shall live
Through all eternity.

Heaven.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

THE earth, all light and loveliness, in summer's golden hours,
Smiles, in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow, faint and dim, of that which is to come?
What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light of immortality!

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,
Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it last;
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze, through tears of gladness, on each dear familiar face—

Oh! this indeed is joy, though here we meet again to part
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,
Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more!

When, on Devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars above,
And feels thy presence, Father, Friend, God of eternal love,—
Joys of the earth, ye fade away before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and perfect day—

A gleam of heaven's own light—though now its brightness scarce appears
Through the dim shadows, which are spread around this vale of tears;
But thine unclouded smile, O God, fills that all glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known, and see thee face to face!

Geehale. An Indian Lament.—ANONYMOUS.

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he, at pleasure, can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light,
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird, and each beast, it is blessed in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore:
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke;
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain;
Red—red shall, alone, on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;—
His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was black:
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track,
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas:
My wife and my children,—O, spare me the tale!—
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE!

Scene from "Percy's Masque."—HILLHOUSE.

SCENE.—A high-wood walk in a park. The towers of Warkworth castle, in Northumberland, seen over the trees.—Enter ARTHUR, in a huntsman's dress.

Arthur. HERE let me pause, and breathe awhile. and wipe
These servile drops from off my burning brow.

Amidst these venerable trees, the air
Seems hallowed by the breath of other times.—
Companions of my fathers, ye have marked
Their generations pass. Your giant arms
Shadowed their youth, and proudly canopied
Their silver hairs, when, ripe in years and glory,
These walks they trod to meditate on heaven.
What warlike pageants have ye seen! what trains
Of captives, and what heaps of spoil! what pomp,
When the victorious chief, war's tempest o'er,
In Warkworth's bowers unbound his panoply!
What floods of splendor, bursts of jocund din,
Startled the slumbering tenants of these shades,
When night awoke the tumult of the feast,
The song of damsels, and the sweet-toned lyre!
Then, princely Percy reigned amidst his halls,
Champion, and judge, and father of the North.
O, days of ancient grandeur, are ye gone?
For ever gone? Do these same scenes behold
His offspring here, the hireling of a foe!
O, that I knew my fate! that I could read
The destiny that Heaven has marked for me!

Enter a Forester.

Forester. A benison upon thee, gentle huntsman!
Whose towers are these that overlook the wood?
Ar. Earl Westmoreland's.
For. The Neville's towers I seek.
By dreams I learn, and prophecies most strange,
A noble youth lurks here, whose horoscope
Declares him fated to amazing deeds.
Ar. (*starting back.*) Douglas!—
Douglas. Now do I clasp thee, Percy; and I swear
By my dear soul, and by the blood of Douglas,
Linked to thy side, through every chance, I go,
Till here thou rul'st, or death and night end all.
Percy. Amazement! Whence?—or how?—
Doug. And didst thou think
Thus to elude me?
Per. Answer how thou found'st me.
What miracle directed here thy steps?
Doug. Where should I look for thee, but in the post
Where birth, fame, fortune, wrongs, and honor call thee!
Returning from the isles, I found thee gone.
Awhile in doubt, each circumstance I weighed;
Thy difficulties, wrongs, and daring spirit;

The gay, delusive show, so long maintained
To lull observers; then set forth, resolved
Never to enter more my native towers
Till I had found and searched thee to the soul.
Per. Still must I wonder; for so dark a cloud—
Doug. O, deeper than thou think'st I've read thy heart.
A gilded insect to the world you seemed;
The fashion's idol; person, pen, and lyre,
The soft, devoted darling of the fair.
By slow degrees, I found Herculean nerve
Hid in thy tuneful arm; that hunger, thirst,
The sultry chase, the bleakest mountain bed,
The dark, rough, winter torrent, were to thee
But pastime; more were courted than repose.
To others, your discourse still wild and vain
To me, when none else heard thee, seemed the voice
Of heavenly oracles.
Per. O, partial friendship!
Doug. Yet had I never guessed your brooded purpose.—
Remember'st thou the regent's masque? the birth night?
Per. Well.
Doug. That night you glittered through the crowded halls,
Gay and capricious as a sprite of air.
Apollo rapt us when you touched the lyre;
Cupid fanned odors from your purple wings;
Or Mercury amused with magic wand,
Mocking our senses with your feathered heel.
In every fancy, shape, and hue, you moved,
The admiration, pity, theme of all.—
One bed received us. Soon your moaning voice
Disturbed me. Dreaming, heavily you groaned,
"O, Percy! Percy! Hotspur! O, my father!
Upbraid me not! hide, hide those ghastly wounds!
Usurper! traitor! thou shalt feel me!"
Per. Heavens!
Doug. 'Tis true:—and more than I can now remember.
Per. And never speak of it?
Doug. Inly I burned;
But honor, pride, forbade. Pilfer from dreams!
Thou knew'st the ear, arm, life of Douglas, thine—
Per. And long ago I had disclosed to thee
My troubled bosom; but my enterprise
So rife with peril seemed—to hearts less touched,
So hopeless! Knowing thy impetuous soul,
How could I justify the deed to Heaven?

How to thine aged sire? Armed proof I stand,
To fate: come what will come—the wide earth bears
No heart of kindred blood to mourn my fall.
Doug. The heart of Douglas beats not with thy blood;
But never will I trust in mercy more,
In justice, truth, or Heaven, if it forsake thee.
Per. Douglas, thy friendship is my choicest treasure;—
Has been a radiant star on my dark way;
And never did I doubt thy zeal to serve me.
Lend, now, a patient ear.—While with my doom
Alone I strive, no dread or doubt distracts me.
No precious fate with mine involved, my heart
Is fearless, firm my step. Exposing thee,
The adamantine buckler falls, and leaves me,
Naked and trembling, to a double death.
Doug. Thou lov'st me not.
Per. Let Heaven be witness there!—
The thought of bringing down thy father's hairs
With sorrow to the grave, would weigh like guilt,
Palsy my soul, and cripple all my powers.
Doug. So!—have I wandered o'er the hills for this?
Per. I would not wound thee, Douglas, well thou know'st;
But thus to hazard on a desperate cast
Thy golden fortunes—
Doug. Cursed be the blood within me,
Plagues and the grave o'ertake me, if I leave thee;
Though gulfs yawned under thee, and roaring seas
Threatened to whelm thee.
Per. For thy father's sake—
Doug. Peace! I'd not go if staying here would strew
His hoar hairs in the tomb—not stir, by Heaven!
Must I toss counters? sum the odds of life,
When honor points the way?—When was the blood
Of Douglas precious in a noble cause?
Per. Nay, hear me, hear me, Douglas—
Doug. Talk to me
Of dangers? Death and shame! Is not my race
As high, as ancient, and as proud as thine?
Per. I've done.
Doug. By Heaven, it grieves me, Harry Percy,
Preaching such craven arguments to me.
Now tell me how thou stand'st; thy cause how prospered.
What has been done? What projects are afoot?
Acquaint me quickly.
Per. Gently; lest some busy ear

Be near us. Little have I yet to tell thee.
Thinking my rival's coat would best conceal me,
I won his favor by a tale scarce feigned.
Doug. A keeper of his chase thy garb bespeaks.
Per. Chief huntsman. Thus disguised, I day by day
Traverse my native hills, viewing the strength
And features of the land; its holds of safety;
And searching patriot spirits out. For, still,
Though kings and gaudy courts remember not,
Still, in the cottage and the peasant's heart,
The memory of my fathers lives. When there,
The old, the good old day is cited, tears
Roll down their reverend beards, and genuine love
Glows in their praises of my sires.
Doug. I long
To press the sons, and tell them what a lord
Lives yet to rule them.
Per. When first I mixed among them, oft I struck,
Unwittingly, a spark of this same fire.
Encouraged thus, I sought its latent seeds,
Seized opportunities to draw the chase
Into the bosom of the hills, and spent
Nights in their hospitable, happy cots.
There, to high strains, the minstrel harp I tuned,
Chanting the glories of the ancient day,
When their brave fathers, scorning to be slaves,
Rushed with their chieftain to the battle field,
Trod his bold footsteps in the ranks of death,
And shared his triumphs in the festal hall.
Doug. That lulled them, as the north wind does the sea
Per. From man to man, from house to house, like fire,
The kindling impulse flew; till every hind,
Scarce conscious why, handles his targe and bow;
Still talks of change; starts if the banished name
By chance he hears; and supplicates his saint,
The true-born offspring may his banner rear
With speed upon the hills.
Doug. What lack we? Spread
The warlike ensign. On the border side,
Two hundred veteran spears await your summons.
Per. What say'st thou?
Doug. Sinews of the house;
Ready to tread in every track of Douglas.
By stealth I drew them in from distant points,
And hid amidst a wood in Chevy-Chace.

Per. O, Douglas! Douglas! even such a friend,
For death or life, was thy great sire to mine.
Doug. Straight, let us turn our trumpets to the hills;
Declare aloud thy name and wrongs; in swarms
Call down the warlike tenantry, and teach
Aspiring Neville fatal is the day
The Percy and the Douglas lead in arms.
Per. If he were all—Remember haughty Henry,
The nephew of his wife, whose word could speed
A veteran army to his kinsman's aid.
Doug. Come one, come all; leave us to welcome them.
[*Exit Douglas.*

* * * * * * *

Per. Too long, too long a huntsman, Arthur comes,
Stripped of disguise, this night, to execute
His father's testament,—whose blood lies spilt;
Whose murmurs from the tomb are in his ears;
Whose injuries are treasured in a scroll
Steeped in a mother's and an orphan's tears.
O'er that cursed record has my spirit groaned,
Since dawning reason, in unuttered anguish.
When others danced, struck the glad wire, or caught
The thrilling murmurs of loved lips, I've roamed
Where the hill-foxes howl, and eagles cry,
Brooding o'er wrongs that haunted me for vengeance.
Ay!—I have been an outcast from my cradle;
Poor, and in exile, while an alien called
My birth-right home. Halls founded by my sires
Have blazed and rudely rung with stranger triumphs;
Their honorable name cowards have stained;
Their laurels trampled on; their bones profaned.
Hence have I labored; watched while others slept;
Known not the spring of life, nor ever plucked
One vernal blossom in the day of youth.—
The harvest of my toils this night I reap;
For death, this night, or better life awaits me.

To S * * *, weeping.*—ANONYMOUS.

WHY shouldst thou weep? No cause hast thou
For one desponding sigh;
No care has marked that polished brow,
Nor dimmed thy radiant eye.

Why shouldst thou weep? Around thee glows
  The purple light of youth,
And all thy looks the calm disclose
  Of innocence and truth.

Nay, weep not while thy sun shines bright,
  And cloudless is thy day,
While past and present joys unite
  To cheer thee on thy way;

While fond companions round thee move,
  To youth and nature true,
And friends, whose looks of anxious love
  Thy every step pursue.

Nay, weep not now: reserve thy tears
  For that approaching hour,
When o'er the scenes of other years
  The clouds of time shall lower;

When thou, alas! no more canst see,
  But in the realms above,
The friends who ever looked on thee
  Unutterable love;

When some, thy fond companions now,
  And constant to thy side,
View thee with anger-darkening brow,
  Or cold, repulsive pride;

Or some, the faithful of that band,
  Bless thee with faltering breath,
While from their lips thy trembling hand
  Wipes the chill dews of death.

Nay, weep not now: reserve thy tears
  For that approaching day,
When, through the gradual lapse of years,
  All joys have stol'n away;

When Memory a wavering light
  Sheds dimly o'er the past,
And Hope no longer veils from sight
  The horrors of the last.

Nay, weep not then: let but the ray
  Of heavenly peace be thine,
Glorious shall be thy summer's day,
  Unclouded its decline.

Then Memory's light, though dim, shall show
  How pure thy former years,
While Hope her holiest ray shall throw
  On realms beyond the spheres.

Autumn.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O, WITH what glory comes and goes the year!—
The buds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and, with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn, on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beach, and maple yellow-leaved,—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way-side a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,—
A winter bird,—comes with its plantive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud,
From cottage roofs, the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O, what a glory doth this world put on
For him, that, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

The Bucket.—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in his well.

The Snow Flake.—HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some low and lonely spot,
To melt, and to sink unseen or forgot?
And then will my course be ended?"
'Twas thus a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

"O, no," said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie,
Neglected and lone, on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky;
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping;
But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form;
Thou'lt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive when the sunbeams are yellow and warm
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping.

"And then thou shalt have thy choice to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness;—

"To wake, and be raised from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear, or a diamond leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
To go and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or, wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending.
But true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,

When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting flake;
"But bear it in mind that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to awake,
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning:
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word, and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven;
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow,
So thou may'st remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given."

"*I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.*"—
ANONYMOUS.

THOU art the Way—and he who sighs,
Amid this starless waste of wo,
To find a pathway to the skies,
A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By thee must come, thou gate of love,
Through which the saints undoubting trod;
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
An ark, a resting place in God.

Thou art the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The light, that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go;
The word, whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life—the blessed well,
With living waters gushing o'er,

Which those who drink shall ever dwell
Where sin and thirst are known no more;
Thou art the mystic pillar given,
Our lamp by night, our light by day;
Thou art the sacred bread from heaven;—
Thou art the Life—the Truth—the Way.

The Iceberg.—J. O. ROCKWELL.

'TWAS night—our anchored vessel slept
Out on the glassy sea;
And still as heaven the waters kept,
And golden bright—as he,
The setting sun, went sinking slow
Beneath the eternal wave;
And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
To raise the sleeper's tress,
And no wave-building winds were there,
On ocean's loveliness;
But ocean mingled with the sky
With such an equal hue,
That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
Came on our steady gaze,
Save when some timorous fish stole out
To bathe in the woven blaze,—
When, flouting in the light that played
All over the resting main,
He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed, half-fearful gaze;

But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame;
And as we looked, we named it, then,
The fount whence all colors came:
There were rainbows furled with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men;
They beamed full clear—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just lingered in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one passed
With a deep, disturbing motion:
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crushed on a hidden rock, and turned
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The uptorn waves rolled hoar,—and, huge,
The far-thrown undulations
Swelled out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

Hymn.—J. PIERPONT.

BORNE by the tempest, on we sail
O'er ocean's billowy way;

One glorious orb by day we hail,
By night *one* faithful ray.

Thus God his undivided light
Pours on life's troubled wave;
Thus hope, meek star, through death's still night,
Looks on the Christian's grave.

Monarch of heaven, *Eternal One*,
On thee our spirit calls;
To thee, as followers of thy Son,
We consecrate these walls.

These arches, springing to the sky,
This lightly swelling dome,
That lifts to heaven its starry eye,—
Be these, O God, thy home.

And wilt thou, Omnipresent, deign
Within these walls to dwell?—
Then shalt thou hear our holiest strain,
Our organ's proudest swell.

Devotion's eye shall drink the light
That richly gushes through
Our simple dome of spotless white,
From thine, of cloudless blue.

And Faith, and Penitence, and Love,
And Gratitude, shall bend
To thee:—O hear them from above,
Our Father and our Friend.

The Bride.—ANONYMOUS.

IT hath passed, my daughter; fare thee well!
Pledged is the faith, inscribed the vow;
Yet let these gushing tear-drops speak,
Of all thy mother's anguish now;
And when, on distant, stranger-shores,
Love beams from brighter eyes than mine,
When other hands thy tresses weave,
And other lips are pressed to thine,—

O, then remember her who grieves
With parent-fondness for her child;
Whose lonely path, of thee bereft,
Is like some desert, lone and wild,
Where erst a simple floweret grew,
Where erst one timid wild bird sung;
Now lonely, dark and desolate,
No bird nor flower its shades among.

And when thy children climb the knee,
And whisper, "Mother, mother dear!"
O, then the thought of her recall
Thou leavest broken-hearted here;
And as their sinless offerings rise
To God's own footstool, let them crave
A blessing on her memory,
Who slumbers in the peaceful grave.

When care shall dim thy sunny eye,
And, one by one, the ties are broken
That bind thee to the earth, this kiss
Will linger yet—thy mother's token;
'Twill speak her changeless love for thee,
Speak what she strives in vain to tell,
The yearning of a parent's heart——
My only child, farewell! farewell!

On seeing an Eagle pass near me in Autumn Twilight.—
G. MELLEN.

SAIL on, thou lone imperial bird,
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing;
How is thy distant coming heard
As the night's breezes round thee ring!
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
In his extremest glory! How!
Is thy unequalled daring done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now?

Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,
To find some secret, meaner home,
Less stormy and unsafe than thine?

Else why thy dusky pinions bend
So closely to this shadowy world,
And round thy scorching glances send,
As wishing thy broad pens were furled?

Yet lonely is thy shattered nest,
Thy eyry desolate, though high;
And lonely thou, alike, at rest,
Or soaring in thy upper sky.
The golden light that bathes thy plumes,
On thine interminable flight,
Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
And makes the North's ice-mountains bright.

So come the eagle-hearted down,
So come the proud and high to earth,
When life's night-gathering tempests frown
Over their glory and their mirth;
So quails the mind's undying eye,
That bore unveiled fame's noontide sun;
So man seeks solitude, to die,
His high place left, his triumphs done.

So, round the residence of power,
A cold and joyless lustre shines,
And on life's pinnacles will lower
Clouds dark as bathe the eagle's pines
But O, the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves!
It warms the spirit as it soars,
And sheds deep radiance round our graves.

To the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, on reading his eloquent Speech in defence of Indian Rights.—
W L. GARRISON.

If unto marble statues thou hadst spoken,
Or icy hearts, congealed by polar years,
The strength of thy pure eloquence had broken,
Its generous heat had melted them to tears;
Which pearly drops had been a rainbow token,
Bidding the red men soothe their gloomy fears.

If Honor, Justice, Truth, had not forsaken
The place long hallowed as their bright abode,
The faith of treaties never had been shaken,
Our country would have kept the trust she owed;
Nor Violence nor Treachery had taken
Away those rights which nature's God bestowed.

Fruitless thy mighty efforts—vain appealing
To grasping Avarice, that ne'er relents;
To Party Power, that shamelessly is stealing,
Banditti-like, whatever spoil it scents;
To base Intrigue, his cloven foot revealing,
That struts in Honesty's habiliments.

Our land—once green as Paradise—is hoary,
E'en in its youth, with tyranny and crime;
Its soil with blood of Afric's sons is gory,
Whose wrongs eternity can tell—not time;
The red man's woes shall swell the damning story,
To be rehearsed in every age and clime.

Yet, FRELINGHUYSEN, gratitude is due thee,
And loftier praise than language can supply:
Guilt may denounce, and Calumny pursue thee,
And pensioned Impudence thy worth decry,
Brilliant and pure posterity shall view thee,
As a fair planet in a troublous sky.

Be not dismayed. On God's own strength relying,
Stand boldly up, meek soldier of the cross;
For thee, ten thousand prayers are heavenward flying;
Thy soul is purged from earthly rust and dross.
Patriot and Christian, ardent, self-denying,
How could we bear resignedly thy loss?

Genius Slumbering.—PERCIVAL.

HE sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there;
  There are who still remember how he bore
Upward his daring pinions, till the air
  Seemed living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps,—and yet, around the sightless eye
  And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays;
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
  There hovers still the light of other days;
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep for ever, but will rise
  Fresh to more daring labors; now, even now,
As the close shrouding mist of morning flies,
  The gathered slumber leaves his lifted brow;
From his half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His wakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep; the spell is gone;
  The deadly charm departed; see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
  Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him, and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquer: shall they take—
  They, who, with feebler pace, still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
  Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert his right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
  Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it; it may rust
  Dimly awhile, but cannot wholly die;
And, when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

Genius Waking.—PERCIVAL.

SLUMBER's heavy chain hath bound thee—
Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee—
Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell, recall thee
From inglorious dreams?
O, could glory so appal thee,
With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion
In the midway air;
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou didst upward bear.
Like the herald, winged with lightning,
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

O, what rare and heavenly brightness
Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
Lights a cavern's glooms!
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping
But the tempest's gush.
Up again undaunted soaring,
Thou didst pierce the cloud,

When the warring winds were roaring
Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things?
Come they not, like visions, thronging
On their airy wings?
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a heaven like this.

But thou slumberest; faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing;
Like a dove in winter shivering,
Or a feebler thing.
Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion?
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark! his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide.
Now his nodding beak is steady—
Wide his burning eye—
Now his opening wings are ready,
And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly
Now is stretched for flight—
Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright!
Onward—onward over mountains,
Through the rock and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird, thy dream has left thee—
Thou hast reached thy heaven—
Lingering slumber hath not reft thee
Of the glory given.
With a bold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
Lone, to fame's supreme dominion,
Mightier ever trode.

The Spirit of Poetry.—LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows—
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade,
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
Their tops the green trees lift.
——Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods—the golden sun—
The flowers—the leaves—the river on its way—
Blue skies—and silver clouds—and gentle winds—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in—
Mountain—and shattered cliff—and sunny vale—
The distant lake—fountains—and mighty trees—
In many a lazy syllable repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.
And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft imbodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature—of the heavenly forms

We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That lie i' the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, was hung,
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Was as the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushed all the richness of an autumn sky,
With its ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath—
It was so like the gentle air of spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it was a joy
To have it round us—and her silver voice
Was the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

*Incomprehensibility of God.**—MISS ELIZABETH TOWNSEND.

"I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him."

WHERE art thou?—THOU! Source and Support of all
That is or seen or felt; Thyself unseen,
Unfelt, unknown,—alas! unknowable!
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,—
Life-giving earth,—and ever-moving main,—
And speaking winds,—and ask if these are Thee!
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,
The restless tide's outgoing and return,
The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—

* To meet with such a piece of poetry as this, which we find in the fifth volume of the Unitarian Miscellany, would repay us for the toil of looking through whole libraries. It is equal in grandeur to the celebrated production of Bryant—"Thanatopsis;" nor will it suffer by a comparison with the most sublime pieces either of Wordsworth or of Coleridge. The latter with a feeling akin to the elevated inspiration which animates these noble lines) has said,

"For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
The Incomprehensible! save when with awe
I praise Him, and with Faith, that inly feels;
Who with his saving mercies healed me,
A sinful and most miserable man." ED.

Though hailed as gods of old, and only less—
Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!
I ask Thee from the past; if in the years,
Since first intelligence could search its source,
Or in some former unremembered being,
(If such, perchance, were mine) did they behold Thee?
And next interrogate futurity—
So fondly tenanted with better things
Than e'er experience owned—but both are mute;
And past and future, vocal on all else,
So full of memories and phantasies,
Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn
From all vain parley with the elements;
And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward.
From each material thing its anxious guest,
If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,
He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit!
O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,
Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee?
What though the rash request be fraught with fate,
Nor human eye may look on thine and live?
Welcome the penalty! let that come now,
Which soon or late must come. For light like this
Who would not dare to die?
Peace, my proud aim,
And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.
Await his will, who hath appointed this,
With every other trial. Be that will
Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,
And unprepared solicitude to gaze
On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,
To temper highest hope with humbleness.
Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,
Till rent the veil, no longer separating
The Holiest of all—as erst, disclosing
A brighter dispensation; whose results
Ineffable, interminable, tend
E'en to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—
Till meet for that sublime beatitude,
By the firm promise of a voice from heaven
Pledged to the pure in heart!

Lament of a Swiss Minstrel over the Ruins of Goldau.—
J. NEAL.

O SWITZERLAND, my country, 'tis to thee
I strike my harp in agony.
My country, nurse of Liberty,
Home of the gallant, great, and free,
My sullen harp I strike to thee.
O! I have lost you all!
Parents, and home, and friends:
Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall;
A mountain's plumage o'er you bends.
The cliff-yew of funereal gloom
Is now the only mourning plume
That nods above a people's tomb.
Of the echoes that swim o'er thy bright blue lake,
And, deep in its caverns, their merry bells shake,
And repeat the young huntsman's cry—
That clatter and laugh when the goatherds take
Their browzing flocks, at the morning's break,
Far over the hills,—not one is awake
In the swell of thy peaceable sky.
They sit on that wave with a motionless wing,
And their cymbals are mute; and the desert birds sing
Their unanswered notes to the wave and the sky,
As they stoop their broad wing, and go sluggishly by:
For deep, in that blue-bosomed water, is laid
As innocent, true, and as lovely a maid
As ever in cheerfulness carolled her song,
In the blithe mountain air, as she bounded along.
The heavens are all blue, and the billow's bright verge
Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,
That heaves, incessant, a tranquil dirge,
To lull the pale forms that sleep below—
Forms that rock as the waters flow.
That bright lake is still as a liquid sky;
And when o'er its bosom the swift clouds fly,
They pass like thoughts o'er a clear blue eye.
The fringe of thin foam that their sepulchre binds
Is as light as the clouds that are borne by the winds.
Soft over its bosom the dim vapors hover
In morning's first light; and the snowy-winged plover,
That skims o'er the deep,
Where my loved ones sleep,

No note of joy on this solitude flings,
Nor shakes the mist from his drooping wings.
* * * * * *
No chariots of fire on the clouds careered;
No warrior's arm on the hills was reared;
No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was blown;
No mantle of wrath over heaven was thrown;
No armies of light, with their banners of flame,
On neighing steeds, through the sunset came,
Or leaping from space appeared;
No earthquake reeled; no Thunderer stormed;
No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarmed;
No voices in heaven were heard.
But the hour when the sun in his pride went down,
While his parting hung rich o'er the world,
While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
And his streamers of gold were unfurled,
An everlasting hill was torn
From its primeval base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors dressed,
To where a people are at rest.
Slowly it came in its mountain wrath;
And the forest vanished before its path;
And the rude cliffs bowed; and the waters fled;
And the living were buried, while, over their head,
They heard the full march of their foe as he sped;—
And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead—
The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!
The village sank, and the giant trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
As this tremendous pageant moved.
The mountain forsook his perpetual throne,
And came down in his pomp; and his path is shown
In barrenness and ruin:—there
His ancient mysteries lay bare;
His rocks in nakedness arise;
His desolations mock the skies.
Sweet vale, Goldau, farewell!
An Alpine monument may dwell
Upon thy bosom, O my home!
The mountain—thy pall and thy prison—may keep thee,
I shall see thee no more; but till death I will weep thee;
Of thy blue dwelling dream wherever I roam,
And wish myself wrapped in its peaceful foam.

Lines written on visiting the beautiful Burying-ground at New Haven.—CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

O, WHERE are they, whose all that earth could give,
Beneath these senseless marbles disappeared?
Where even they who taught these stones to grieve—
The hands that hewed them, and the hearts that reared?
Such the poor bounds of all that's hoped or feared,
Within the griefs and smiles of this short day!
Here sunk the honored, vanished the endeared;
This the last tribute love to love could pay—
An idle, pageant pile to graces passed away.

Why deck these sculptured trophies of the tomb?
Why, victims, garland thus the spoiler's fane?
Hope ye by these to avert oblivion's doom,
In grief ambitious, and in ashes vain?
Go, rather, bid the sand the trace retain,
Of all that parted virtue felt and did!
Yet powerless man revolts at ruin's reign;
Hence blazoned flattery mocks pride's coffin lid;
Hence towered on Egypt's plains the giant pyramid.

Sink, mean memorials of what cannot die;
Be lowly as the relics ye o'erspread;
Nor lift your funeral forms so gorgeously,
To tell who slumbers in each narrow bed:
I would not honor thus the sainted dead,
Nor to each stranger's careless ear declare
My sacred griefs for joy and friendship fled.
O, let me hide the names of those that were
Deep in my stricken heart, and shrine them only there!

The Pilgrim Fathers.—PIERPONT.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,

When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

Song of the Pilgrims.—T. C. UPHAM.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,

And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind—
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of wo,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod
Even where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!
Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blessed.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head,—
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,—
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæan loud of sacred praise;
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas!
Happier lands have met our view!
England's shores, adieu! adieu!

Dedication Hymn.—N. P. Willis.

The perfect world by Adam trod
Was the first temple—built by God:

His fiat laid the corner stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

The mountains in their places stood—
The sea—the sky—and "all was good;"
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands—
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

Extract from a Poem written on reading an Account of the Opinions of a Deaf and Dumb Child, before she had received Instruction. She was afraid of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.—HILLHOUSE.

AND didst thou fear the queen of night,
Poor mute and musing child?
She who, with pure and silver light,
Gladdens the loneliest wild?
Yet her the savage marks serene,
Chequering his clay-built cabin's scene:
Her the polar natives bless,
Bowing low in gentleness,
To bathe with liquid beams their rayless night:
Her the lone sailor, while his watch he keeps,
Hails, as her fair lamp gilds the troubled deeps,
Cresting each snowy wave that o'er its fellow sweeps:
E'en the lost maniac loves her light,
Uttering to her, with fixed eye,
Wild symphonies, he knows not why.—
Sad was thy fate, my child, to see,
In nature's gentlest friend, a foe severe to thee.

* * * * * * * *

Being of lonely thought, the world to thee
Was a deep maze, and all things moving on
In darkness and in mystery. But He,
Who made these beauteous forms that fade anon,
What was He?—From thy brow the roses fled
At that eternal question, fathomless and dread!

O, snatched from ignorance and pain,
And taught, with seraph eye,
At yon unmeasured orbs to gaze,
And trace, amid their quenchless blaze,
Thine own high destiny!
Forever bless the hands that burst thy chain,
And led thy doubtful steps to learning's hallowed fane.

Though from thy guarded lips may press
No word of gratitude or tenderness,—
In the starting tear, the glowing cheek,
With tuneful tongue, the *soul* can speak;
Her tone is in the sigh,
Her language in the eye,
Her voice of harmony, a life of praise,
Well understood by Him who notes our searching ways

The tomb shall burst thy fetters. Death sublime
Shall bear away the seal of time,
So long in wo bewailed!
Thou, who no melody of earth hast known,
Nor chirp of birds, their wind-rocked cell that rear,
Nor waters murmuring lone,
Nor organ's solemn peal, nor viol clear,
Nor warbling breath of man, that joins the hymning sphere—
Can speech of mortals tell
What tides of bliss shall swell,
If the *first* summons to thy wakened ear
Should be the plaudits of thy Savior's love,
The full, enraptured choir of the redeemed above?

The Land of the Blest.—W. O. B. PEABODY.

O, WHEN the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,

It is not sleep, it is not rest;
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in:
There, each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.

There, parted hearts again shall meet,
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
There, grief find rest; and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

There, angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs;
And light shall glance on every crown,
From suns that never more go down.

No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe, and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

To the Moon.—MASSACHUSETTS SPY.

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone, and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow, trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way;
And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest.

The sufferers of the earth, perhaps, may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,

And the sad children of despair and wo
  Forget, in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
O, that I soon may reach that world serene,
Poor weary pilgrim in this toiling scene!

Song.—From Yamoyden.

They say, that, afar in the land of the west,
Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,
'Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,
A fair lake, unruffled and sparkling, is spread;
Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,
In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,
Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;
And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,
All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east;
There the bright eye of nature in mild glory hovers:
'Tis the land of the sunbeam, the green isle of lovers.

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss
The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss;
Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs
Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires
The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover,
On high, with their shade, the green isle of the lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,
When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,
Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,
Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;
From beauty, there, valor and strength are not rovers,
And peace reigns supreme in the green isle of lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,
In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more;
It fleets on the vision, deluding the view;
Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue:
O, who, in this vain world of wo, shall discover
The home undisturbed, the green isle of the lover!

The Light of Home.—Mrs. Hale

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray:
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire:
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, for ever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home;—

And there, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,
Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

The American Flag.—F. G. Halleck

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun, to thee 'tis given,
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph, high.
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glist'ning bayonet,)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,
And glory,—sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy victor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas, on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,

When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back,
Before the broad-side's reeling rack;
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts' only home,
By angel-hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

To the Ursa Major.—HENRY WARE, JR.*

WITH what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee on thy glowing path
Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.

* We have read this piece with regret, that one who can write in a strain so truly sublime, should have given his mind so sparingly, and, as it were, by stealth, to the effort of poetical composition.—ED.

Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,
And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Joined the high chorus; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.
Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray;
The earth has gathered to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads that were born
Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes.
The seas have changed their beds—the eternal hills
Have stooped with age—the solid continents
Have left their banks—and man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal—have been swept away—
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength,
And beauty still are thine—as clear, as bright,
As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.
I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!
So vast the void through which their beams descend!

Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.
Yet what is this, which to the astonished mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire—
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what
Are ye, amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works!
And these are suns!—vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!—
Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes!
Thus numberless in numberless abodes!
Known but to thee, blessed Father! Thine they are,
Thy children, and thy care—and none o'erlooked
Of thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam

Amongst the mirrored lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall
None, none escape the kindness of thy care;
All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.
  Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne,
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway—what beings fill those bright abodes?
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?
And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life—
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of love?
  Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold!—No language? Everlasting light,
And everlasting silence?—Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know,
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, amongst those vast mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each
Familiar with its children—learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss

And beauty, by the hand of Power divine
Lavished on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories. While the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

"*Look not upon the Wine when it is red.*"—N. P. WILLIS.

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for Pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain:
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine:
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and wo
Are hid those rosy depths below.

*To * * * *, on the Death of a Friend.*—ANDREWS NORTON.

O STAY thy tears; for they are blessed,
Whose days are passed, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest,
Here sorrow dims the noon-day sun.

For laboring virtue's anxious toil,
For patient sorrow's stifled sigh,
For faith that marks the conqueror's spoil,
Heaven grants the recompense, to die.

How blessed are they, whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight;
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

O cheerless were our lengthened way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

Then stay thy tears; the blessed above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
Sung a new song of joy and love;
And why should anguish reign on earth?

Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth.—EDWARD EVERETT

Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;

Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place for ever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods, that gave them birth;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth:
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And, now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world, in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terror of the Goth,

Their iron-breasted legions quail
  Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
  In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
  The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
  O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
  And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,
  In vain, within their seven-hilled towers;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done;
  I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
  But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
  And in the caves of vengeance, wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

Apostrophe to the Sun.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

CENTRE of light and energy, thy way
  Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
  Far in the blue, untended and alone:
  Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
On didst thou march, triumphant in thy light;
  Then didst thou send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash unquenched and bright.

* * * * * * * * *

Thy path is high in heaven;—we cannot gaze
  On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
  Which bears thy pure divinity afar,
  To mingle with the equal light of star;
For thou, so vast to us, art, in the whole,
  One of the sparks of night that fire the air;
And, as around thy centre planets roll,
So thou, too, hast thy path around the central soul.

* * * * * * * * *

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles;
  Thy light is hid,—and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
  When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;
  Thou wheel'st away thy flight,—the woods are shorn
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
  All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
And, in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;
  Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
  Of all the power, that brooded in the urn
  Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
  Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty till they burn,
When, on a dewy morn, thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine:—and when the touch of spring
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shore;—
The vales are thine; and, when they wake from night,
The dews that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine:—they catch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream,
That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters; so thy rays
Flow, and give brighter tints than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains,—where they purely lift
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;—
Aloft, in thy eternal smile, they lie,
Dazzling, but cold;—thy farewell glance looks there,
And when below thy hues of beauty die,
Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear,
Into the high, dark vault, a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine; and all their magic hues
Are pencilled by thee; when thou bendest low,
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving folds with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art; * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
Where the spent storm is hasting on its march;
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form, with perfect curve, a lifted line
Striding the earth and air;—man looks and tells
How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,

And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal:—thou dost sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they go
Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way,
Rising and falling in eternal flow;
Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow,
And take them wings and spring aloft in air,
And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw
Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing, tear
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

* * * * * * * * *

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell.
O, with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
I hurry o'er the waters when the sail
Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
Over the curling billow, and the gale
Comes off from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

"*I thought it slept.*"—HENRY PICKERING.

From Recollections of Childhood.

I SAW the infant cherub—soft it lay,
As it was wont, within its cradle, now
Decked with sweet smelling flowers. A sight so strange
Filled my young breast with wonder, and I gazed
Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept—
And yet its little bosom did not move!
I bent me down to look into its eyes,
But they were closed; then softly clasped its hand;
But mine it would not clasp. What should I do?
"Wake, brother, wake!" I then, impatient, cried;
"Open thine eyes, and look on me again!"
He would not hear my voice. All pale beside
My weeping mother sat, "and gazed and looked
Unutterable things." "Will he not wake?"
I eager asked. She answered but with tears.

Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look,
Were cast—now on the babe once more were fixed—
And now on me: then, with convulsive sigh
And throbbing heart, she clasped me in her arms,
And, in a tone of anguish, faintly said—
"My dearest boy, thy brother does not sleep;
Alas! he's dead; he never will awake."
He's dead! I knew not what it meant, but more
To know I sought not. For the words so sad—
"He never will awake"—sunk in my soul:
I felt a pang unknown before; and tears,
That angels might have shed, my heart dissolved.*

The Snow-Storm.—ANONYMOUS.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And, 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child.
As through the drifted snows she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone—
"O God," she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller passed by:
She lay beneath a snowy veil;

* From this little tale of unaffected, childish sorrow, Mr. Agate (an estimable young artist of New York) has produced a very touching picture It was exhibited at the National Academy in that city.

The frost of death was in her eye;
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;—
He moved the robe from off the child;
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.



"I went and washed, and I received sight."—NEW YORK EVENING POST.

WHEN the great Master spoke,
He touched his withered eyes,
And, at one gleam, upon him broke
The glad earth and the skies.

And he saw the city's walls,
And king's and prophet's tomb,
And arches proud, and vaulted halls,
And the temple's lofty dome.

He looked on the river's flood,
And the flash of mountain rills,
And the gentle wave of the palms, that stood
Upon Judea's hills.

He saw, on heights and plains,
Creatures of every race;
But a mighty thrill ran through his veins
When he met the human face.

And his virgin sight beheld
The ruddy glow of even,
And the thousand shining orbs that filled
The azure depths of heaven.

And woman's voice before
Had cheered his gloomy nigh,
But to see the angel form she wore
Made deeper the delight.

And his heart, at daylight's close,
For the bright world where he trod,
And when the yellow morning rose,
Gave speechless thanks to God.

*The Huma.**—Louisa P. Smith.

Fly on, nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
Too near our shaded earth,
Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard,
May lose its note of mirth.
Fly on, nor seek a place of rest
In the home of "care-worn things:"
'Twould dim the light of thy shining crest,
And thy brightly burnished wings,
To dip them where the waters glide
That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
Thy place where stars shine free;
I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
Above life's stormy sea.
I would never wander, bird, like thee,
So near this place again;
With wing and spirit once light and free,
They should wear no more the chain
With which they are bound and fettered here,
For ever struggling for skies more clear

There are many things like thee, bright bird;
Hopes as thy plumage gay;
Our air is with them for ever stirred,
But still in air they stay.
And Happiness, like thee, fair one,
Is ever hovering o'er,
But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
On a waveless, peaceful shore,
And stoops to lave her weary wings,
Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

The Paint King.—Washington Allston.

Fair Ellen was long the delight of the young;
No damsel could with her compare;

* "A bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground."

Her charms were the theme of the heart and the tongue,
And bards without number, in ecstasies, sung
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and, though legions advanced,
All drilled by Ovidean art,
And languished and ogled, protested and danced,
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they glanced
From the hard, polished ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore
A something that could not be found;
Like a sailor she seemed on a desolate shore,
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,
Though nothing, alas! could she find;
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and clear,
Yet doomed, like the moon, with no being to cheer
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But, rather than sit like a statue so still,
When the rain made her mansion a pound,
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclined,
Passed a youth with a frame in his hand.
The casement she closed, not the eye of her mind,
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind;
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do"—said the languishing maid,
"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"
And she knelt to the goddess of secrets, and prayed,
When the youth passed again, and again he displayed
The frame and a picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,
"I must see thee again, or I die."
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,
And after the youth and the picture she hied,
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the while,)
"This picture, I see, you admire:
Then take it, I pray you; perhaps 'twill beguile
Some moments of sorrow, (nay, pardon my smile,)
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,
From the cunning young stripling received.
But she knew not the poison that entered her eyes,
When, sparkling with rapture, they gazed on her prize—
Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceived!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclined,
And the sculptor he seemed of the stone;
Yet he languished as though for its beauty he pined,
And gazed as the eyes of the statue so blind
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old;
Fair Ellen remembered, and sighed:
"Ah, couldst thou but lift from that marble, so cold,
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should enfold,
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvas arose
The youth, and he stepped from the frame:
With a furious transport his arms did enclose
The love-plighted Ellen; and, clasping, he froze
The blood of the maid with his flame.

She turned, and beheld on each shoulder a wing.
"O heaven! cried she, who art thou?"
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer ring,
As, frowning, he thundered, "I am the Paint-King!
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift
The loud-screaming maid like a blast;
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully drift
To the right and the left as he passed.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,
With an eddying whirl he descends;
The air all below him becomes black as night,

And the ground where he treads, as if moved with affright,
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the fiend, and he thundering knocked
At the gates of a mountainous cave;
The gates open flew, as by magic unlocked,
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro, rocked
Like an island of ice on the wave.

"O, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swooned in his arms;
But the Paint-King, he scoffed at her pain.
"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these alarms?"
She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,
That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes
Behold the fair youth she would woo;
Now appears the Paint-King in his natural guise;
His face, like a palette of villanous dies,
Black and white, red and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,
Sat the fiend, like the grim giant Gog,
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,
Twice as big as the Eddystone lighthouse, descried
As it looms through an easterly fog.

And anon, as he puffed the vast volumes, were seen,
In horrid festoons on the wall,
Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney Beane,
By the devil dressed out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet.
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"
"O, no," said the fiend, while he sprung from his seat,
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,
An oil jug he plunged her within.
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of despair,
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,
All covered with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable stone
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;
With a rock for his muller, he crushed every bone,
But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she groan;
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care
Each tint on its surface he spread;
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,
And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,
And her lips' and her checks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,
"Now I brave, cruel fairy, thy scorn!"
When, lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came
A light tiny chariot of rose-colored flame,
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthroned in the midst on an emerald bright,
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;
Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air
Like the first gentle language of Eve,
Thus spake from her chariot the fairy so fair:
"I come at thy call, but, O Paint-King, beware,
Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my heart,
Thy portrait I oft have essayed;
Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's tail,"—
And he towered with pride as he spoke,—
"If again with these magical colors I fail,
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, O fair Geraldine,
Thy promise with justice I claim,
And thou, queen of fairies, shalt ever be mine,

The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's form
On the canvas enchantingly glowed;
His touches, they flew like the leaves in a storm;
And the pure pearly white, and the carnation warm,
Contending in harmony, flowed.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem
To the figure of Geraldine fair:
With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem
Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;
And who shall describe the terrific surprise
That seized the Paint-King when, behold, he descries
Not a speck of his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he shook like a leaf;
When, casting his eyes to the ground,
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the fiend, and he fell like a stone;
Then, rising, the fairy, in ire,
With a touch of her finger, she loosened her zone,
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)
And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flashed in the air,
And sulphur the vault filled around;
She smote the grim monster: and now, by the hair
High-lifting, she hurled him, in speechless despair,
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;
When, behold, from the canvas descending, appear
Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,
With grace more than ever divine!

The murdered Traveller.—BRYANT.

WHEN Spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.—F. G. Halleck.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and wo were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

To H——.—Christian Examiner

Sweet child, that wasted form,
That pale and mournful brow,
O'er which thy long, dark tresses
In shadowy beauty flow—
That eye, whence soul is darting
With such strange brilliancy,
Tell us thou art departing—
This world is not for thee.

No! not for thee is woven
That wreath of joy and wo,
That crown of thorns and flowers,
Which all must wear below!
We bend in anguish o'er thee,
Yet feel that thou art blessed,
Loved one, so early summoned
To enter into rest.

Soon shall thy bright young spirit
From earth's cold chains be free;
Soon shalt thou meet that Savior,
Who gave himself for thee.
Soon shalt thou be rejoicing,
Unsullied as thou art,
In the blessed vision promised
Unto the pure in heart.

Yes, thou art going home,
Our Father's face to see,
In perfect bliss and glory;
But we, O, where are we?
While that celestial country
Thick clouds and darkness hide,
In a strange land of exile,
Still, still must we abide.

O Father of our spirits,
We can but look to thee;
Though chastened, not forsaken,
Shall we thy children be.
We take the cup of sorrow,
As did thy blessed Son—
Teach us to say, with Jesus,
"'Thy will, not ours, be done!"

The dying Raven.—RICHARD H. DANA.

OME to these lonely woods to die alone?
eems not many days since thou wast heard,
m out the mists of spring, with thy shrill note,
ing unto thy mates—and their clear answers
earth was brown, then; and the infant leaves

Had not put forth to warm them in the sun,
Or play in the fresh air of heaven. Thy voice,
Shouting in triumph, told of winter gone,
And prophesying life to the sealed ground,
Did make me glad with thoughts of coming beauties.
And now they're all around us;—offspring bright
Of earth,—a mother, who, with constant care,
Doth feed and clothe them all.—Now o'er her fields,
In blessed bands, or single, they are gone,
Or by her brooks they stand, and sip the stream;
Or peering o'er it—vanity well feigned—
In quaint approval seem to glow and nod
At their reflected graces.—Morn to meet,
They in fantastic labors pass the night,
Catching its dews, and rounding silvery drops
To deck their bosoms.—There, on tall, bald trees,
From varnished cells some peep, and the old boughs
Make to rejoice and dance in the unseen winds.
Over my head the winds and they make music;
And, grateful, in return for what they take,
Bright hues and odors to the air they give.

Thus mutual love brings mutual delight—
Brings beauty, life;—for love is life;—hate, death.

Thou prophet of so fair a revelation,—
Thou who abod'st with us the winter long,
Enduring cold or rain, and shaking oft,
From thy dark mantle, falling sleet or snow,—
Thou, who with purpose kind, when warmer days
Shone on the earth, midst thaw and steam, cam'st forth
From rocky nook, or wood, thy priestly cell,
To speak of comfort unto lonely man,—
Didst say to him,—though seemingly alone
'Midst wastes and snows, and silent, lifeless trees,
Or the more silent ground,—that 'twas not death,
But nature's sleep and rest, her kind repair;—
That thou, albeit unseen, did'st bear with him
The winter's night, and, patient of the day,
And cheered by hope, (instinct divine in thee,)
Waitedst return of summer.

More thou saidst,
Thou priest of nature, priest of God, to man!
Thou spok'st of faith, (than instinct no less sure,)

Of spirits near him, though he saw them not:
Thou bad'st him ope his intellectual eye,
And see his solitude all populous:
Thou showd'st him Paradise, and deathless flowers;
And didst him pray to listen to the flow
Of living waters.

Preacher to man's spirit!
Emblem of Hope! Companion! Comforter!
Thou faithful one! is this thine end? 'Twas thou,
When summer birds were gone, and no form seen
In the void air, who cam'st, living and strong,
On thy broad, balanced pennons, through the winds.
And of thy long enduring, this the close!
Thy kingly strength brought down, of storms
Thou conqueror!

The year's mild, cheering dawn
Upon thee shone a momentary light.
The gales of spring upbore thee for a day,
And then forsook thee. Thou art fallen now;
And liest amongst thy hopes and promises—
Beautiful flowers, and freshly-springing blades—
Gasping thy life out.—Here for thee the grass
Tenderly makes a bed; and the young buds
In silence open their fair, painted folds—
To ease thy pain, the one—to cheer thee, these.
But thou art restless; and thy once keen eye
Is dull and sightless now. New blooming boughs,
Needlessly kind, have spread a tent for thee.
Thy mate is calling to the white, piled clouds,
And asks for thee. No answer give they back.
As I look up to their bright, angel faces,
Intelligent and capable of voice
They seem to me. Their silence to my soul
Comes ominous. The same to thee, doomed bird,
Silence or sound. For thee there is no sound,
No silence.—Near thee stands the shadow, Death;—
And now he slowly draws his sable veil
Over thine eyes. Thy senses soft he lulls
Into unconscious slumbers. The airy call
Thou'lt hear no longer. 'Neath sun-lighted clouds,
With beating wing, or steady poise aslant,
Thou'lt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws

Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of death
Are on thee.

Laid thus low by age? Or is't
All-grudging man has brought thee to this end?
Perhaps the slender hair, so subtly wound
Around the grain God gives thee for thy food,
Has proved thy snare, and makes thine inward pain.

I needs must mourn for thee. For I—who have
No fields, nor gather into garners—I
Bear thee both thanks and love, not fear nor hate.

And now, farewell! The falling leaves, ere long,
Will give thee decent covering. Till then,
Thine own black plumage, which will now no more
Glance to the sun, nor flash upon my eyes,
Like armor of steeled knight of Palestine,
Must be thy pall. Nor will it moult so soon
As sorrowing thoughts on those borne from him fade
In living man.

Who scoffs these sympathies
Makes mock of the divinity within;
Nor feels he, gently breathing through his soul,
The universal spirit.—Hear it cry,
"How does thy pride abase thee, man, vain man!
How deaden thee to universal love,
And joy of kindred, with all humble things—
God's creatures all!"

And surely it is so.
He who the lily clothes in simple glory,
He who doth hear the ravens cry for food,
Hath on our hearts, with hand invisible,
In signs mysterious, written what alone
Our *hearts* may read.—Death bring thee rest, poor bird.

After a Tempest.—BRYANT.

THE day had been a day of wind and storm;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpassed,

And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened ocean-ward;
To the gray oak, the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And, chirping, from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves, that kept them dry,
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the cell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,
And glassy river, and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene; while, far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft, golden light

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,

Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long at clash of arms amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm; and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past;
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

A Winter Scene.—IDLE MAN.

BUT Winter has yet brighter scenes;—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows,
Or Autumn, with his many fruits and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice.
When the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad, arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look, the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; branch and twig
Shine in the lucid covering; each light rod,
Nodding and twinkling in the stirring breeze,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
Still streaming, as they move, with colored light.
But round the parent stem the long, low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. O! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of Earth, where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
With amethyst and topaz, and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them; or, haply, the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches, and fantastic aisles

Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye:—
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky, and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of sporting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light,
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers; and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

Description of the Quiet Island, From the Poem of "The Buccaneer."—RICHARD H. DANA.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! No ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;

Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion's gentle; all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

The religious Cottage.—D. HUNTINGTON.

SEEST thou yon lonely cottage in the grove,
With little garden neatly planned before,
Its roof deep shaded by the elms above,
Moss-grown, and decked with velvet verdure o'er?
Go lift the willing latch—the scene explore—
Sweet peace, and love, and joy, thou there shalt find;
For there Religion dwells; whose sacred lore
Leaves the proud wisdom of the world behind,
And pours a heavenly ray on every humble mind.

When the bright morning gilds the eastern skies,
Up springs the peasant from his calm repose;
Forth to his honest toil he cheerful hies,
And tastes the sweets of nature as he goes—
But first, of Sharon's fairest, sweetest rose,
He breathes the fragrance, and pours forth the praise;
Looks to the source whence every blessing flows,
Ponders the page which heavenly truth conveys,
And to its Author's hand commits his future ways.

Nor yet in solitude his prayers ascend;
His faithful partner and their blooming train,
The precious word, with reverent minds, attend,
The heaven-directed path of life to gain.
Their voices mingle in the grateful strain—
The lay of love and joy together sing,
To Him whose bounty clothes the smiling plain,
Who spreads the beauties of the blooming spring,
And tunes the warbling throats that make the valleys ring

The two Homes.—ANONYMOUS.

SEEST thou my home? 'Tis where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the sunny air;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hill a vein of light—'tis there.

'Mid these green haunts how many a spring lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, colored by the skies!—
My boyhood's haunts, through days of summer, dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home—the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls, the very tendrils, wreathing,
Seem, with soft links, to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved! There prayed for! There my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye!
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother—
Soon their glad footsteps down the path would fly!

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending—
There laughs my home—Sad stranger, where is thine?

Ask thou of *mine?* In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
'Tis where I, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step. But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air;
I know it not, yet trust the whisper telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home? and where but with the living?
Happy thou art, and so canst gaze on thine:
My spirit feels, but in its weary roving,
That with the dead—where'er they be—is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother;
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene:
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe—but dark seas roll between.

O, glorious is the rising sun,
  Pavilioned in his blushing glow,
When fairy winds have just begun
  To wake the flowers below;

Or shrined amid the western gold,
  While evening's balmy odors rise,
And fancy can almost behold
  The elysium of the skies.

Yet far surpassing the bright dawn
  Of purple sunset is thy power;
For death's dim veil is half withdrawn
  At thy presiding hour.

Affection seeks, in thy calm sphere,
  The soul beyond life's stormy sea;
And minds too pure to sorrow here,
  Fair planet, dwell with thee.

The bright stars shine around the throne,
  The lonely ocean greets thy ray;
Air, sea, and earth,—all seem to own
  Thy spiritual sway.

My native Land—My native Place.—ANONYMOUS.

My thoughts are in my native land,
  My heart is in my native place,
Where willows bend to breezes bland,
  And kiss the river's rippling face;

Where sunny shrubs disperse their scent,
  And raise their blossoms high to heaven,
As if in calm acknowledgment
  For brilliant hues and virtues given.

My thoughts are with my youthful days,
  Where sin and grief were but a name;
When every field had golden ways,
  And pleasure with the day-light came.

I bent the rushes to my feet,
And sought the water's silent flow,
I moved along the thin ice fleet,
Nor thought upon the death below.

I culled the violet in the dell,
Whose wild-rose gave a chequered shade,
And listened to each village bell,
So sweet by answering echo made.

In God's own house, on God's own day,
In neat attire, I bent the knee;
Pure sense of duty made me pray—
Joy made me join the melody.

Thus Memory, from her treasured urn,
Shakes o'er the mind her spring like rain:
Thus scenes turn up and palely burn,
Like night-lights in the ocean's train.

And still my soul shall these command,
While sorrow writes upon my face;
My thoughts are on my native land,
My heart is in my native place.

wake, Psaltery and Harp; I myself will awake early "
Psalms.—ANONYMOUS.

AKE, when the mists of the blue mountains sleeping.
Like crowns of glory, in the distance lie;—
ıen breathing from the south, o'er young buds sweeping,
The gale bears music through the sunny sky;—
ıile lake and meadow, upland, grove and stream,
ıe like the glory of an Eden dream.

ıke while unfettered thoughts, like treasures springing,
Bid the heart leap within its prison-cell;—
birds and brooks through the pure air are flinging
The mellow chant of their beguiling spell;—
ıen earliest winds their anthems have begun,
d, incense-laden, their sweet journeys run.

Then, Psaltery, and Harp, a tone awaken,
Whereto the echoing bosom shall reply,
As earth's rich scenes, by shadowy night forsaken,
Unfold their beauty to the filling eye;—
When, like the restless breeze, or wild-bird's lay,
Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake then, too, man, when, from refreshing slumber,
And thy luxurious couch, thou dost arise,
Thanks for life's golden gifts—a countless number—
Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and summer skies;
Wake!—let thy heart's fine chords be touched in praise,
For the free spirit of undying Grace!

Isaiah xxxv.—BRAINARD.

A ROSE shall bloom in the lonely place,
A wild shall echo with sounds of joy,
For heaven's own gladness its bounds shall grace,
And forms angelic their songs employ.

And Lebanon's cedars shall rustle their boughs,
And fan their leaves in the scented air;
And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their vows,
And shout, for the glory of God is there.

O say to the fearful, Be strong of heart;
He comes in vengeance, but not for thee;
For thee He comes, his might to impart
To the trembling hand and the feeble knee.

The blind shall see, the deaf shall hear,
The dumb shall raise their notes for Him,
The lame shall leap like the unharmed deer,
And the thirsty shall drink of the holy stream.

And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land a dew-washed mead;
And where the wildest beasts held rule,
The harmless of His fold shall feed.

There is a way, and a holy way,
Where the unclean foot shall never tread,

But from it the lowly shall not stray,
To it the penitent shall be led.

No lion shall rouse him from his lair,
Nor wild beast raven in foaming rage;
But the redeemed of the earth shall there
Pusue their peaceful pilgrimage.

The ransomed of God shall return to him
With a chorus of joy to an angel's lay;
With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,
For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

On listening to a Cricket.—ANDREWS NORTON.

I LOVE, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path,
But, through the winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age,—

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil;

Recall the many colored dreams,
That Fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth;

Perchance, observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,

And think some pleasures, feebly bright,
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

I love the quiet midnight hour,
When Care, and Hope, and Passion sleep,
And Reason, with untroubled power,
Can her late vigils duly keep;—

I love the night: and sooth to say,
Before the merry birds, that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the cricket's grating wing.

But, see! pale Autumn strews her leaves,
Her withered leaves, o'er Nature's grave,
While giant Winter she perceives,
Dark rushing from his icy cave;

And in his train the sleety showers,
That beat upon the barren earth;
Thou, cricket, through these weary hours,
Shalt warm thee at my lonely hearth.

March.—BRYANT.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,

When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

April.—LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Are glancing in the golden sun, along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws

Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake, the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April, many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

May.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
The winds, that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods

With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

Mounds on the Western Rivers.—M. FLINT.

THE sun's last rays were fading from the west,
The deepening shade stole slowly o'er the plain,
The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest,
And all was silence,—save the mournful strain
With which the widowed turtle wooed, in vain,
Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now, one by one, emerging to the sight,
The brighter stars assumed their seats on high;
The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely bright,
As the last twilight fled along the sky,
And all her train, in cloudless majesty,
Were glittering on the dark blue vault of night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene;
From the dark summit of an Indian mound
I saw the plain, outspread in living green;
Its fringe of cliffs was in the distance seen,
And the dark line of forest sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds which round me rose;
Each was a giant heap of mouldering clay;
There slept the warriors, women, friends, and foes,
There, side by side, the rival chieftains lay;
And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day,
Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed years,
Your names have perished; not a trace remains,
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains.
Say, do your spirits wear Oblivion's chains?
Did Death forever quench your hopes and fears?

* * *

Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
  Which simple Nature to your bosoms gave,
Find other worlds, with fairer skies than this,
  Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
  In whose bright climes the virtuous and the brave
Rest from their toils, and all their cares dismiss?—

Where the great hunter stills pursues the chase,
  And, o'er the sunny mountains, tracks the deer;
Or where he finds each long-extinguished race,
  And sees, once more, the mighty mammoth rear
  The giant form which lies embedded here,
Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or, it may be, that still ye linger near
  The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride;
And, could your forms to mortal eye appear,
  Or the dark veil of death be thrown aside,
  Then might I see your restless shadows glide,
With watchful care, around these relics dear.

If so, forgive the rude, unhallowed feet
  Which trod so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead.
I would not thus profane their lone retreat,
  Nor trample where the sleeping warrior's head
  Lay pillowed on his everlasting bed,
Age after age, still sunk in slumbers sweet.

Farewell! and may you still in peace repose;
  Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom,
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,
  Casting their fragrance on each lonely tomb,
  In which your tribes sleep in earth's common womb,
And mingle with the clay from which they rose.

Burial of the Minnisink.—LONGFELLOW.

On sunny slope and beechen swell
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And when the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward, in the mellow light,
Rose the blue hills—one cloud of white;
Around, a far uplifted cone
In the warm blush of evening shone—
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard,
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart and strong in hand
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sung, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds, the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid;
The cuirass woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;

And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart:—One piercing neigh
Arose—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.*

To the Eagle.—PERCIVAL.

From the Atlantic Souvenir for 1827.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields, the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,
O'er the bursting billow, spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.

* Alluding to an Indian superstition.

When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight?
"O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew;
And I knew they were high and brave.

I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

*Salmon River.**—BRAINARD.

'Tis a sweet stream; and so, 'tis true, are all
That, undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
Pursue their way
By mossy bank, and darkly waving wood,
By rock, that, since the deluge, fixed has stood,
Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood
By night and day.

But yet there's something in its humble rank,
Something in its pure wave and sloping bank,
Where the deer sported, and the young fawn drank
With unscared look;
There's much in its wild history, that teems
With all that's superstitious, and that seems
To match our fancy and eke out our dreams,
In that small brook.

Havoc has been upon its peaceful plain,
And blood has dropped there, like the drops of rain;
The corn grows o'er the still graves of the slain;
And many a quiver,
Filled from the reeds that grew on yonder hill,

* This river enters into the Connecticut at East Haddam.

Has spent itself in carnage. Now 'tis still,
And whistling ploughboys oft their runlets fill
From Salmon river.

Here, say old men, the Indian Magi made
Their spells by moonlight; or beneath the shade
That shrouds sequestered rock, or dark'ning glade,
Or tangled dell.
Here Philip came, and Miantonimo,
And asked about their fortunes long ago,
As Saul to Endor, that her witch might show
Old Samuel.

And here the black fox roved, that howled and shook
His thick tail to the hunters, by the brook
Where they pursued their game, and him mistook
For earthly fox;
Thinking to shoot him like a shaggy bear,
And his soft peltry, stripped and dressed, to wear,
Or lay a trap, and from his quiet lair
Transfer him to a box.

Such are the tales they tell. 'Tis hard to rhyme
About a little and unnoticed stream,
That few have heard of; but it is a theme
I chance to love:
And one day I may tune my rye-straw reed,
And whistle to the note of many a deed
Done on this river, which, if there be need,
I'll try to prove.

To the Evening Wind.—BRYANT.*

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,

* The Talisman has contained some very beautiful poetry, each year of its publication; but this,—we had almost said it is the sweetest thing in the language. Not in any one of the Souvenirs, either English or American, is there ever appeared a page of such pure, deep, finished poetry. It has all the characteristics of Bryant's style—his chaste elegance, both in thought and expression,—ornament enough, but not in profusion or display,—imagery that is natural, appropriate, and, in this instance, peculiarly soothing,—select and melodious language,—harmony in the flow of the stanza,—gentleness of feeling, and richness of philosophy.—ED.

Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

The Grave of the Indian Chief.—PERCIVAL.

THEY laid the corse of the wild and brave
On the sweet, fresh earth of the new day grave,
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds waved,
And flowers and grass were flourishing

They laid within the peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bow and arrows; and they said,
That he had found new hunting grounds,

Where bounteous Nature only tills
The willing soil; and o'er whose hills,
And down beside the shady rills,
The hero roams eternally.

And these fair isles to the westward lie,
Beneath a golden sun-set sky,
Where youth and beauty never die,
And song and dance move endlessly.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done,
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones;
Which, hallowed by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulchre.

Escape from Winter.—PERCIVAL.

O, HAD I the wings of a swallow, I'd fly
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long;

Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song;
O, then I would fly from the cold and the snow,
And hie to the land of the orange and vine,
And carol the winter away in the glow
That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line.

Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there alone;
I would take me a dear little martin to keep
A sociable flight to the tropical zone;
How cheerily, wing by wing, over the sea,
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away!
And forever our song and our twitter should be,
"To the land where the year is eternally gay."

We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers,
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm,
And live, like the bee, on its fruit and its flowers,
That always are flowing with honey and balm;
And there we would stay, till the winter is o'er,
And April is chequered with sunshine and rain—
O, then we would fly from that far-distant shore,
Over island and wave, to our country again.

How light we would skim, where the billows are rolled
Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime,
And break on the beaches in surges of gold,
When morning comes forth in her loveliest prime!
We would touch for a while, as we traversed the ocean,
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore,
And winnow our wings, with an easier motion,
Through the breath of the cedar, that blows from the shore.

And when we had rested our wings, and had fed
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves,
By the spirit of home and of infancy led,
We would hurry again to the land of our loves;
And when from the breast of the ocean would spring,
Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing,
"No land is so lovely, when winter is o'er."

Bury Me with my Fathers.—ANDREWS NORTON.

O NE'ER upon my grave be shed
The bitter tears of sinking age,
That mourns its cherished comforts dead,
With grief no human hopes assuage.

When, through the still and gazing street,
My funeral winds its sad array,
Ne'er may a father's faltering feet
Lead, with slow steps, the churchyard way.

'Tis a dread sight—the sunken eye,
The look of calm and fixed despair,
And the pale lips that breathe no sigh,
But quiver with th' unuttered prayer.

Ne'er may a mother hide her tears,
As the mute circle spreads around,
Or, turning from my grave, she hears
The clod fall fast with heavy sound.

Ne'er may she know the sinking heart,
The dreary loneliness of grief,
When all is o'er, when all depart,
And cease to yield their sad relief;

Nor, entering in my vacant room,
Feel, in its chill and heavy air,
As if the dampness of the tomb
And spirits of the dead were there.

O welcome, though with care and pain,
The power to glad a parent's heart;
To bid a parent's joys remain,
And life's approaching ills depart.

Redemption.—W. B. TAPPAN.

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near;

The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds* cross the main;
On Calvary's awful brow they tell,
That JESUS lives again.

From Salem's towers, the Islam sign,
With holy zeal, is hurled:
'Tis there IMMANUEL's symbols shine
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear;
To welcome Judah's rising star,
The ransomed tribes appear.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,
The choral breaks again;
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
"GOOD-WILL, AND PEACE TO MEN!"

On the Close of the Year.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

'TIS midnight—from the dark blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And give to countless changes birth.

And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
May still behold them glorious there.

* Missionaries to Palestine.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light;
A last eclipse may o'er you spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

O, what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years, but teach me how to bear,
To feel, and act, with strength and skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich, the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun,
That shines not here—on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death—the pain
To leave, or lose, wife, children, friends—
What then? Shall we not meet again,
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
The changeless trust that woman gives,
The smile of childhood—it is *there*,
That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being, feel thy power;
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

Saturday Afternoon.—N. P. WILLIS.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,

To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years;
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I 'bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low:
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

Fall of Tecumseh.—NEW YORK STATESMAN.

WHAT heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,
To the war-blast indignantly tramping?
Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,
The steel bit impatiently champing.

'Tis the hand of the mighty that grasps the rein,
Conducting the free and the fearless.
Ah! see them rush forward, with wild disdain,
Through paths unfrequented and cheerless.

From the mountains had echoed the charge of death,
Announcing that chivalrous sally;
The savage was heard, with untrembling breath,
To pour his response from the valley.

One moment, and nought but the bugle was heard,
And nought but the war-whoop given;
The next, and the sky seemed convulsively stirred,
As if by the lightning riven.

The din of the steed, and the sabred stroke,
The blood-stifled gasp of the dying,
Were screened by the curling sulphur-smoke,
That upward went wildly flying.

In the mist that hung over the field of blood,
The chief of the horsemen contended;
His rowels were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from his charger descended.

That steed reeled, and fell, in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
Till met by a savage, whose rank and might
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung the battle-axe o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

O ne'er may the nations again be cursed
With conflict so dark and appalling!—
Foe grappled with foe, till the life-blood burst
From their agonized bosoms in falling.

Gloom, silence, and solitude, rest on the spot
Where the hopes of the red man perished;
But the fame of the hero who fell shall not,
By the virtuous, cease to be cherished.

He fought, in defence of his kindred and king,
With a spirit most loving and loyal;
And long shall the Indian warrior sing
The deeds of Tecumseh the royal.

The lightning of intellect flashed from his eye,
In his arm slept the force of the thunder,
But the bolt passed the suppliant harmlessly by,
And left the freed captive to wonder.*

Above, near the path of the pilgrim, he sleeps,
With a rudely-built tumulus o'er him;
And the bright-bosomed Thames, in its majesty, sweeps,
By the mound where his followers bore him.

The Missionaries' Farewell.—ANONYMOUS.

LAND where the bones of our fathers are sleeping,
Land where our dear ones and fond ones are weeping,
Land where the light of Jehovah is shining,
We leave thee lamenting, but not with repining.

Land of our fathers, in grief we forsake thee,
Land of our friends, may Jehovah protect thee,
Land of the church, may the light shine around thee,
Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow confound thee.

God is thy God; thou shalt walk in His brightness;
Gird thee with joy, let thy robes be of whiteness:
God is thy God! let thy hills shout for gladness;
But ah! we must leave thee—we leave thee in sadness.

Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean:
Dark are our hearts; but the fire of devotion
Kindles within;—and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of salvation.

Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows!
Land of our rest!—when a few more to-morrows
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold pillows,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billows.

* This highly intellectual savage, appropriately styled "*king of the woods*," was no less distinguished for his acts of humanity than heroism He fell in the bloody charge at Moravian town, during the war of 1812-15

Mozart's Requiem.—RUFUS DAWES.

THE tongue of the vigilant clock tolled one,
In a deep and hollow tone;
The shrouded moon looked out upon
A cold, dank region, more cheerless and dun,
By her lurid light that shone.

Mozart now rose from a restless bed,
And his heart was sick with care;
Though long had he wooingly sought to wed
Sweet Sleep, 'twas in vain, for the coy maid fled,
Though he followed her every where.

He knelt to the God of his worship then,
And breathed a fervent prayer;
'Twas balm to his soul, and he rose again
With a strengthened spirit, but started when
He marked a stranger there.

He was tall, the stranger who gazed on him,
Wrapped high in a sable shroud;
His cheek was pale, and his eye was dim,
And the melodist trembled in every limb,
The while his heart beat loud.

"Mozart, there is one whose errand I bear,
Who cannot be known to thee;
He grieves for a friend, and would have thee prepare
A requiem, blending a mournful air
With the sweetest melody."

"I'll furnish the requiem then," he cried,
"When this moon has waned away!"
The stranger bowed, yet no word replied,
But fled like the shade on a mountain's side,
When the sunlight hides its ray.

Mozart grew pale when the vision fled,
And his heart beat high with fear;
He knew 'twas a messenger sent from the dead,
To warn him, that soon he must make his bed
In the dark, chill sepulchre.

He knew that the days of his life were told,
And his breast grew faint within;
The blood through his bosom crept slowly and cold,
And his lamp of life could barely hold
The flame that was flickering.

Yet he went to his task with a cheerful zeal,
While his days and nights were one;
He spoke not, he moved not, but only to kneel
With the holy prayer—"O God, I feel
'Tis best thy will be done!"

He gazed on his loved one, who cherished him well,
And weepingly hung o'er him:
"This music will chime with my funeral knell,
And my spirit shall float, at the passing bell,
On the notes of this requiem!"

The cold moon waned: on that cheerless day,
The stranger appeared once more;
Mozart had finished his requiem lay,
But e'er the last notes had died away,
His spirit had gone before.

"*I will be glad in the Lord.*" Psalm civ. 34.—
ANONYMOUS.

WHEN morning's first and hallowed ray
Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearly dews away,
Bright tear-drops of the night,—

My heart, O Lord, forgets to rove,
But rises gladly free,
On wings of everlasting love,
And finds its home in THEE.

When evening's silent shades descend,
And nature sinks to rest,
Still to my Father and my Friend
My wishes are addressed.

Though tears may dim my hours of joy,
And bid my pleasures flee,
THOU reign'st where grief cannot annoy;
I will be glad in THEE.

And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom,
Above, around, is spread,
Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Are hovering o'er my head.

I dream of that fair land, O Lord,
Where all thy saints shall be;
I wake to lean upon thy word,
And still delight in THEE.

To the Memory of a Brother.—ANONYMOUS

BEHOLD the glorious morn! and where art thou,
To feel its first rich breath on thy sweet brow,
Child of our hope and love?
And stand, with the spring flowers about thee waking
And catch the early music that is breaking
From valley and fresh grove?

Were these to thee a weariness—the birds,
And the bright waters, and the earnest words
Of strong affection shed—
A mother's love, whose holy influence fell,
In its deep truth and its unchanging spell,
Like light, upon thy head?

"Young brother!" had the sound no joy for thee,
That in the dust this hour thy form should be,
And mute thy blessed voice?
O, there be yearnings for thee, gentlest one,
Gone with thy grace and thy sweet laughter's tone.

Meet were thy footsteps for the world of flowers,
And thy lost beauty for the coming hours
Of the crowned summer's reign;
And thou within the silent grave art laid,
And melody of bird and breeze is made
Henceforth to thee in vain.

And there are dancing o'er the joyous earth
Light hearted children in their fearless mirth;
  And they remember not
The clasping of thy gentle hand, thou child,
The spirit beautiful and undefiled,
  Now parted from their lot.

But I will speak of thee at eventide,
When, in their watchfulness, the pure stars glide
  Above thy narrow bed,
And when, alas! shall come the morning's gleam
Bringing all beauty unto leaf and stream,
  Yet reaching not the dead.

I will remember, and the dream shall be
Forever more a welcome thing to me,
  Child of my bosom's love;
And I will deem thou'rt standing even now,
With the hair parted on thy sinless brow,
  In a bright world above.

A Home everywhere.—S. GRAHAM.

HEAVE, mighty ocean, heave,
  And blow, thou boisterous wind;
Onward we swiftly glide, and leave
  Our home and friends behind.

Away, away we steer,
  Upon the ocean's breast;
And dim the distant heights appear,
  Like clouds along the west.

There is a loneliness
  Upon the mighty deep;
And hurried thoughts upon us press,
  As onwardly we sweep.

Our home—O, heavens—that word!
  A name without a thing!
We are e'en as a lonely bird,
  Whose home is on the wing.

My wife and little one
  Are with me as I go;
And they are all, beneath the sun,
  I have of weal or wo.

With them, upon the sea
  Or land, where'er I roam,
My all on earth is still with me,
  And I am still at home.

Heave, mighty ocean, heave,
  And blow, thou boisterous wind:
Where'er we go, we cannot leave
  Our home and friends behind.

Then come, my lovely bride,
  And come, my child of wo;
Since we have nought on earth beside,
  What matters where we go?

We heed not earthly powers,
  We heed not wind nor weather;
For, come what will, this joy is ours—
  We share it still together.

And if the storms are wild,
  And we perish in the sea,
We'll clasp each other and our child:
  One grave shall hold the three.

And neither shall remain
  To meet, and bear alone,
The cares, the injuries, the pain,
  That we, my love, have known.

And there's a sweeter joy,
  Wherever we may be:
Danger nor death can e'er destroy
  Our trust, O God, in thee.

Then wherefore should we grieve?
  Or what have we to fear?
Though home, and friends, and life, we leave,
  Our God is ever near.

If He who made all things,
And rules them, is our own,
Then every grief and trial brings
Us nearer to his throne.

Then come, my gentle bride,
And come, my child of love;
What if we've nought on earth beside?
Our portion is above.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep;
Ye winds, blow foul or fair;
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is every where.

The Time to weep.—ANONYMOUS.

THERE is a time to laugh,
When Joy may raise his wings like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff;—
But, O, when is the season not to weep?

Is it when vernal suns
Unfold the silken flower and satin leaf?
Or when the hoar frost nips the fading ones,
That frailer beings may refrain from grief?

Is it when health and bloom
Are painted on the smiling cheek of youth?
Or when disease is training for the tomb
The heart which cherishes its bitter truth?

Look not upon the brow,
That shows no furrow from the plough of years;
There is a bend of peace upon it now—
But, O, futurity is full of tears!

The prattling child at play
May charm itself, and dry its tears awhile;
But could its vision reach beyond to-day,
And read its sorrows, think you it would smile?

Destruction has its home,
And Mirth is destined to some favorite spot;
Disease and all his brothers do not roam;
But where, O Wretchedness, where art thou not?

Thou hast thy dark abode
In the lone desert—in the prison's cell;
And in the gayest scene, where ever flowed
The tide of wine and music, thou dost dwell.

Thou art where friends are torn
And held asunder by reluctant space;
And meeting friends—O, do they never mourn
When Memory paints thine image on the face?

Thy inmates of the breast—
All other passions—are but weak and brief;
Joy, Hope, Pride, Love and Hatred have a rest,
But thou art constant as our breath, O Grief!

Then let the trifler laugh,
And Joy lift his glad billows like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff;
It is far better for the wise to weep.

The Autumn Evening.—PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

If He who made all things,
And rules them, is our own,
Then every grief and trial brings
Us nearer to his throne.

Then come, my gentle bride,
And come, my child of love;
What if we've nought on earth beside?
Our portion is above.

Sweep, mighty ocean, sweep;
Ye winds, blow foul or fair;
Our God is with us on the deep,
Our home is every where.

The Time to weep.—ANONYMOUS.

THERE is a time to laugh,
When Joy may raise his arrows like the deep,
And twine with wreaths of flowers the cup we quaff;—
But, O, when is the season not to weep?

Is it when vernal suns
Unfold the silken flower and satin leaf?
Or when the hoar frost nips the fading ones,
That frailer beings may refrain from grief?

Is it when health and bloom
Are painted on the smiling cheek of youth?
Or when disease is training for the tomb
The heart which cherishes its bitter truth?

Look not upon the brow,
That shows no furrow from the plough of years;
There is a bend of peace upon it now—
But, O, futurity is full of tears!

The prattling child at play
May charm itself, and dry its tears awhile;
But could its vision reach beyond to-day,
And read its sorrows, think you it would smile?

Destruction has its home,
And Mirth is destined to some favorite spot;
Disease and all his brothers do not roam;
But where, O Wretchedness, where art thou not?

Thou hast thy dark abode
In the lone desert—in the prison's cell;
And in the gayest scene, where ever flowed
The tide of wine and music, thou dost dwell.

Thou art where friends are torn
And held asunder by reluctant space;
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To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears;
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

Lines on revisiting the Country.—BRYANT.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that, in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year:
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light;

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains; to behold,
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abysses rolled;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear

The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun: thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,—
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

*The Spirit's Song of Consolation.**—F. W. P. Greenwood.

Dear parents, grieve no more for me;
My parents, grieve no more;
Believe that I am happier far
Than even with you before.
I've left a world where wo and sin
Swell onwards as a river,
And gained a world where I shall rest
In peace and joy forever.

Our Father bade me come to him,
He gently bade me come,
And he has made his heavenly house
My dwelling place and home.
On that best day of all the seven,
Which saw the Savior rise,
I heard the voice you could not hear,
Which called me to the skies.

I saw, too, what you could not see,
Two beauteous angels stand;
They smiling stood, and looked at me,
And beckoned with their hand;

* Supposed to be addressed by the departed spirit of a boy to his parents, who had lost two other children before him.

They said they were my sisters dear,
  And they were sent to bear
My spirit to their blessed abode,
  To live forever there.

Then think not of the mournful time
  When I resigned my breath,
Nor of the place where I was laid,
  The gloomy house of death;
But think of that high world, where I
  No more shall suffer pain,
And of the time when all of us
  In heaven shall meet again.

Colonization of Africa.—BRAINARD.

ALL sights are fair to the recovered blind;
  All sounds are music to the deaf restored;
The lame, made whole, leaps like the sporting hind;
  And the sad, bowed-down sinner, with his load
Of shame and sorrow, when he cuts the cord,
  And drops the pack it bound, is free again
In the light yoke and burden of his Lord.
  Thus, with the birthright of his fellow man,
  Sees, hears and feels at once the righted African.

'Tis somewhat like the burst from death to life;
  From the grave's cerements to the robes of heaven;
From Sin's dominion, and from Passion's strife,
  To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven!
  When all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
And mortals put on immortality;
  When fear, and care, and grief, away are driven,
And Mercy's hand has turned the golden key,
And Mercy's voice has said, "Rejoice—thy soul is free!"

Fable of the Wood Rose and the Laurel.—
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

IN these deep shades a floweret blows,
Whose leaves a thousand sweets disclose;

With modest air it hides its charms,
And every breeze its leaves alarms;
Turns on the ground its bashful eyes,
And oft unknown, neglected, dies.
This flower, as late I careless strayed,
I saw in all its charms arrayed.
Fast by the spot where low it grew,
A proud and flaunting Wood Rose blew.
With haughty air her head she raised,
And on the beauteous plant she gazed.
While struggling passion swelled her breast,
She thus her kindling rage expressed:

"Thou worthless flower,
Go leave my bower,
And hide in humbler scenes thy head:
How dost thou dare,
Where roses are,
Thy scents to shed?

Go, leave my bower, and live unknown;
I'll rule the field of flowers alone."

...."And dost thou think"—the Laurel cried,
And raised its head with modest pride,
While on its little trembling tongue
A drop of dew incumbent hung—

"And dost thou think I'll leave this bower,
The seat of many a friendly flower,
The scene where first I grew?
Thy haughty reign will soon be o'er,
And thy frail form will bloom no more;
My flower will perish too.

But know, proud rose,
When winter's snows
Shall fall where once thy beauties stood,
My pointed leaf of shining green
Will still amid the gloom be seen,
To cheer the leafless wood."

"Presuming fool!" the Wood Rose cried,
And strove in vain her shame to hide;
But, ah! no more the flower could say;
For, while she spoke, a transient breeze

Came rustling through the neighboring trees,
And bore her boasted charms away.

And such, said I, is Beauty's power!
Like thee she falls, poor trifling flower;
And, if she lives her little day,
Life's winter comes with rapid pace,
And robs her form of every grace,
And steals her bloom away.

But in thy form, thou Laurel green,
Fair Virtue's semblance soon is seen.
In life she cheers each different stage,
Spring's transient reign, and Summer's glow,
And Autumn mild, advancing slow,
And lights the eye of age.

*A Castle in the Air.**—PROFESSOR FRISBIE.

I'LL tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravished sight,
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
The sober thought you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me;

* This is a beautiful domestic picture. Without being an imitation, it reminds us of Cotton's Fireside.—ED.

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
  Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
  A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
  And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
  An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
  By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
  For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppressed,
On the soft pillow of her breast
  My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
  And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
  Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
  I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
  And, were its fury hurled,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
  Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,

To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upwards to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

The Consumptive.—ROCKINGHAM GAZETTE.

No, never more—my setting sun
Hath sunk his evening rays;
And this poor heart is nearly done
With hope of better days.
I feel it in the clay-cold hand,
The hard and fast expiring breath;
For now, so near the tomb I stand,
I breathe the chilling airs of death.

No, never more—it all is vain—
But O, how Memory leans
To see, and hear, and feel again
Its youth-inspiring scenes!
And deep the sigh that Memory heaves,
When, one by one, they all are fled,
As autumn gales on yellow leaves,
That wither on their woodland bed.

No, never more—I may not view
The summer vale and hill,
The glorious heaven, the ocean's blue,
The forests, dark and still—
The evening's beauty, once so dear,
That bears the glowing thoughts above,
When nature seems to breathe and hear
The voiceless eloquence of love.

No, never more—when prisoners wait
The death-call to their doom,

And see, beyond their dungeon gate,
The scaffold and the tomb,
On the fair earth and sun-bright heaven,
Their gaze how fervently they cast!
So death to life a charm hath given,
And made it loveliest at the last.

No, never more—and now, farewell!
The bitter word is said;
And soon, above my green-roofed cell
The careless foot will tread.
My heart hath found its rest above;
The cares of earth are passing by;
And, O, it is a voice of love,
That whispers—It is time to die!

Lines to the Western Mummy.—W. E. GALLAUDET.

O STRANGER, whose repose profound
These latter ages dare to break,
And call thee from beneath the ground
Ere nature did thy slumber shake!

What wonders of the secret earth
Thy lip, too silent, might reveal!
Of tribes round whose mysterious birth
A thousand envious ages wheel!

Thy race, by savage war o'errun,
Sunk down, their very name forgot;
But ere those fearful times begun,
Perhaps, in this sequestered spot,

By Friendship's hand thine eyelids closed,
By Friendship's hand the turf was laid;
And Friendship here, perhaps, reposed,
With moonlight vigils in the shade.

The stars have run their nightly round,
The sun looked out, and passed his way,
And many a season o'er the ground
Has trod where thou so softly lay.

And wilt thou not one moment raise
  Thy weary head, awhile to see
The later sports of earthly days,
  How like what once enchanted thee?

Thy name, thy date, thy life declare—
  Perhaps a queen, whose feathery band
A thousand maids have sighed to wear,
  The brightest in thy beauteous land—

Perhaps a Helen, from whose eye
  Love kindled up the flame of war—
Ah me! do thus thy graces lie
  A faded phantom, and no more?

O, not like thee would I remain,
  But o'er the earth my ashes strew,
And in some rising bud regain
  The freshness that my childhood knew.

But has thy soul, O maid, so long
  Around this mournful relict dwelt?
Or burst away with pinion strong,
  And at the foot of Mercy knelt?

Or has it, in some distant clime,
  With curious eye, unsated, strayed,
And, down the winding stream of time,
  On every changeful current played?

Or, locked in everlasting sleep,
  Must we thy heart extinct deplore,
Thy fancy lost in darkness weep,
  And sigh for her who feels no more?

Or, exiled to some humbler sphere,
  In yonder wood-dove dost thou dwell,
And, murmuring in the stranger's ear,
  Thy tender melancholy tell?

Whoe'er thou be, thy sad remains
  Shall from the muse a tear demand,
Who, wandering on these distant plains,
  Looks fondly to a distant land.

Song.—Anonymous.

A pale weeping-willow stands yonder alone,
And mournfully waves in the Zephyr's light breath;
Beneath, in its shadows, is sculptured a stone,
That tells of the maiden who sleeps there in death.

She came to the village,—a stranger unknown,—
Though fair as the first flower that opens in May;
The touches of health from her features had flown,
And she drooped like that flower in its time of decay.

She told not her story, she spoke not of sorrow,
But laid herself down, and, heart-broken, she sighed;
And, ere the hills blushed in the dawn of the morrow,
Uncomplaining and silent, the sweet stranger died.

Apart and alone, the sad villagers made
A cold, quiet tomb in the heart of the vale;
And many a stranger has wept in the shade
Of yon weeping-willow, to hear of the tale.

The Life of the Blessed.—Bryant.

From the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.

Alma region luciente,
Prado de bien andanza, que ni al hielo, &c.

Region of life and light!
Land of the good, whose earthly toils are o'er!
Nor frost, nor heat, may blight
Thy vernal beauty; fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the good Shepherd; blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye are fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go

Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long sought Good,
And fountains of delight;—
And where his feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with modulated sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it, till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O love, in thee,

Ah, then my soul should know,
Beloved, where thou liest at noon of day,
And, from this place of wo
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

The Sunday School.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Group after group are gathering. Such as pressed
Once to their Savior's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade,—
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,

And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chastened glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
Wan poverty hath done the work of care.
Look up, ye sad ones!—'tis *your Father's house*,
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are;
More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gayly move,
And deem, perchance, mistaken as you are,
The "coat of many colors" proves *His* love,
Whose sign is *in the heart*, and whose reward *above*.

And ye, blessed laborers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saintlike charity inclined,
Who, from your cells of meditation dear,
Come forth to gird the weak, untutored mind,—
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love,—one tear of contrite pain,—
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your gain
A Sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.

"*They went out into the Mount of Olives.*"—J. PIERPOINT.

THERE's something sweet in scenes of gloom
To hearts of joy bereft,
When hope has withered in its bloom,
When friends are going to the tomb,
Or in the tomb are left.

'Tis night—a lovely night;—and, lo!
Like men in vision seen,
The Savior and his brethren go,
Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,—
Led by heaven's lamp serene,—

From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
To Olivet's dark steep,
There, o'er past joys, gone like a dream,
O'er future woes, that present seem,
In solitude to weep.

Heaven on their earthly hopes has frowned;
Their dream of thrones has fled;
The table, that his love has crowned,
They ne'er again shall gather round,
With Jesus at their head.

Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
The hope of sins forgiven;—
Then, when our friends the grave devours,
When all the world around us lowers,
We'll look from earth to heaven.

The Lily.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love, was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill:
It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day:—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

The Last Evening before Eternity.—HILLHOUSE

BY this, the sun his westering car drove low:
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud

Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold:
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers, whose fronts, embattled, gleamed
With yellow light: smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected;
With deeper light the ruby blushed; and thick
Upon the seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff,
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits
Cast off, upon the dewy air, huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint forever drew.

* * * * * * * * *

Round I gazed,
Where, in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud
The solitary star of evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light,
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as, oft
In dreams, strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, Farewell,
Pale, beauteous planet, that display'st so soft,
Amid yon glowing streak, thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell! Seasons have changed,
Ages and empires rolled, like smoke, away;
But thou, unaltered, beam'st as silver fair
As on thy birthnight. Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport. Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray!
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison!

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Wyoming.—F. G. Halleck.

"Dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux, mais ne les y cherchez pas."

Thou com'st, in beauty, on my gaze at last,
"On Susquehannah's side, fair Wyoming!"
Image of many a dream, in hours long past,
When life was in its bud and blossoming,
And waters, gushing from the fountain spring
Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,
As by the poet borne, on unseen wing,
I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The Summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.

I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,
In life, a vision of the brain no more.
I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;
And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,
Within a bower of sycamores am laid;
And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore
The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,
Are singing in the trees, whose low boughs press my head

Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar:
And there are tales of sad reality,
In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are.

But where are they, the beings of the mind,
The bard's creations, moulded not of clay,
Hearts to strange bliss and suffering assigned—
Young Gertrude, Albert, Waldegrave—where are they?
We need not ask. The people of to-day
Appear good, honest, quiet men enough,
And hospitable too—for ready pay,—
With manners, like their roads, a little rough,
And hands whose grasp is warm and welcoming, tho' tough.

Judge Hallenbach, who keeps the toll-bridge gate,
And the town records, is the Albert now
Of Wyoming; like him, in church and state,
Her Doric column; and upon his brow
The thin hairs, white with seventy winters' snow,
Look patriarchal. Waldegrave 'twere in vain
To point out here, unless in yon scare-crow,
That stands full-uniformed upon the plain,
To frighten flocks of crows and blackbirds from the grain.

For he would look particularly droll
In his "Iberian boot" and "Spanish plume,"
And be the wonder of each Christian soul,
As of the birds that scare-crow and his broom.
But Gertrude, in her loveliness and bloom,
Hath many a model here; for woman's eye,
In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'er-praised even by her worshipper—Poesy.

There's one in the next field—of sweet sixteen—
Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born
In heaven—with her jacket of light green,
"Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,"
Without a shoe or stocking,—hoeing corn.
Whether, like Gertrude, she oft wanders there,
With Shakspeare's volume in her bosom borne,
I think is doubtful. Of the poet-player
The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire.

There is a woman, widowed, gray, and old,
Who tells you where the foot of Battle stepped
Upon their day of massacre. She told
Its tale, and pointed to the spot, and wept,
Whereon her father and five brothers slept
Shroudless, the bright-dreamed slumbers of the brave,
When all the land a funeral mourning kept.
And there, wild laurels, planted on the grave,
By Nature's hand, in air their pale red blossoms wave.

And on the margin of yon orchard hill
Are marks where time-worn battlements have been;
And in the tall grass traces linger still
Of "arrowy frieze and wedged ravelin."
Five hundred of her brave that Valley green

Trod on the morn in soldier-spirit gay;
But twenty lived to tell the noon-day scene—
And where are now the twenty? Passed away.
Has Death no triumph-hours, save on the battle day?

Sonnet to ——.—BRYANT.

AY, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; another Spring
Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine,
Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
Nor the vexed ore a mineral of power,
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest then; Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain;
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

Daybreak.—RICHARD H. DANA.

'The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."—
The Pilgrim's Progress.

Now, brighter than the host, that, all night long,
In fiery armor, up the heavens high
Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song.
Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh.
Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;
And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.
Thou seem'st to look on me as asking why
My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

"Canst thou grow sad," thou say'st, "as earth grows bright?
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse

In quick, low voices, e'er the streaming light
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source?
With creatures innocent thou must, perforce,
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure."

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.
Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—
The silent city emptied of its throng,
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife;
And airs, and woods, and streams, breathe harmonies:—
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and, feverish, sated, dies.

And 'tis because man useth so amiss
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;
Else why should she, in such fresh hour as this,
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,
From her fair face?—It is that man is mad!
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine,
When Nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.
Thou look'st towards earth; but yet the heavens are thine,
While I to earth am bound:—When will the heavens be mine?

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern
Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence:

But when I see cold man of reason proud,
My solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear
Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,
Nor for this solemn hour:—fresh life is near,—
But all my joys!—they died when newly born.
Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,
And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,
Shall see them pass Breathe calm—my spirit's torn;
Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!—
Ye hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather let it be
That I—whom Nature taught to sit with her
On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—
Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir
Of woods and waters, feel the quickening spur
To my strong spirit;—who, as mine own child,
Do love the flower, and in the ragged bur
A beauty see—that I this mother mild
Should leave, and go with Care, and passions fierce and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
Shot 'thwart the earth!—in crown of living fire
Up comes the Day!—as if they conscious quaffed
The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire
Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!
The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!
And pining Discontent, like them, expire!
Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

Sonnet.—BRYANT.

AY, thou art welcome—heaven's delicious breath!—
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South!—O, long delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,—
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.

In such a bright late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life, like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

Hymn for the Massachusetts Charitable Association.—PIERPONT.

LOUD o'er thy savage child,
O God, the night wind roars,
As, houseless, in the wild
He bows him, and adores.
Thou seest him there,
As to the sky
He lifts his eye
Alone in prayer

Thine inspiration comes!
In *skill* the blessing falls!
The field around him blooms,
The temple rears its walls,
And saints adore,
And music swells,
Where savage yells
Were heard before.

To honor thee, dread Power,
Our SKILL and STRENGTH combine
And temple, tomb and tower
Attest these gifts of thine,
A swelling dome
For Pride they gild,
For Peace they build
An humbler home.

By these our fathers' host
Was led to victory first,
When on our guardless coast
The cloud of battle burst.

Through storm and spray,
By these controlled,
Our navies hold
Their thundering way.

Great Source of every art!
Our homes, our pictured halls,
Our thronged and busy mart
That heaves its granite walls,
And shoots to heaven
Its glittering spires,
To catch the fires
Of morn and even,—

These, and the breathing forms
The brush or chisel gives,—
With *this*, when marble warms,
With *that*, when canvass lives,—
These all combine,
In countless ways,
To swell thy praise;
For all are thine!

The little Beach Bird.—RICHARD H. DANA.

THOU little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice?
Why with that boding cry
O'er the waves dost thou fly?
O, rather, bird, with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us. Thy wail—
What does it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With motion, and with roar
Of waves that drive to shore,
One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands thou, both sepulchre and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells,
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's wo and fall,
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit never more.
Come, quit with me the shore,
For gladness and the light,
Where birds of summer sing.

Address of the Sylph of Autumn to the Bard.—
WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

AND now, in accents deep and low,
Like voice of fondly-cherished wo,
The Sylph of Autumn sad:
Though *I* may not of raptures sing,
That graced the gentle song of Spring,
Like Summer playful pleasures bring,
Thy youthful heart to glad:

Yet still may I in hope aspire
Thy heart to touch with chaster fire,
And purifying love:
For I, with vision high and holy,
And spell of quick'ning melancholy,
Thy soul from sublunary folly
First raised to worlds above.

What though be mine the treasures fair
Of purple grape, and yellow pear,
And fruits of various hue,
And harvests rich of golden grain,
That dance in waves along the plain
To merry song of reaping swain,
Beneath the welkin blue;

With these I may not urge my suit,
Of Summer's patient toil the fruit,

Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.—H. W. Longfellow.

The standard of count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem in Pennsylvania.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner;—and, beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him;—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner;—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.

And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

The Raising of Jairus's Daughter.—N. A. REVIEW.

THEY have watched her last and quivering breath,
And the maiden's soul has flown;
They have wrapped her in the robes of death,
And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
Upon that fallen flower,—
Nay, start not—'twas the gathering wind;
Those limbs have lost their power.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
O'er which the faint light plays;
'Tis only the crimson curtain's glow,
Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye,
And feel the soft pulse decay?
And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
Which bore her soul away?

She lies on her couch, all pale and hushed,
And heeds not thy gentle tread,
And is still as the spring-flower by traveller crushed,
Which dies on its snowy bed.

The mother has flown from that lonely room,
And the maid is mute and pale;
Her ivory hand is cold as the tomb,
And dark is her stiffened nail.

Her mother strays with folded arms,
And her head is bent in wo;
She shuts her thoughts to joy or charms·
No tear attempts to flow.

But listen! what name salutes her ear?
It comes to a heart of stone;
"Jesus," she cries, "has no power here;
My daughter's life has flown."

He leads the way to that cold white couch,
And bends o'er the senseless form;
Can his be less than a heavenly touch?
The maiden's hand is warm!

And the fresh blood comes with roseate hue,
While Death's dark terrors fly;
Her form is raised, and her step is true,
And life beams bright in her eye.

Departure of the Pioneer.—BRAINARD.

FAR away from the hill-side, the lake and the hamlet,
The rock and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
From the foot-path, that winds by the side of the streamlet;
From his hut and the grave of his friend far away;
He is gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centred,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,
No blood-hound has roused up the deer with his bay.

He has left the green valley for paths where the bison
Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood;
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest poison,
And the cat of the mountains keeps watch for its food.
But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be purer,
The eyes shall be clearer, the rifle be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
That trusts nought but Heaven in his way through the wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer,
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile,

Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
  Far from the track of the mean and the vile.
And when death, with the last of its terrors, assails him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
  And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre,
  There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread;
The sweet brier shall bloom, and the wild grape shall cluster,
  And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather,
The wolves with his wild dogs shall lie there together,
  And moan o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

The Alpine Flowers.—Mrs. Sigourney.*

Meek dwellers mid yon terror-stricken cliffs!
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye?—Did some white-winged messenger
On Mercy's missions trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—
  —Tree nor shrub
Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Uprears a veteran front; yet there *ye* stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who, panting, toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling, treads the verge
Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Is to eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,

* This piece is, perhaps, the finest of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry. It is in some respects so sublime, that it forcibly reminds us of Coleridge's Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny.—Ed.

And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

A Child's first Impression of a Star.—N. P. WILLIS

SHE had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child
In its first fresh impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and, putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father, God has made a star!"

The Leper.—N. P. WILLIS.

"ROOM for the leper! Room!" And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully, to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum

Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells,
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.

"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying "Unclean!—Unclean!"

'Twas now the depth
Of the Judean summer, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had budded on the clear and flashing eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye; a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his port,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light,
And very air, were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.

Day after day he lay as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,
—And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail; and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And, with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God;
For He has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

And pass not thou between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.
Depart, O leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone; not one, of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick and heart-broken, and alone, to die;—
For God hath cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blessed—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying "Unclean! Unclean!" and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
—"Helon!"—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon, arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose, and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye

As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear;—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and, if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair, unshorn,
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus's feet, and worshipped him.

Versification of the Beginning of the Last Book of the Martyrs.—ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

SWEET muse, that on my venturous voyage smiled,
And kindly cheered the dangerous, doubtful way,
No more, with dreams of youth and hope beguiled,
I tempt thee from thy heavenly seats to stray.
Soon shall my lyre its feeble descant close,
And sad its parting strain—a funeral song;
Nor needs a Frenchman aid for themes like those;
Spontaneous rise the notes his lyre along,
And all he sings he feels, inured to grief and wrong.

Friend of my youth, indulge this parting lay,
And then for age thy service I forego.

I leave the dreams that charmed my earlier day,
And all the heaven that youthful poets know;
For youth is fled; and thou mayst not remain,
To 'sort with furrowed brow and silver hairs;
Yet sure to lose thee gives me mickle pain;
Thy hand alone the balm of life prepares,
The only zest for joy, the only cure for cares.

O, yes; perforce the parting tear will flow;—
So old a friend, that loved me yet a child,
Teaching my step the ocean path to know,
And my young voice to sing the tempest mild.
I wooed thee oft in western wood afar,
Where stranger foot had never trod before,
By twilight dim, or light of evening star,
Listening remote to Niagara's roar;
And Nature's self, and thou, didst inspiration pour.

Guide and companion of my wandering way,
What various lands our voyage since hath seen,
From plains where Tiber's glorious waters play,
To distant Morven's misty summits green.
How loath to leave the spot we lingered near,
Athena's walls and grove of Academe!
How, pilgrim like, we saw, with hallowed fear,
Afar the Holy City's turrets gleam,
And prayed on Zion's mount, and drank of Jordan's stream!

Then fare thee well! but not with thee depart
The loftiness of soul that thou hast given;
Once to have known thee shall exalt my heart,
When thou, celestial guest, art fled to heaven.
Then what, though Time may wither Fancy's bloom,
And change her voice to dissonance uncouth?
Thy nobler gifts receive a nobler doom,
And live and flourish in eternal youth—
The firm, unbending mind, the consciousness of truth.

Autumn.—ANONYMOUS.

SWEET Sabbath of the year,
While evening lights decay,

O kind Conductor of these wandering feet,
Through snares and darkness, to the realms of day!
Soon did the Sun of Righteousness display
His healing beams; each gloomy cloud dispel:
While on the parting mist, in colors gay,
Truth's cheering bow of precious promise fell,
And Mercy's silver voice soft whispered,—"All is well."

Fragment of an Epistle written while recovering from severe Illness.—RICHARD H. DANA.

No more, my friend,
A wearied ear I'll urge you lend
My tale of sickness. Aches I've borne
From closing day to breaking morn—
Long wintry nights and days of pain—
Sharp pain. 'Tis past; and I would fain
My languor cheer with grateful thought
On Him who to this frame has brought
Soothing and rest; who, when there rose,
Within my bosom's dull repose,
A troubled memory of wrong,
Done in health's day, when passions strong
Swayed me,—repentance spoke and peace,
Hope, and from dark remorse release.

Lonely, in thought, I travelled o'er
Days past and joys to come no more;
Sat watching the low beating fire,
And saw its flames shoot up, expire
Like cheerful thoughts that glance their light
Athwart the mind, and then 'tis night.

For ever night?—The Eternal One,
With sacred fire from forth his throne,
Has touched my heart. O, fail it not
When days of health shall be my lot.

Beside me, Patience, Suffering's child,
With gentle voice, and aspect mild,
Sat chanting to me song so holy,
A song to soothe my melancholy;

Won me to learn of her to bear
Sorrows, and pains, and all that wear
Our hearts—me—chained by sickness—taught,
" Prisoner to none the free of thought:"
A truth sublime, but slowly learned
By one who for earth's freshness yearned.

From open air and ample sky
Pent up, thus doomed for days to lie,
Was trial hard to me, a stranger
To long confinement,—me, a ranger
Through bare or leafy wood, o'er hill,
O'er field, by shore, or by the rill
When taking hues from bending flowers,
Or stealing dark by crystal bowers
Built up by Winter on its bank,
Of branches shot from vapor dank:
And hard to sit, and see boys slide
O'er crusted plain stretched smooth and wide;
Or down the steep and shining drift,
With shout and call, shoot light and swift.

But I could stand at set of sun,
And see the snow he shone upon
Change to a path of glory,—see
The rainbow hues 'twixt him and me—
Orange, and green, and golden light:
I thought on that celestial sight,
That city seen by aged John,
City with walls of precious stone.
Brighter and brighter grew the road
'Twixt me and the descending God—
Methought I could the path have trod.
Silent and slow the sun has gone,
And left me on the earth alone.

And gone's his path, like the steps of light
By angels trod at dead of night,
While Jacob slept. Around my room
The shadows deepen; while the gloom
Visits my soul, in converse high
Lifted but now, when heaven was nigh.

Why could not I, in spirit, raise
Pillar of Bethel to his praise

Who blessed me, and free worship pay,
Like Isaac's son upon his way?
Are holy thoughts but happy dreams
Chased by despair, as starry gleams
By clouds?—Nay, turn, and read thy mind;
Nay, look on Nature's face; thou'lt find
Kind, gentle graces, thoughts to raise
The tired spirit—hope and praise.

O, kind to me, in darkest hour
She led me forth with gentle power,
From lonely thought, from sad unrest,
To peace of mind, and to her breast
The son, who always loved her, pressed;
Called up the moon to cheer me; laid
Its silver light on bank and glade,
And bade it throw mysterious beams
O'er ice-clad hill—which steely gleams
Sent back—a knight who took his rest,
His burnished shield above his breast.
The fence of long, rough rails, that went
O'er trackless snows, a beauty lent:
Glittered each cold and icy bar
Beneath the moon like shafts of war.
And there a lovely tracery
Of branch and twig that naked tree
Of shadows soft and dim has wove,
And spread so gently, that above
The pure white snow it seems to float
Lighter than that celestial boat,
The silver-beaked moon, on air,—
Lighter than feathery gossamer;
As if its dark'ning touch, through fear,
It held from thing so saintly clear.

Thus Nature threw her beauties round me;
Thus, from the gloom in which she found me,
She won me by her simple graces,
She wooed me with her happy faces.

The day is closed; and I refrain
From further talk. But, if of pain
It has beguiled a weary hour;
If to my desert mind, like shower

That wets the parching earth, has come
A cheerful thought, and made its home
With me awhile; I'd have you share,
Who feel for me in ills I bear.

Lines occasioned by hearing a little Boy mock the Old South Clock, as it rung the Hour of Twelve.—MRS. CHILD.

Ay, ring thy shout to the merry hours:
Well may ye part in glee;
From their sunny wings they scatter flowers,
And, laughing, look on thee.

Thy thrilling voice has started tears:
It brings to mind the day
When I chased butterflies and years,—
And both flew fast away.

Then my glad thoughts were few and free;
They came but to depart,
And did not ask where heaven could be—
'Twas in my little heart.

I since have sought the meteor crown,
Which fame bestows on men:
How gladly would I throw it down,
To be so gay again!

But youthful joy has gone away;
In vain 'tis now pursued;
Such rainbow glories only stay
Around the simply good.

I know too much, to be as blessed
As when I was like thee;
My spirit, reasoned into rest,
Has lost its buoyancy.

Yet still I love the winged hours:
We often part in glee—
And sometimes, too, are fragrant flowers
Their farewell gifts to me.

Hymn to the North Star.—BRYANT.

THE sad and solemn Night
Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and round the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way.
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
Alone, in thy cold skies,
Thou keep'st thy old, unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dip'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at Morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air;
And Eve, that round the earth
Chases the Day, beholds thee watching there;
There Noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
That bright, eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

Connecticut.—F. G. HALLECK

From an unpublished Poem.

AND still her gray rocks tower above the sea
That murmurs at their feet, a conquered wave;
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave;
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands, are bold and free,
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;
And where none kneel, save when to Heaven they pray,
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
A "fierce democracie," where all are true
To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
And to their laws, denominated blue;
(If red, they might to Draco's code belong;)
A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
Sacred—the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
They bow to, but may turn him out next year:
They reverence their priest, but, disagreeing
In price or creed, dismiss him without fear;
They have a natural talent for foreseeing
And knowing all things;—and should Park appear
From his long tour in Africa, to show
The Niger's source, they'd meet him with—We know.

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
Such are they nurtured, such they live and die:

All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling;

Or, wandering through the southern countries, teaching
The A B C from Webster's spelling-book;
Gallant and Godly, making love and preaching,
And gaining, by what they call "hook and crook,"
And what the moralists call overreaching,
A decent living. The Virginians look
Upon them with as favorable eyes
As Gabriel on the devil in paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
At home, where all their worth and pride is placed;
And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
Is felt even in their nation's destiny;
Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
And looked on armies with a leader's eye;
Names that adorn and dignify the scroll
Whose leaves contain their country's history.

* * * * * * * * * *

Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno—yet the wing
Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow—and, in the autumn time,
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon,—the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;

And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love;
  Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;
The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove;
  The mother, smiling in her infant's bower;
Forms, features, worshipped while we breathe or move,
  Be, by some spirit of your dreaming hour,
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
To the green land I sing, then wake; you'll find them there.

The Rising Moon.—W. O. B. PEABODY.

THE moon is up! How calm and slow
  She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
  And all the world lies still.

The way-worn travellers, with delight,
  The rising brightness see,
Revealing all the paths and plains,
  And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
  Its little ripple leaves;
It falls upon the forest shade,
  And sparkles on the leaves.

So once, on Judah's evening hills,
  The heavenly lustre spread;
The gospel sounded from the blaze,
  And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
  Its guiding splendor throws:
Bright in the opening hours of life,
  But brighter at the close.

The waning moon, in time, shall fail
  To walk the midnight skies;
But God hath kindled *this* bright light
  With fire that never dies

*America to Great Britain.**—Washington Allston.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,

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*This poem was written in the year 1810. It was first printed, we believe, in Coleridge's Sybilline Leaves. Coleridge inserted it among his own poems, with the following note:—

"This poem, written by an American gentleman, a valued and dear friend, I communicate to the reader for its moral, no less than its poetic, spirit."

After such a commendation from the greatest poet, and perhaps the greatest man living, any additional one would be superfluous.—Ed.

When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One!"*

The Night-flowering Cereus.†—UNITARIAN MISCELLANY.

Now departs day's gairish light—
Beauteous flower, lift thy head!
Rise upon the brow of night!
Haste, thy transient lustre shed!

Night has dropped her dusky veil—
All vain thoughts be distant far,
While, with silent awe, we hail
Flora's radiant evening star.

See to life her beauties start;
Hail! thou glorious, matchless flower!
Much thou sayest to the heart,
In the solemn, fleeting hour.

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* This alludes merely to the moral union of the two countries. The author would not have it supposed that the tribute of respect, offered in these stanzas to the land of his ancestors, would be paid by him, if at the expense of the independence of that which gave him birth.

† The night-flowering Cereus, or *Cactus grandiflorus*, is one of our most splendid hot-house plants, and is a native of Jamaica and some other of the West India Islands. Its stem is creeping, and thickly set with spines. The flower is white, and very large, sometimes nearly a foot in diameter. The most remarkable circumstance with regard to the flower, is the short time which it takes to expand, and the rapidity with which it decays. It begins to open late in the evening, flourishes for an hour or two, then begins to droop, and before morning is completely dead.

Ere we have our homage paid,
  Thou wilt bow thine head and die;
Thus our sweetest pleasures fade,
  Thus our brightest blessings fly.

Sorrow's rugged stem, like thine,
  Bears a flower thus purely bright;
Thus, when sunny hours decline,
  Friendship sheds her cheering light.

Religion, too, that heavenly flower,
  That joy of never-fading worth,
Waits, like thee, the darkest hour,
  Then puts all her glories forth.

Then thy beauties are surpassed,
  Splendid flower, that bloom'st to die;
For Friendship and Religion last,
  When the morning beams on high.

God is Good.—ANONYMOUS.

God is good! Each perfumed flower,
  The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect, fluttering for an hour,—
  All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind;
  Hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
  Are still repeating, God is good.

Each little rill, that, many a year,
  Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
  Joins in the song that God is good.

The restless main, with haughty roar,
  Calms each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats submissive from the shore,
  And swells the chorus, God is good

Countless hosts of burning stars
Sing his praise with light renewed ·
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon that walks in brightness, says,
God is good !—and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Should still repeat that God is good.

Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.—ANONYMOUS

WHEN, on the midnight of the East,
At the dead moment of repose,
Like hope on misery's darkened breast,
The planet of salvation rose,—

The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,
Started with broad and upward gaze,—
Kneel'd,—while the Star of Bethlehem broke
On music wakened into praise.

The Arabian sage, to hail our King,
With Persia's star-led magi comes ;
And all, with reverent homage, bring
Their gifts of gold and odorous gums.

If heathen sages, from afar,
Followed, when darkness round them spread
The kindling glories of that star,
And worshipped where its radiance led,—

Shall *we*, for whom that star was hung
In the dark vault of frowning heaven,—
Shall we, for whom that strain was sung,
That song of peace and sin forgiven,—

Shall we, for whom the Savior bled,
Careless his banquet's blessings see,
Nor heed the parting word that said
" Do this in memory of me ?"

The Dying Child.—CARLOS WILCOX.

THUS happily they lived,
Till, in their arms, a second pleasant babe,
With a faint smile, intelligent, began
To answer theirs, and with a brighter that
Of its fond sister, standing by their side,
With frequent kisses prattling in its face;
While in its features, with parental joy,
And love connubial, they began to mark
Theirs intermingled;—when, with sudden stroke,
The blooming infant faded, and expired.
And soon its lonely sister, doubly dear
Now in their grief, was in like manner torn
From their united grasp. With patience far
Beyond her years, the little sufferer bore
Her sharp distemper, while she could behold
Both parents by her side; but, when from sleep,
Transient and troubled, waking, wept aloud,
As terrified, if either were not there.
To hear their voices singing of the love
Of her Redeemer, in her favorite hymn,
And praying for his mercy, oft she asked
With eagerness, and seemed the while at ease.
When came the final struggle, with the look
Of a grieved child, and with its mournful cry,
But still with something of her wonted tone
Of confidence in danger, as for help
She called on them, on both alternately,
As if by turns expecting that relief
From each the other had grown slow to yield;
At which their calmness, undisturbed till then,
Gave way to agitation past control.
A few heart-rending moments, and her voice
Sunk to a weak and inarticulate moan,
Then in a whisper ended; and with that
Her features grew composed and fixed in death;
At sight of which their lost tranquillity
At once returned. 'Twas evening; and the lamp,
Set near, shone full upon her placid face,
Its snowy white illuming, while they stood
Gazing as on her loveliness in sleep,
The enfeebled mother on the father's arm

Heavily hanging, like the slender flower
On its firm prop, when loaded down with rain
Or morning dew.

To a Musquito.—NEW YORK REVIEW.

FAIR insect, that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,
And tell'st how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them freely to thy need;

* * * * * * * * *

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honor of so proud a birth;
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, broad and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth.

* * * * * * * * *

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist!
And, fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

O, these were sights to touch an anchorite!—
What, do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain:
Thou art a wayward being—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer? "Rouge makes thee sick,
And China bloom at best is sorry food;
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?"
Go, 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;

And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously, to bite.
Thou should'st have gazed at distance, and admired,
Murmured thy adoration, and retired

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters, in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman; and suck the blood
Enriched with generous wine and costly meat,
In well filled skins, soft as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and raise thy freckled feet.
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee; and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose,
Shall tempt thee as thou flittest round the brow
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

Earth, with her thousand Voices, praises God.—
LONGFELLOW.*

WHEN first, in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue,
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and Elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.

* Most of Mr. Longfellow's poetry—indeed, we believe nearly all that has been published—appeared, during his college life, in the United States' Literary Gazette. It displays a very refined taste, and a very pure vein of poetical feeling. It possesses what has been a rare quality in the American poets—simplicity of expression, without any attempt to startle the reader, or to produce an effect by far-sought epithets. There is much sweetness in his imagery and language; and sometimes he is hardly excelled by any one for the quiet accuracy exhibited in his pictures of natural objects. His poetry will not easily be forgotten; some of it will be remembered with that of Dana and Bryant.—ED.

Devotion breathed aloud from every chord;—
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,—
To Him, that, with bright inspiration, touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through nature breathed;—
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit
Moved in the hearts of men to do him homage;
And when the Morning smiled, or Evening, pale,
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,
They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where the pale vine clung round their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below,
The bright and widely-wandering rivulet
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,
That choked its reedy fountain—and dark rocks,
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there
The listless wave, that stole, with mellow voice,
Where reeds grew rank upon the rushy brink,
And to the wandering wind the green sedge bent,
Sang a sweet song of fixed tranquillity.
Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;
And even the air they breathed,—the light they saw,—
Became religion;—for the ethereal spirit,
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
And mellows every thing to beauty, moved
With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there—for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky—
Dayspring—and eventide—and all the fair
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tide,

Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration to the Spirit,
That, wrapped in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arched the east,
Or, in the moonlight pale, the gentle wave
Kissed, with a sweet embrace, the sea-worn beach,
And the wild song of winds came o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth
No pure reflections caught from heavenly love?
Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?
Let him, that, in the summer-day of youth,
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
And him, that, in the nightfall of his years,
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His weary eyes on life's short wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

The Blind Man's Lament.—JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

O WHERE are the visions of ecstasy bright,
That can burst o'er the darkness, and banish the night?
O where are the charms that the day can unfold
To the heart and the eye that their glories can hold?
Deep, deep in the silence of sorrow I mourn;
For no visions of beauty for me shall e'er burn!
They have told me of sweet purple hues of the west,
Of the rich tints that sparkle on Ocean's wide breast;
They have told me of stars that are burning on high,
When the night is careering along the vast sky;
But, alas! there remains, wheresoever I flee,
Nor beauty, nor lustre, nor brightness for me!

But yet, to my lone, gloomy couch there is given
A ray to my heart that is kindled in heaven;
It soothes the dark path through this valley of tears;
It enlivens my heart, and my sorrow it cheers;
For it tells of a morn when this night shall pass by,
And my spirit shall dwell where the days do not die.

The Dying Girl.—MRS. HALE'S MAGAZINE.

SISTER, death's veil is gathering fast;
The chilly seal has marked my brow;
This young heart's mournful dream is past;
The golden cords are severing now.

The spirit of the tear-gemmed throne
Bounds o'er me with angelic light;
And Mercy, on Love's wings, hath flown
To guide my soul's mysterious flight.

I leave thee, sister,—thee, the last,
A lone one, drooping 'mid the dead—
A bud, o'er whose pale leaf is cast
The blight, from Sorrow's pinion shed.

If from the blessed realms of light,
Love still may own its mortal birth,
May soften still Affliction's night,
Thou shalt not, sister, pine on earth.

For where the young buds' dewy fold
Flings hallowed incense on the air,
Where they once met who now are cold,
This soul of mine shall meet thee there.

Kneel thou beside my lonely grave,
When summer breezes o'er it sweep,
When yon proud orb, that gilds the wave,
Sinks glorious to his ocean sleep.

Kneel, and the vow thou breathest there,
At that lone hour, shall float on high,—
Spirits of light shall bless thy prayer,
The dead, the crowned, shall greet thy sigh.

And now, farewell! Strange music floats,
Like angel breathings, round my heart.
Are those the Avenger's awful notes?
The signal tones, that life must part?

Yes, yes, the One, the God, who sways
Creation's depths, hath bid me come
To seek the realms that hymn His praise,
The franchised soul's eternal home.

*Autumn.**—Peabody.

The dying year! the dying year!
The heaven is clear and mild;
And withering all the fields appear
Where once the verdure smiled.

The summer ends its short career;
The zephyr breathes farewell;
And now upon the closing year
The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above
The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove
Is fancifully dressed.

On many a tree the autumn throws
Its brilliant robes of red;
As sickness lights the cheeks of those
It hastens to the dead.

That tinge is flattering and bright,
But tells of death like this;
And they, that see its gathering light,
Their lingering hopes dismiss.

O, thus serene, and free from fear,
Shall be our last repose;
Thus, like the sabbath of the year,
Our latest evening close.

Spring.—Peabody.

When brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,

* This piece, and some others in this volume, are selected from a little Catechism in verse, prepared several years since by Mr. Peabody, for the use of children. It contains true poetry, besides being well adapted, by its simplicity, for the purpose which the author had in view.—Ed.

What various sounds of joy arise!
  What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
  Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
  To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the laborer to his toil,
  And sees the fresh array
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil
  Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright,
  Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
  The wild bird soars on high.

Thus, like the morning, calm and clear
  That saw the Savior rise,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
  Shall dawn on earth and skies.

No winter there, no shades of night,
  Profane those mansions blessed,
Where, in the happy fields of light,
  The weary are at rest.

Summer.—PEABODY.

How fast the rapid hours retire!
  How soon the spring was done!
And now no cloud keeps off the fire
  Of the bright, burning sun.

The slender flower-bud dreads to swell
  In that unclouded blue,
And treasures in its fading bell
  The spark of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring
  To cool and shadowy caves;
And the bird dips his weary wing
  Beneath its sparkling waves.

Rosalie.—Mrs. Hale's Magazine.

There sits a woman on the brow
Of yonder rocky height;
There, gazing o'er the waves below,
She sits from morn till night.

She heeds not how the mad waves leap
Along the rugged shore;
She looks for one upon the deep
She never may see more.

Far other once was Rosalie;
Her smile was glad; her voice,
Like music o'er a summer sea,
Said to the heart—Rejoice.

Nine years—though all have given him o'er,
Her spirit doth not fail;
And still she waits along the shore
The never-coming sail.

On that high rock, abrupt and bare,
Ever she sits as now;
The dews have damped her flowing hair;
The sun has scorched her brow.

And every far-off sail she sees,
And every passing cloud,
Or white-winged sea-bird, on the breeze,
She calls to it aloud.

The sea-bird answers to her cry,
The cloud, the sail float on;
The hoarse wave mocks her misery,
Yet is her hope not gone.

When falling dews the clover steep,
And birds are in their nest,
And flower-buds folded up to sleep,
And ploughmen gone to rest,—

Down the rude track her feet have worn—
There scarce the goat may go—

Poor Rosalie, with look forlorn,
Is seen descending slow.

But when the gray morn tints the sky,
And lights that lofty peak,—
With a strange lustre in her eye,
A fever in her cheek,—

Again she goes, untired, to sit,
And watch, the live-long day;
Nor, till the star of eve is lit,
E'er turns her steps away.

To a young Invalid, condemned, by accidental Lameness, to perpetual Confinement.—HENRY PICKERING.

"And must he make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings?"

THINE is the spring of life, dear boy,
And thine should be its flowers;
Thine, too, should be the voice of joy,
To hasten on the hours:
And thou, with cheek of rosiest hue,
With winged feet, shouldst still
Thy sometime frolic course pursue
O'er lawn and breezy hill.

Not so! What means this foolish heart,
And verse as idly vain?
Each hath his own allotted part
Of pleasure and of pain:
And while thou canst the hours beguile,
(Thus patiently reclined,)
I would not quench that languid smile,
Or see thee less resigned.

Some are condemned to roam the earth,
A various fate to share,
Scarce destined, from their very birth,
To know a parent's care.

To thee, sweet one, repose was given,
Yet not without alloy;
That thou might'st early think of heaven,
The promised seat of joy;—

That thou might'st know what love supreme
Pervades a mother's breast—
Flame quenchless as the heavenly beam,
The purest and the best.—
William, that love which shadows thee,
Is eminently mine:
O that my riper life could be
Deserving it as thine!

The Sage of Caucasus.—HILLHOUSE.

Hadad. NONE knows his lineage, age, or name: his locks
Are like the snows of Caucasus; his eyes
Beam with the wisdom of collected ages.
In green, unbroken years, he sees, 'tis said,
The generations pass, like autumn fruits,
Garnered, consumed, and springing fresh to life,
Again to perish, while he views the sun,
The seasons roll, in rapt serenity,
And high communion with celestial powers.
Some say 'tis Shem, our father; some say Enoch,
And some Melchisedek.
Tamar. I've heard a tale
Like this, but ne'er believed it.
Had. I have proved it.—
Through perils dire, dangers most imminent,
Seven days and nights midst rocks and wildernesses,
And boreal snows, and never-thawing ice,
Where not a bird, a beast, a living thing,
Save the far-soaring vulture, comes, I dared
My desperate way, resolved to know, or perish.
Tam. Rash, rash advent'rer!
Had. On the highest peak
Of stormy Caucasus, there blooms a spot,
On which perpetual sunbeams play, where flowers
And verdure never die; and there he dwells.
Tam. But did'st thou see him?
Had. Never did I view

Such awful majesty: his reverend locks
Hung like a silver mantle to his feet;
His raiment glistered saintly white; his brow
Rose like the gate of Paradise; his mouth
Was musical as its bright guardians' songs.

The Resolution of Ruth.—CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

FAREWELL? O no! it may not be;
My firm resolve is heard on high:
I will not breathe farewell to thee,
Save only in my dying sigh.
I know not that I now could bear
For ever from thy side to part,
And live without a friend to share
The treasured sadness of my heart.

I did not love in former years,
To leave thee solitary: now,
When sorrow dims thine eyes with tears,
And shades the beauty of thy brow,
I'll share the trial and the pain;
And strong the furnace fires must be,
To melt away the willing chain,
That binds a daughter's heart to thee.

I will not boast a martyr's might
To leave my home without a sigh—
The dwelling of my past delight,
The shelter where I hoped to die.
In such a duty, such an hour,
The weak are strong, the timid brave,
For Love puts on an angel's power,
And faith grows mightier than the grave.

It was not so, ere he we loved,
And vainly strove with Heaven to save,
Heard the low call of Death, and moved
With holy calmness to the grave,
Just at that brightest hour of youth
When life spread out before us lay,
And charmed us with its tones of truth,
And colors radiant as the day.

When morning's tears of joy were shed,
Or nature's evening incense rose,
We thought upon the grave with dread,
And shuddered at its dark repose.
But all is altered now: of death
The morning echoes sweetly speak,
And, like my loved one's dying breath,
The evening breezes fan my cheek.

For rays of heaven, serenely bright,
Have gilt the caverns of the tomb;
And I can ponder, with delight,
On all its gathering thoughts of gloom.
Then, mother, let us haste away
To that blessed land to Israel given,
Where Faith, unsaddened by decay,
Dwells nearest to its native heaven.

We'll stand within the temple's bound,
In courts by kings and prophets trod;
We'll bless with tears the sacred ground,
And there be earnest with our God,
Where peace and praise for ever reign,
And glorious anthems duly flow,
Till seraphs lean to catch the strain
Of heaven's devotions here below.

But where thou goest I will go;
With thine my earthly lot is cast;
In pain and pleasure, joy and wo,
Will I attend thee to the last.
That hour shall find me by thy side;
And where thy grave is, mine shall be;
Death can but for a time divide
My firm and faithful heart from thee.

Live for Eternity.—CARLOS WILCOX.

A BRIGHT or dark eternity in view,
With all its fixed, unutterable things,
What madness in the living to pursue,
As their chief portion, with the speed of wings,

The joys that death-beds always turn to stings!
Infatuated man, on earth's smooth waste
To dance along the path that always brings
Quick to an end, from which with tenfold haste
Back would he gladly fly till all should be retraced!

Our life is like the hurrying on the eve
Before we start, on some long journey bound,
When fit preparing to the last we leave,
Then run to every room the dwelling round,
And sigh that nothing needed can be found;
Yet go we must, and soon as day shall break;
We snatch an hour's repose, when loud the sound
For our departure calls; we rise and take
A quick and sad farewell, and go ere well awake.

Reared in the sunshine, blasted by the storms,
Of changing time, scarce asking why or whence,
Men come and go like vegetable forms,
Though heaven appoints for them a work immense,
Demanding constant thought and zeal intense,
Awaked by hopes and fears that leave no room
For rest to mortals in the dread suspense,
While yet they know not if beyond the tomb
A long, long life of bliss or wo shall be their doom.

What matter whether pain or pleasures fill
The swelling heart one little moment here?
From both alike how vain is every thrill,
While an untried eternity is near!
Think not of rest, fond man, in life's career;
The joys and grief that meet thee, dash aside
Like bubbles, and thy bark right onward steer
Through calm and tempest, till it cross the tide,
Shoot into port in triumph, or serenely glide.

Dedication Hymn.—PIERPONT.

WITH trump, and pipe, and viol chords,
And song, the full assembly brings
Its tribute to the Lord of lords,
Its homage to the King of kings.

To God, who, from the rocky prison
Where death had bound him, brought his Son,
To God these walls from earth have risen;—
To God, "the high and lofty ONE."

Creator, at whose steadfast word
Alike the seas and seasons roll,
Here may thy truth in Christ our Lord
Shine forth, and sanctify the soul.

Here, where we hymn thy praises now,
Father and Judge, may many a knee
And many a spirit humbly bow
In worship and in prayer to Thee.

And when our lips no more shall move,
Our hearts no longer beat or burn,
Then, may the children that we love
Take up the strain, and, in their turn,

With trump, and pipe, and viol strings
Here pay, with music's sweet accords,
Their tribute to the King of kings,
Their homage to the Lord of lords.

The Indian Summer.—BRAINARD.

WHAT is there sadd'ning in the autumn leaves?
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy,'
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty all October's charms—
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now:
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store:
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along

The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there sadd'ning in the autumn leaves?"

To William. Written by a bereaved Father.—PEABODY.

IT seems but yesterday, my love, thy little heart beat high;
And I had almost scorned the voice that told me thou must die.
I saw thee move with active bound, with spirits wild and free,
And infant grace and beauty gave their glorious charm to thee.

Far on the sunny plains, I saw thy sparkling footsteps fly,
Firm, light, and graceful, as the bird that cleaves the morning sky;
And often, as the playful breeze waved back thy shining hair,
Thy cheek displayed the red rose tint that Health had painted there.

And then, in all my thoughtfulness, I could not but rejoice,
To hear upon the morning wind the music of thy voice,—
Now echoing in the rapturous laugh, now sad almost to tears,
'Twas like the sounds I used to hear, in old and happier years.

Thanks for that memory to thee, my little lovely boy,—
That memory of my youthful bliss, which Time would fain destroy.
I listened, as the mariner suspends the out-bound oar,
To taste the farewell gale that breathes from off his native shore.

So gentle in thy loveliness!—alas! how could it be,
That Death would not forbear to lay his icy hand on thee?
Nor spare thee yet a little while, in childhood's opening bloom,
While many a sad and weary soul was longing for the tomb?

Was mine a happiness too pure for erring man to know?
Or why did Heaven so soon destroy my paradise below?
Enchanting as the vision was, it sunk away as soon
As when, in quick and cold eclipse, the sun grows dark at noon.

I loved thee, and my heart was blessed; but, ere that day was spent,
I saw thy light and graceful form in drooping illness bent,
And shuddered as I cast a look upon thy fainting head;
The mournful cloud was gathering there, and life was almost fled.

Days passed; and soon the seal of death made known that hope was vain;
I knew the swiftly-wasting lamp would never burn again;
The cheek was pale; the snowy lips were gently thrown apart;
And life, in every passing breath, seemed gushing from the heart.

I knew those marble lips to mine should never more be pressed,
And floods of feeling, undefined, rolled widely o'er my breast;
Low, stifled sounds, and dusky forms, seemed moving in the gloom,
As if Death's dark array were come to bear thee to the tomb.

And when I could not keep the tear from gathering in my eye,
Thy little hand pressed gently mine, in token of reply;
To ask one more exchange of love, thy look was upward cast,
And in that long and burning kiss thy happy spirit passed.

I never trusted to have lived to bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony, it ought not so to be;
I hoped that thou, within the grave my weary head should'st lay,
And live, beloved, when I was gone, for many a happy day

With trembling hand I vainly tried thy dying eyes to close;
And almost envied, in that hour, thy calm and deep repose;
For I was left in loneliness, with pain and grief oppressed,
And thou wast with the sainted, where the weary are at rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now; but let me not repine,
Because a spirit, loved so well, is earlier blessed than mine;
My faith may darken as it will, I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ills of life can never reach thee more.

Part of the 19th Psalm.—JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

THE glittering heaven's refulgent glow,
And sparkling spheres of golden light,
Jehovah's work and glory show,
By burning day or gentle night.
In silence, through the vast profound,
They move their orbs of fire on high,
Nor speech, nor word, nor answering sound,
Is heard upon the tranquil sky;
Yet to the earth's remotest bar
Their burning glory, all is known;
Their living light has sparkled far,
And on the attentive silence shone.

God, 'mid their shining legions, rears
A tent where burns the radiant sun:
As, like a bridegroom bright, appears
The monarch, on his course begun,
From end to end of azure heaven
He holds his fiery path along;
To all his circling heat is given,
His radiance flames the spheres among.
By sunny ray, and starry throne,
The wonders of our mighty Lord
To man's attentive heart are known,
Bright as the promise of his word.

What is that, Mother?—GEORGE W. DOANE.

WHAT is that, mother?—
The lark, my child.—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—
The dove, my son.—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,

Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—
The swan, my love.—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when Death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

Scene at the Death-Bed of Rev. Dr. Payson.—
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"His eye spoke after his tongue became motionless. Looking on Mrs. Payson, and glancing over the others who surrounded his bed, it rested on Edward, his eldest son, with an expression which was interpreted by all present to say, as plainly as if it had uttered the words of the beloved disciple, 'Behold thy Mother!'"—*Memoir of Payson*, p. 425.

WHAT SAID THE EYE?—The marble lip spake not,
Save in that quivering sob with which stern Death
Doth crush life's harp-strings.—Lo, again it pours
A tide of more than uttered eloquence!—
"Son!—look upon thy mother!"—and retires
Beneath the curtain of the drooping lids,
To hide itself forever. 'Tis the last,
Last glance!—and mark how tenderly it fell

Upon that loved companion, and the groups
That wept around.—Full well the dying knew
The value of those holy charities
Which purge the dross of selfishness away;
And deep he felt that woman's trusting heart,
Rent from the cherished prop, which, next to Christ,
Had been her stay in all adversities,
Would take the balm-cup best from that dear hand
Which woke the sources of maternal love,—
That smile, whose winning paid for sleepless nights
Of cradle-care,—that voice, whose murmured tone,
Her own had moulded to the words of prayer.
How soothing to a widowed mother's breast
Her first-born's sympathy!
Be strong, young man!—
Lift the protector's arm,—the healer's prayer,—
Be tender in thy every word and deed.
A Spirit watcheth thee!—Yes, he who passed
From shaded earth up to the full-orbed day,
Will be thy witness, in the court of heaven,
How thou dost bear his mantle.
So farewell,
Leader in Israel!—Thou whose radiant path
Was like the angel's standing in the sun,*
Undazzled and unswerving,—it was meet
That thou should'st rise to light without a cloud.

The Indian's Tale.—J. G. WHITTIER.

It was generally believed by the first settlers of New England, that a mortal pestilence had, a short time previous to their arrival, in a great measure depopulated some of the finest portions of the country on the seaboard. The Indians themselves corroborated this opinion, and gave the English a terrific description of the ravages of the unseen Destroyer.

THE war-god did not wake to strife
The strong men of our forest-land;
No red hand grasped the battle-knife
At Areouski's high command:—
We held no war-dance by the dim
And red light of the creeping flame;

* Revelation, xix. 17.

Nor warrior-yell, nor battle hymn,
Upon the midnight breezes came.

There was no portent in the sky,
No shadow on the round bright sun;
With light, and mirth, and melody,
The long, fair summer days came on.
We were a happy people then,
Rejoicing in our hunter-mood;
No foot-prints of the pale-faced men
Had marred our forest-solitude.

The land was ours—this glorious land—
With all its wealth of wood and streams—
Our warriors strong of heart and hand—
Our daughters beautiful as dreams
When wearied, at the thirsty noon,
We knelt us where the spring gushed up,
To taste our Father's blessed boon—
Unlike the white man's poison cup.

There came unto my father's hut
A wan, weak creature of distress;
The red man's door is never shut
Against the lone and shelterless;
And when he knelt before his feet,
My father led the stranger in;
He gave him of his hunter-meat—
Alas! it was a deadly sin!

The stranger's voice was not like ours—
His face at first was sadly pale,
Anon 'twas like the yellow flowers,
Which tremble in the meadow gale.
And when he him laid down to die,
And murmured of his father-land,
My mother wiped his tearful eye,
My father held his burning hand!

He died at last—the funeral yell
Rang upward from his burial sod,
And the old Powwah knelt to tell
The tidings to the white man's God!
The next day came—my father's brow
Grew heavy with a fearful pain;

He did not take his hunting-bow—
  He never sought the woods again!

He died even as the white man died—
  My mother, she was smitten too—
My sisters vanished from my side,
  Like diamonds from the sun-lit dew.
And then we heard the Powwahs say,
  That God had sent his angel forth,
To sweep our ancient tribes away,
  And poison and unpeople earth.

And it was so—from day to day
  The spirit of the plague went on,
And those at morning blithe and gay,
  Were dying at the set of sun.—
They died—our free, bold hunters died—
  The living might not give them graves—
Save when, along the water-side,
  They cast them to the hurrying waves.

The carrion-crow, the ravenous beast,
  Turned loathing from the ghastly dead;—
Well might they shun the funeral feast
  By that destroying angel spread!
One after one, the red men fell;
  Our gallant war-tribe passed away—
And I alone am left to tell
  The story of its swift decay.

Alone—alone—a withered leaf—
  Yet clinging to its naked bough;
The pale race scorn the aged chief,
  And I will join my fathers now.
The spirits of my people bend
  At midnight from the solemn west,
To me their kindly arms extend—
  They call me to their home of rest!

Setting Sail.—PERCIVAL.

HE went amid these glorious things of earth,
Transient as glorious, and along the beach

Of snowy sands, and rounded pebbles, walked,
Watching the coming of the evening tide,
Rising with every ripple, as it kissed
The gravel with a softly-gurgling sound,
And still advancing up the level shore,
Till, in his deep abstraction, it flowed round
His foot-prints, and awoke him. When he came
Where a long reef stretched out, and in its bays,
Scooped from the shelving rocks, received the sea,
And held it as a mirror deep and dark,
He paused, and, standing then against the ship,
He gave his signal. Soon he saw on board
The stir of preparation; they let down
A boat, and soon her raised and dipping oars
Flashed in the setting light, and round her prow
The gilt sea swelled and crinkled, spreading out
In a wide circle; and she glided on
Smoothly, and with a whispering sound, that grew
Louder with every dipping of the oars,
Until she neared the reef, and sent a surge
Up through its coves, and covered them with foam.
He stepped on board, and soon they bore him back
To the scarce rocking vessel, where she lay
Waiting the night wind. On the deck he sat,
And looked to one point only, save, at times,
When his eye glanced around the mingled scene
Of beauty and sublimity. Meanwhile
The sun had set, the painted sky and clouds
Put off their liveries, the bay its robe
Of brightness, and the stars were thick in heaven.
They looked upon the waters, and below
Another sky swelled out, thick set with stars,
And chequered with light clouds, which, from the north,
Came flitting o'er the dim-seen hills, and shot
Like birds across the bay. A distant shade
Dimmed the clear sheet; it darkened, and it drew
Nearer. The waveless sea was seen to rise
In feathery curls, and soon it met the ship,
And a breeze struck her. Quick the floating sails
Rose up, and drooped again. The wind came on
Fresher; the curls were waves; the sails were filled
Tensely; the vessel righted to her course,
And ploughed the waters: round her prow the foam
Tossed, and went back along her polished sides,
And floated off, bounding the rushing wake,

That seemed to pour in torrents from her stern.
The wind still freshened, and the sails were stretched,
Till the yards cracked. She bent before its force,
And dipped her lee-side low beneath the waves.
Straight out she went to sea, as when a hawk
Darts on a dove, and, with a motionless wing,
Cuts the light, yielding air. The mountains dipped
Their dark walls to the waters, and the hills
Scarce reared their green tops o'er them. One white point,
On which a light-house blazed, alone stood out
In the broad sea; and there he fixed his eye,
Taking his last look of his native shore.
Night wore away, and still the wind blew strong,
And the ship ploughed the waves, which now were heaved
In high and rolling billows. All were glad,
And laughed, and shouted, as she darted on,
And plunged amid the foam, and tossed it high
Over the deck, as when a strong, curbed steed
Flings the froth from him in his eager race.
All had been dimly star-lit; but the moon,
Late rising, silvered o'er the tossing sea,
And lighted up its foam-wreaths, and just threw
One parting glance upon the distant shores.
They meet his eye; the sinking rocks were bright,
And a clear line of silver marked the hills,
Where he had said farewell. A sudden tear
Gushed, and his heart was melted; but he soon
Repressed the weakness, and he calmly watched
The fading vision. Just as it retired
Into the common darkness, on his eyes
Sleep fell, and, with his looks turned to his home,
And—dearer than his home—to her he loved,
He closed them, and his thoughts were lost in dreams
Bright, and too glad to be realities.
Calmly he slept, and lived on happy dreams,
Till, from the bosom of the boundless sea,
Now spreading far and wide without a shore,
The cloudless sun arose, and he awoke.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.—HENRY WARE, JR.

FATHER of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,

To thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the Power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.

Life is from thee, blessed Father;
From thee our breathing spirits;
And thou dost give to all that live
The bliss that each inherits.
Day, night, and rolling seasons,
And all that life embraces,
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
And claim our thankful praises.

Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.
That love has smiled from heaven
To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.

That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ, the Savior,
The holy Guide, who lived and died
That we might live forever:
And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.

And when Death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,—
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us,—
O, then, let hope attend us!
Thy peace to us be given!
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven!

*The Temple of Theseus.**—JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

UNCRUMBLED yet, the sacred fane uprears
Its brow, majestic in the storm of years:
Time has but slightly dared to steal away
The marks of beauty from its columns gray;
Each sculptured capital in glory stands,
As once the boast of those delightful lands,
Nor barbarous hand has plucked their beauties down,
Some baser monument of art to crown.

Girt with the sculptured deeds achieved of yore,
That once the crowd beheld but to adore,
Rich with the proud exploits of Æthra's son,
And lofty conquests by Alcides won;—
The splendid pile still claims the stranger's fear;
The passing pilgrim pauses to revere;
The pensive poet views its columns proud,
And Fancy hears again the anthem loud,
From kindling bards, that once arose on high,—
A tuneful chorus trembling on the sky.

The inner shrine no more protects the slave,
The holy walls no more the oppressed can save,
The wretch no longer safety there can claim,
And live secure in Theseus' hallowed name;
Sunk are his glories in Oblivion's tomb,
His deeds obscured by centuries of gloom.

To holier uses rise those walls on high,
And holier anthems murmur on the sky;
The shrine is crumbled to its native soil,
And pagan grandeur given as a spoil;
No worshipped Theseus decks that beauteous fane,
And none to him prolong the adoring strain;
Devoted still to worship, and to Heaven,
To purer thoughts and holier prayers 'tis given.

* The temple of Theseus at Athens—one of the most beautiful and entire remains of ancient art—was once a sanctuary for slaves, and men who needed protection. It is now dedicated to St. George, and is revered by the Athenians as much, perhaps, as it ever was.

On the Death of a beautiful young Girl.—
CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus; when Hope has built a bower,
Like that of Eden, wreathed about with every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely, the self-deceiver's trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and "all is in the dust."

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, that, when the poor heart clings,
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile rings,
That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast,
Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with beams of mortal bliss,
With looks too bright and beautiful for such a world as this:
One moment round about us their angel lightnings play;
Then down the veil of darkness drops, and all has passed away.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth,
Seraphic sounds, that float away, borne heavenward in their birth:
The golden shell is broken, the silver chord is mute,
The sweet bells are all silent, and hushed the lovely lute.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with all that's best below:
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go;—
The bird that sings the sweetest; the vine that crowns the rock,
The glory of the garden; "the flower of the flock."

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too finely framed to 'bide the brunt more earthly natures bear:
A little while they dwell with us, blessed ministers of love;
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home above.

Lines to a Lady of great musical Talent.—MRS CHILD.

THANKS, Orphea, thanks: thy magic spell
Has waked my soul to sound,
And, deep within a sealed well,
A spring of joy is found.

My ear was like the wayward strings,
  Which the wild winds breathe o'er;
And fitful in its echoings
  Has my spirit been before.

But something in my inmost heart
  Responds to each touch of thine,
And bids me own thy wondrous art
  The *soul* of the "tuneful Nine."

Yes, all I've dreamed of bright or fair,
  Is but imbodied sound:
Music is floating on the air,
  In every thing around!

All Nature hath of breezy grace,
  In motion swift and free,—
Each lovely hue upon her face,—
  Is *living* melody.

Well might thy witchery inspire
  The bard's enraptured lay,
And flashes of prophetic fire
  Around thy fingers play;—

But vainly would the haunted king
  Have sought relief from thee;
For chained had been each demon's wing,
  By thy rich minstrelsy.

Priestess of a mighty power,
  My spirit worships thee;
For inspiration is thy dower—
  Thy voice is poetry.

Hymn for the two hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of Charlestown.—PIERPONT.*

Two hundred years!—two hundred years!—
  How much of human power and pride,

* There is uncommon grandeur, both of thought and expression, in several of Mr. Pierpont's occasional odes. This piece, Napoleon at Rest, and the Hymn at Bunker Hill, are similar in their general character, and all truly sublime.—ED.

What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!—

The red man, at his horrid rite,
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,—
His bark canoe, its track of light
Left on the wave beneath the moon;—

His dance, his yell, his counsel fire,
The altar where his victim lay,
His death-song, and his funeral pyre,
That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,
That, on this shore, with trembling trod,
Ready to faint, yet bearing on
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that, since, o'er ocean came,
And thundered loud from yonder hill,
And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time, for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
This vision of the scenes of old;
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks;
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we!—then what are we!—
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight
The thousand years, that sweep away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day,—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
That makes thy children, in all time,
To share thine own eternity.

The Family Bible.—ANONYMOUS.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
  Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
  Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
  The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other—
  That family Bible, that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
  At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
  For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
  All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
  Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;
  My hope's almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
  And wander unknown on a far distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
  Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
  And think of the Bible, that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

The Notes of the Birds.—I. MCLELLAN, JUN.

WELL do I love those various harmonies
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,
And lonely copses of the Summer-time,
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir! The unquiet finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers,
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes;
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whippoorwill,
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
Ofttimes, when all the village lights are out,
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,

And lifts his anthem when the world is still:
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:
And you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;
And, poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, would'st thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

Sentimental Music.—F. G. HALLECK.

SOUNDS as of far off bells came on his ears;
He fancied 'twas the music of the spheres;
He was mistaken; it was no such thing;
'Twas Yankee Doodle, played by Scudder's band.
He muttered, as he lingered, listening,
Something of freedom, and our happy land;
Then sketched, as to his home he hurried fast,
This sentimental song,—his saddest, and his last:—

"Young thoughts have music in them, love
And happiness their theme;
And music wanders in the wind
That lulls a morning dream.
And there are angel voices heard,
In childhood's frolic hours,
When life is but an April day,
Of sunshine and of flowers.

"There's music in the forest leaves
When summer winds are there,
And in the laugh of forest girls
That braid their sunny hair.
The first wild bird that drinks the dew
From violets of the spring,
Has music in his song, and in
The fluttering of his wing.

"There's music in the dash of waves,
When the swift bark cleaves their foam,
There's music heard upon her deck—
The mariner's song of home—
When moon and star-beams, smiling, meet,
At midnight, on the sea;
And there is music once a week
In Scudder's balcony.

"But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint, and dies away,
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day.
And childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft, in after years,
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

"To-day the forest leaves are green;
They'll wither on the morrow,
And the maiden's laugh be changed, ere long,
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows, and ask
Where are the forest birds;
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

"The moonlight music of the waves
In storms is heard no more,
When the livid lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore;
And the mariner's song of home has ceased—
His corse is on the sea;
And music ceases, when it rains,
In Scudder's balcony."

The Silk-Worm.—Mrs Hale.

There is no form upon our earth,
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm: to draw this forth,
We need but hearts to feel.

I saw a fair young girl—her face
Was sweet as dream of cherished friend—
Just at the age when childhood's grace
And maiden softness blend.

A silk-worm in her hand she laid;
Nor fear, nor yet disgust, was stirred;
But gayly with her charge she played,
As 'twere a nestling bird.

She raised it to her dimpled cheek,
And let it rest and revel there:
O, why for outward beauty seek!
Love makes its favorites fair.

That worm—I should have shrunk, in truth,
To feel the reptile o'er me move,—

But, loved by innocence and youth,
I deemed it worthy love.

Would we, I thought, the soul imbue,
In early life, with sympathies
For every harmless thing, and view
Such creatures formed to please,—

And, when with *usefulness* combined,
Gives them our love and gentle care,—
O, we might have a world as kind
As God has made it fair!

There is no form upon our earth,
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,
But has some charm: to call this forth,
We need but hearts to feel.

The Reverie. Written from College on the Birth-Day of the Author's Mother.—FRISBIE.

No lights! they break the spell;—away!
Let Fancy have her wildest play,
And, by the woodfire's cheery gleam,
Sit musing on her favorite theme,—
The dear domestic group, that meet,
This happy day, once more to greet,
With heartfelt warmth, and honest glee,
And infantile festivity.

O, as yon mirror's polished frame
Catches by fits the dying flame,
And indistinctly shows the moon
Half-shrouded in a glimmering gloom,—
O, could some wizard wave his wand,
And show me then the happy band!
—'Tis done: like summer clouds that pass
At noontide o'er the sunny grass,
From the dark mirror flits away
The scene, in broken disarray,
And lo, to Fancy's charmed eyes
The gay illusion seems to rise.

I see thee, dearest mother, there,
In thine old-fashioned elbow-chair,
Thy knitting for a while laid by
To watch the children's revelry;
And her, I see her, by thy side,
Who marks them with a mother's pride,
Shares all their griefs, and all their joys,
And lives but in her favorite boys.
They now on pictured story pore,
Still pleased, so often pleased before;
Now lisp (their accents meet my ear)
The infant hymn thou lov'st to hear.
And now they join in frolic play,
And all are noisy, all are gay,
And health and innocency speak
In every plump and rosy cheek.
Ah me! what buoyant spirits there!
No thought, no sorrow, and no care:
That Age might for a while throw by
Its wrinkles and its gravity,
And e'en Philosophy might stoop,
To mingle with the frolic group.—
And now—'tis silence all, and gloom,
And my own solitary room.

*The Soul's Defiance.**—ANONYMOUS.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit, that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

*This poem was written many years ago, by a lady, and written from experience and feeling. There is a very remarkable grandeur and power in the sentiments, sustained, as they are, by an energy of expression well suited to the spirit's undaunted defiance of misfortune.—ED.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
  Come on—your threats I brave;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
  And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures,
  Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
    With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
  Pass on—I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
  And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
  Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
    Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
  Strike deep—my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter wo
  To those already there;
Yet still the spirit, that sustains
  This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
    And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
  Aim sure—O, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
  A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
  Triumphant in the last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
    Shall smiling pass away

Hymn for the second Centennial Anniversary of the City of Boston.—J. PIERPONT.

BREAK forth in song, ye trees,
As through your tops the breeze
    Sweeps from the sea;

For on its rushing wings,
To your cool shades and springs,
That breeze a people brings,
Exiled, though free.

Ye sister hills, lay down
Of ancient oaks your crown,
In homage due:
These are the great of earth,—
Great, not by kingly birth,
Great, in their well proved worth,
Firm hearts and true.

These are the living lights,
That, from your bold green heights,
Shall shine afar,
Till they who name the name
Of Freedom, toward the flame
Come, as the Magi came
Toward Bethlehem's star.

Gone are those great and good,
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light, that on their head
Two hundred years have shed,
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that, to God,
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust—
The faith, that dared the sea,
The truth, that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy ONE,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills,
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O, let thy light repose
On these our hills.

Napoleon at Rest.—J. PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile,
His host he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
His eagle-flag unrolled—and froze!

Here sleeps he now, alone!—not one,
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust; nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind the sea-girt rock, the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Has sunk, and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his tomb: the ocean flood,
Far, far below, by storms is curled—
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps: the mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here! The far off world at last
Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark! Comes there from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world be awed to mourn him?—No!

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here is the sea-bird's cry—
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The clouds' deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

The Death of Napoleon.—I. McLellan, Jun.

"The fifth of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than the elements around. The words '*tête d'armée*,' (head of the army,) the last which escaped from his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon expired."
—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's 'eagle;'
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain,

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain-streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannons' rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
'And left him alone with his glory.'

Jerusalem.—BRAINARD.

"A severe earthquake is said to have taken place at Jerusalem, which has destroyed great part of that city, shaken down the Mosque of Omar, and reduced the Holy Sepulchre to ruins from top to bottom."—*New York Mercantile Advertiser.*

FOUR lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves—
Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's Christian kings—
And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings,—
While through the panelled roof the cedar flings
Its sainted arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,
And every porphyry-pillared cloister rings
To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
As every lip breathes out, "O Lord, thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garnished with its crescent moons,
And a clear voice called Mussulmans to prayer.
There were the splendors of Judea's thrones—
There were the trophies which its conquerors wear—
All but the truth, the holy truth, was there:—
For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
Singing to all, whose steps had thither trod,
That verse, misunderstood, "There is no God but God"

Hark! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneeled?
And did the turbaned Turk his sins confess?
Those mighty hands, the elements that wield,
That mighty power, that knows to curse or bless
Is over all; and in whatever dress

His suppliants crowd around him, He can see
Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
And probe its core, and make its blindness see
That He is very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once, that rent thy fane,
Proud Julian; when (against the prophecy
Of Him who lived, and died, and rose again,
"That one stone on another should not lie,")
Thou would'st rebuild that Jewish masonry,
To mock the eternal word.—The earth below
Gushed out in fire; and from the brazen sky,
And from the boiling seas, such wrath did flow,
As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes. Dome, roof and wall
Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank,
And in the muddied stream, the fragments fall,
While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank,
At one huge draught, the sediment, which sank
In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!
Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and thank,
Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
When hell moved from beneath, and thine own heaven did lower?

Say, Pilate's palaces—say, proud Herod's towers—
Say, gate of Bethlehem—did your arches quake?
Thy pool, Bethesda, was it filled with showers?
Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?
Tomb of thee, *Mary—Virgin*—did it shake?
Glowed thy bought field, Aceldema, with blood?
Where were the shudderings Calvary might make?
Did sainted Mount Moriah send a flood,
To wash away the spot where once a God had stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre
Of all profane and of all holy things—
Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur
To make thee what thou art! thy history brings
Thoughts mixed of joy and wo. The whole earth rings
With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
Who would have sheltered with his holy wings
Thee and thy children. You his power defied:
You scourged him while he lived, and mocked him as he died!

There is a star in the untroubled sky,
  That caught the first light which its Maker made—
It led the hymn of other orbs on high;
  'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.
  Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!
For it has kept its watch on Palestine!
  Look to its holy light, nor be dismayed,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crushed and ruined all—which men have called divine

NOTE.—Godfrey and Baldwin were the first Christian kings at Jerusalem. The empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, built the *church of the sepulchre* on Mount Calvary. The walls are of stone, and the roof of cedar. The four lamps which light it are very costly. It is kept in repair by the offerings of pilgrims who resort to it. The mosque was originally a Jewish temple. The emperor Julian undertook to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem at very great expense, to disprove the prophecy of our Savior, as it was understood by the Jews; but the work and the workmen were destroyed by an earthquake. The pools of Bethesda and Gihon—the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and of king Jehoshaphat—the pillar of Absalom—the tomb of Zachariah—and the *campo santo*, or holy field, which is supposed to have been purchased with the price of Judas' treason—are, or were lately, the most interesting parts of Jerusalem.

The Angler's Song.—I. MCLELLAN, JUN.

"There is no life more pleasant than the life of the well-governed angler."—*Isaac Walton.*

WHEN first the flame of day
  Crimsons the sea-like mist,
And from the valley rolls away
  The haze, by the sunbeam kissed,
Then to the lonely woods I pass,
  With angling rod and line,
While yet the dew-drops, in the grass,
  Like flashing diamonds shine.

How vast the mossy forest-halls,
  Silent, and full of gloom!
Through the high roof the daybeam falls,
  Like torch-light in a tomb.
The old trunks of trees rise round
  Like pillars in a church of old,
And the wind fills them with a sound
  As if a bell were tolled.

Where falls the noisy stream,
  In many a bubble bright,
Along whose grassy margin gleam
  Flowers gaudy to the sight,
There silently I stand,
  Watching my angle play,
And eagerly draw to the land
  My speckled prey.

Oft, ere the carrion bird has left
  His eyrie, the dead tree,
Or ere the eagle's wing hath cleft
  The cloud in heaven's blue sea,
Or ere the lark's swift pinion speeds
  To meet the misty day,
My foot hath shaken the bending reeds,
  My rod sought out its prey.

And when the Twilight, with a blush
  Upon her cheek, goes by,
And Evening's universal hush
  Fills all the darkened sky,
And steadily the tapers burn
  In villages far away,
Then from the lonely stream I turn
  And from the forests gray.

Who is my Neighbor?—ANONYMOUS.

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
  Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
  Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door,—
  Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
  Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain:—
  Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left:—
Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery:—
Go, share thy lot with him.

Hymn. Matthew, xxvi. 6—13.—CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

SHE loved her Savior, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned,
And thought the poor bereft,
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
For he approved the gift.

So let the Savior be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

The poor are always with us here.
'Tis our great Father's plan,
That mutual wants and mutual care
May bind us, man to man.

Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For Sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed;—

But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so *give all to Him*.

Broken-hearted, weep no more.—EPISCOPAL WATCHMAN.

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more!
Hear what comfort He hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken:—
"Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go,
Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,
Come to me, and be at rest!"

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice—
'Tis a true and faithful saying:—
"Greater love how can there be
Than to yield up life for thee?
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live!—why will ye die!"

Broken-hearted, weep no more!
Far from consolation flying;
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing:—
"Bring thy broken heart to me;
Welcome offering it shall be;
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice."

The Sweet Brier.—BRAINARD.

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet brier yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's path-way, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odors of the spicy East.
You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?

Mother, what is Death?—MRS. GILMAN.

"MOTHER, how still the baby lies'
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now;
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,

And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought?

I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies;—
Now raise your wondering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!"

"O, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold!
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold.

O, mother, now I know full well,
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,—

How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

Last Prayers.—MARY ANN BROWNE.

"O, true and fervent are the prayers that breathe
Forth from a lip that fades with coming death."

I AM not what I was:
My heart is withered, and my feelings wasted;
They sprung too early, like the tender grass
That by spring-frost is blasted.

But THOU wilt not believe
How very soon my heart-task will be o'er
My heart, whose feelings never can deceive,
Is withered at its core.

I know the blight is there,
And slowly it is spreading in my youth;
And ever and anon some silver hair
Proclaims that this is truth.

And trembles every limb,
As never trembled they in happier years,
And with a mist my eyes are ofttimes dim,
Yet not a mist of tears.

Thou dost not know, when pale
My cheek appears, that to my heart the blood
Hath rushed like lava, when a sudden gale
Of terror sweeps its flood.

O, from the laughing earth,
And all its glorious things, I could depart,
Nor wish to call one lasting impress forth,
Save in thy precious heart.

Yet come not when the drear
Last hour of life is passing over me;
I cannot yield my breath if thou art near,
To bid me live for thee.

But come when I am dead:
No terror shall be pictured on my face;
I shall lie calm on my last mortal bed,
Without one passion's trace.

And come thou to my grave:
Ay, promise that: come on some beauteous morn,
When lightly in the breeze the willows wave,
And spring's first flowers are born;

Or on a summer's eve,
When the rich snowy wreaths of clouds are turned
To crimson in the west, when waters heave
As if they lived and burned;

Or in the solemn night,
When there's a hush upon the heavens and deep,
And when the earth is bathed in starry light,
O, come thou there, and weep.

Weep yet not bitter tears;
Let them be holy, silent, free from pain:
Think of me as a bird who, many years,
Was in a galling chain;

A chain that let it gaze
On the earth's lovely things, and yet, whene'er
It strove to rush away, or fondly raise
Its wing, still bound it there.

And bring sometimes a flower
To scatter on the turf I lie beneath,
And gather it in that beloved bower
That round us used to wreathe.

And whatsoe'er the time
Thou comest,—at the morn, or eve, or night,
When dewdrops glisten, when the faint bells chime,
Or in the moon's pale light,—

Still keep this thought, (for sweet
It was to me when such bright hope was given,)
That the dear hour shall come when we shall meet,
Ay, surely meet, in heaven.

A Noon Scene.—BRYANT.

THE quiet August noon is come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

O, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout!—

When in the grass sweet waters talk,
  And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
  From every nameless blossom's bell!

But now, a joy too deep for sound,
  A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
  The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to-day,
  The only slave of toil and care;
Away from desk and dust, away!
  I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
  Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
  I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
  The gentle meaning of the heart,
One day amid the woods with thee,
  From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
  The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
  Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come—and when, amid the calm profound,
  I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
  Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
  And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
  In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
  Still as its spire; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
  As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
  Where the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum, from bees and brooks,
  Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem, that when,
  Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the sons of men,
  The good forsake the scenes of life,—

Like the deep quiet, that awhile
  Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
  Welcomes them to a happier shore.

New England's Dead.—I. McLELLAN, JUN.

"I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves.—There is her history. The world know it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will remain forever."—*Webster's Speech.*

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD! New England's dead!
  On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
  By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
  Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
  With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
  And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
  And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
  And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
  The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!

O, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they heed not its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

Installation Hymn.—PIERPONT.

"LET there be light!"—When from on high,
O God, that first commandment came,
Forth leaped the sun; and earth and sky
Lay in his light, and felt his flame.

"Let there be light!"—The light of grace
And truth, a darkling world to bless,
Came with thy word, when on our race
Broke forth the Sun of Righteousness

Light of our souls! how strong it grows!
That sun, how wide his beams he flings,
As up the glorious sky he goes,
With light and healing in his wings!

Give us that light! O God, 'tis given!
Hope sees it open heaven's wide halls
To those who for the truth have striven;
And Faith walks firmly where it falls.

Churches no more, in cold eclipse,
Mourn the withholding of its rays;
It gilds their gates, and on the lips
Of every faithful preacher plays.

Doth not its circle clasp the brows
Of him who, in the strength of youth,
Gives himself up, in this day's vows,
A minister of grace and truth?

Long may it, Lord;—nor let his soul
Go through death's gloomy vale alone;
But bear it on to its high goal,
Wrapped in the light that veils thy throne.

The Wanderer of Africa.—ALONZO LEWIS.

HE launched his boat where the dark waves flow,
Through the desert that never was white with snow,
When the wind was still, and the sun shone bright,
And the stream glowed red with the morning light.

He had sat in the cool of the palm's broad shade,
And drank of the fountain of Kafnah's glade,
When the herb was scorched by the sun's hot ray,
And the camel failed on his thirsty way.

And the dark maids of Sego their mats had spread,
And sung all night by the stranger's bed;
And his sleep was sweet on that desert sand,
For his visions were far in his own loved land.

He was weary and faint in a stranger clime,
But his soul was at home as in youth's sweet time;
And he lay in the shade, by his cot's clear pool,
And the breeze which came by was refreshing and cool;

And the look of his mother was gentle and sweet,
And he heard the loved steps of his sister's light feet;
And their voices were soft, and expressive, and low,
Like the distant rain, or the brook's calm flow.

And this was the song which the dark maids sung,
In the beautiful strains of their own wild tongue:—
"The stranger came far, and sat under our tree;
We will bring him sweet food, for no sister has he."

And the stranger went forth when the night-breeze had died.
And launched his light bark on the Joliba's tide;
And he waved his white kerchief to those dark maids,
As he silently entered the palmy shades.

And the maidens of Sego were sad and lone,
And sung their rude song, like the death spirit's moan:—
"The stranger has gone where the simoom will burn:
Alas! for the white man will never return!"

A Legend.—J. G. WHITTIER.

THE hunter went forth with his dog and gun,
In the earliest glow of the golden sun;
The trees of the forest bent over his way,
In the changeful colors of autumn gay;
For a frost had fallen, the night before,
On the quiet greenness which nature wore:—

A bitter frost!—for the night was chill,
And starry and dark, and the wind was still;

And so, when the sun looked out on the hills,
On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,
And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the hunter went,
Or how the last of his days was spent;
For the noon drew nigh; but he came not back,
Weary and faint, from his forest-track;
And his wife sat down to her frugal board,
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down
To the hills of the west like an angel's crown;
The shadows lengthened from wood and hill,
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled
All over the west like a wave of gold.

Yet he came not back—though the stars gave forth
Their wizard light to the silent earth;
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim
In the earnest manner of fear for him;
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood
To welcome his father back from the wood!

He came not back—yet they found him soon
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,
In the fixed and visionless sleep of death,
Where the red leaves fell at the soft wind's breath;
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

He slept in death;—but his sleep was one
Which his neighbors shuddered to look upon:
For his brow was black, and his open eye
Was red with the sign of agony;—
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his fathers laid,
By the mossy mounds in the grave-yard shade;
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,
And beldames muttered while prayers were said;

And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

The seasons passed; and the autumn rain
And the colored forest returned again:
'Twas the very eve that the hunter died;
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook
Their red leaves over the swollen brook.'

There came a sound on the night-air then,
Like a spirit-shriek, to the homes of men,
And louder and shriller it rose again,
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain;
And trembled alike the timid and brave,
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave:

And, every year, when autumn flings
Its beautiful robe on created things,
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain,
And Cocheco's woods are yellow again,
That cry is heard from the grave-yard earth,
Like the howl of a demon struggling forth

They heard a Voice from Heaven, saying, Come up hither." Rev. xi. 12.—Mrs. Sigourney.

"Ye have a land of mist and shade,
Where spectres roam at will;
Dense clouds your mountain heights invade,
And damps your valleys chill;—
But ne'er may midnight care, or wo,
Eclipse our changeless ray;
'*Come hither*,' if ye seek to know
The bliss of perfect day.

"Doubt, like the Bohan-Upas, spreads
A blight where'er ye tread;
And Hope, a pensive mourner, sheds
The tear o'er harvests dead:

With us, no traitorous foe assails,
When Love her home would make;
An angel's welcome never fails;
'*Come*,' and that warmth partake.

"Time revels 'mid your dearest joys,
Death smites your brightest rose,
And Sin your bower of peace destroys;
Where will ye find repose?
Ye're wearied in your pilgrim race,
Sharp thorns your path infest;
'*Come hither*,' rise to our embrace,
And Christ shall give you rest."

'Twas thus, at twilight's hallowed hour,
The angels' lay came down,
Like dews upon the sick'ning flower,
When droughts of summer frown:
How sweet, upon the ambient air,
Swelled out their music free!
O, when the pangs of death I bear,
Sing ye that song to me.

Occasional Hymn.—J. PIERPONT.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue,—

Not now, on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the Patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer—
The incense of the heart—may rise
To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

In this Thy house, whose doors we now
For social worship first unfold,
To Thee the suppliant throng shall bow,
While circling years on years are rolled.

To Thee shall Age, with snowy hair,
And Strength and Beauty, bend the knee,
And Childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

The Sleeper.—COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

IT was the spring-time in its earliest hour:
Few blossoms then had of the year been born;
The fresh winds whispered to the unfolding flower,
Where nestled dews of the unsullied morn:
Songs like to Eden's sweetened all the air,
And birds and brooks their hymns together blent;
Those in the heavens and these on earth were fair:
These midst the flowers, those in their incense went.

My little cousin had been roaming then,
At early dawn, along the upland side;
O'er dewy slope, green lawn, and shaded glen,
Standing by sister blossoms, side by side;
And, wearied with the pleasant tour, returned,
Upon her couch the sinless wanderer lay;
And sleep had won her, with sweet visions, earned
By radiant scenes upon that early day.

Her fair cheek pressed her pillow; in her hair,
Her darkly golden hair, some buds reposed;
And silken lashes, o'er her blue eyes fair,
In a faint glimpse the hue beneath disclosed:
A pure white rose was in her fairy hand;
And, gazing on her with a tearful eye,
"Dear one," I said, "on youth's enchanted land,
Be ever thus, beneath a cloudless sky,
Till, a pure flower of heaven, thou art removed on high.

God's Omnipresent Agency.—CARLOS WILCOX.

How desolate were nature, and how void
Of every charm, how like a naked waste
Of Africa, were not a present God
Beheld employing, in its various scenes,
His active might to animate and adorn!
What life and beauty, when, in all that breathes,
Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work!—
When it is viewed unfolding every bud,
Each blossom tinging, shaping every leaf,
Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,
Rolling each billow, moving every wing
That fans the air, and every warbling throat
Heard in the tuneful woodlands! In the least,
As well as in the greatest of his works,
Is ever manifest his presence kind;
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen
Quick to and fro, within a foot of air,
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,
As in the systems of resplendent worlds,
Through time revolving in unbounded space.
His eye, while comprehending in one view
The whole creation, fixes full on me;
As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,
While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same.
His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,
And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,
Guards the poor rush-light from the blast of death.

The Farewell.—ANONYMOUS

"Mea patria, vale!"
"My native land, good night!"—

My native land, adieu, adieu!
My course is o'er the sea:
I sail upon the waters blue,
Far, far away from thee:
Those scenes, to youth and hope so dear,
Which active childhood know,

Demand my last, my parting tear;
My native land, adieu!—

My native land, adieu, adieu!
My course is o'er the sea:
And yet a heart more fond, more true,
Sure never beat for thee!
O, I have joyed to see thy *power*,
Have wept thy *crimes* to view;
Affection claims my parting hour:
My native land, adieu!

My native land, adieu, adieu!
My course is o'er the sea:
Though distant climes I sail to view,
Still memory turns to thee:—
There, crowned with health, with peace and love
My early moments flew;
Sure these my fond affection prove:
My native land, adieu!

My native land, adieu, adieu!
My course is o'er the sea:
O, would that Heaven would guide me through,
And lead me back to thee!
But no,—a warning voice declares
My years—my days are few:
I go:—be thine my ardent prayers:
My native land, adieu!

Sunrise on the Hills.—ANONYMOUS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,
They gathered midway round the wooded height,
And in their fading glory shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown—
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,

And, rocking on the cliff, was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted; and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade,
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.
I heard the distant waters dash;
I heard the current whirl and flash;
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills,
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout
That, faint and far, the glen sent out;
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke
Through thick-leaved branches from the dingle broke.
If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep—
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Lines on passing the Grave of my Sister.—
MICAH P. FLINT.

ON yonder shore, on yonder shore,
Now verdant with the depth of shade,
Beneath the white-armed sycamore,
There is a little infant laid.
Forgive this tear. A brother weeps.
'Tis there the faded floweret sleeps.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone,
And summer's forests o'er her wave;
And sighing winds at autumn moan
Around the little stranger's grave,
As though they murmured at the fate
Of one so lone and desolate.

In sounds that seem like Sorrow's own,
  Their funeral dirges faintly creep;
Then, deep'ning to an organ tone,
  In all their solemn cadence sweep,
And pour, unheard, along the wild,
Their desert anthem o'er a child.

She came, and passed. Can I forget,
  How we, whose hearts had hailed her birth,
Ere three autumnal suns had set,
  Consigned her to her mother Earth!
Joys and their memories pass away;
But griefs are deeper traced than they.

We laid her in her narrow cell,
  We heaped the soft mould on her breast,
And parting tears, like rain-drops, fell
  Upon her lonely place of rest.
May angels guard it;—may they bless
Her slumbers in the wilderness.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
  For, all unheard, on yonder shore,
The sweeping flood, with torrent moan,
  At evening lifts its solemn roar,
As, in one broad, eternal tide,
Its rolling waters onward glide.

There is no marble monument,
  There is no stone, with graven lie,
To tell of love and virtue blent
  In one almost too good to die.
We needed no such useless trace
To point us to her resting place.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
  But, midst the tears of April showers,
The genius of the wild hath strown
  His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
And cast his robe of vernal bloom,
In guardian fondness, o'er her tomb.

She sleeps alone, she sleeps alone;
  But yearly is her grave-turf dressed,

And still the summer vines are thrown,
In annual wreaths, across her breast.
And still the sighing autumn grieves,
And strews the hallowed spot with leaves.

The Revellers.—OHIO BACKWOODSMAN.

THERE were sounds of mirth and joyousness
Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
And many a merry call;
And the glass was freely passed around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee
And the joy of the thrilling draught.

A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourished high;
"I drink to Life," said a son of earth,
"And I do not fear to die;
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

Cheer, comrades, cheer! We drink to Life,
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by;
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide;
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the Bacchan rite;
And I drink the toast you have drank before,
The pledge of yon dauntless knight.
Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,
And we scorn the reaper Death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he bears a martial brow;
O, he'll pass the gates of Paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!"
This was too much for the Bacchan;
Fire flashed from his angry eye;
A muttered curse, and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off,
And a phantom form stood there—
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair!
And they struggled awhile, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—*Death*.

"*I would not live always*."—B. B. THATCHER

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood, where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell;—

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies, when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

O, not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the "hoary head,"
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer, mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore,
To him that weeps for home.

Wings, like a dove, to fly!—
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife;—
O, for its home in the upper Life!
When, when will Death draw nigh!

The Disimbodied Spirit.—PEABODY.

O SACRED star of evening, tell
In what unseen, celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here.

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths by holy angels trod,
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home, the Paradise of God?

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,
Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Beyond the bounds of space or time?—

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the song to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre
In everduring notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If bid to hail, its perils past,
The bright wave of eternity!

And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!

Lines on hearing of the Death of Garafilia Mohalbi.—
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SWEET bird of Ipsera! that fled
From tyrants o'er the tossing sea,
And on the winds of freedom shed
Thy wildly classic melody,—
Love at thy tender warbling woke,
A foreign land was home to thee,
And stranger voices fondly spoke
The welcome of paternity.

Why was thy tarrying here so brief,
Thou sheltered in affection's breast?
Here were no woes to wake thy grief,
Nor dangers to corrode thy rest.
Ah! thou had'st heard of that blessed clime
Where everlasting glories beam:—
Perchance its groves and skies sublime
Had burst upon thy raptured dream.

Thy bright wing spread. Should aught detain
The prisoner in a cage of clay,
When, echoing from the heavenly plain,
Congenial tones forbid delay?
No: where no archer's shaft can fly,
No winter check the tuneful sphere,
Rise, wanderer, to thy native sky,
And warble in a Savior's ear.

Crossing the Ford.—O. W. H.

CLOUDS, forests, hills, and waters!—and they sleep
As if a spirit pressed their pulses down,
From the calm bosom of the waveless deep
Up to the mountain with its sunlit crown,
Still as the moss-grown cities of the dead,
Save the dull plashing of the horse's tread.

And who are they that stir the slumbering stream?
Nay, curious reader; I can only say

That, to my eyes of ignorance, they seem
  Like honest rustics on the homeward way;
There is a village; doubtless thence they came;
There was a christening; and they have a name.

They are to us, like many a living form,
  The image of a moment; and they pass
Like the last cloud that vanished on the storm,
  Like the last shape upon the faithless glass;
By lake, or stream, by valley, field, or hill,
They must have lived; perchance are living still.

Hymn of the Cherokee Indian.—I. McLellan, Jun.

They waste us; ay, like April snow
  In the warm noon, we shrink away
And fast they follow, as we go,
  Towards the setting day,
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.
Bryant.

Like the shadows in the stream,
Like the evanescent gleam
Of the twilight's failing blaze,
Like the fleeting years and days,
Like all things that soon decay,
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire!
Lo! the embers of your fire,
On the wigwam hearth, burn low,
Never to revive its glow;
And the Indian's heart is ailing,
And the Indian's blood is failing

Now the hunter's bow's unbent,
And his arrows all are spent!
Like a very little child
Is the red man of the wild;
To his day there'll dawn no morrow;
Therefore is he full of sorrow.

From his hills the stag is fled,
And the fallow-deer are dead,
And the wild beasts of the chase
Are a lost and perished race,
And the birds have left the mountain,
And the fishes, the clear fountain.

Indian woman, to thy breast
Closer let thy babe be pressed,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold;
On thy homeless head it dashes;
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.

We, the rightful lords of yore,
Are the rightful lords no more;
Like the silver mist we fail,
Like the red leaves in the gale,—
Fail like shadows, when the dawning
Waves the bright flag of the morning.

By the river's lonely marge,
Rotting is the Indian's barge;
And his hut is ruined now,
On the rocky mountain brow;
The fathers' bones are all-neglected,
And the children's hearts dejected.

Therefore, Indian people, flee
To the farthest western sea;
Let us yield our pleasant land
To the stranger's stronger hand;
Red men and their realms must sever;
They forsake them, and forever!

Lake Superior.—S. G. Goodrich.

"Father of lakes!" thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave
  Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
  Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
  With listening ear, in sadness broods,
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
  Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
  Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide
  The spell of stillness reigning there

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
  Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
  To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
  Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
  To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show
  Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
  Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore
  Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
  Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu!
  Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods!
Roll on, thou element of blue,
  And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of man—
  God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves—
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
  Deems as a bubble all your waves!

Oriental Mysticism.—Leonard Woods.

The following passage is translated from a German version of the Dschanhar Odsat, a Persian poem of the thirteenth century, and is here offered as a specimen of the mystic writings of the East,—a single sprig brought to town from a distant and unfrequented garden. These writings are characterized by wildness of fancy, a philosophy extremely abstruse, and especially by a deep spiritual life. They prove, as will be seen in the lines which follow, that the human mind has strong religious instincts; which, however, unless guided by a higher wisdom, are liable to great perversion.—Extravagant as the conception of the passage here selected must appear to us, it has still its foundation in truth. That the ideas of infinite and divine things, which slumber in the mind, are often violently awakened by external objects, is what every one has experienced. Says a modern poet, in prospect of "clear, placid Leman,"

> "It is a thing
> Which warns me, by its stillness, to forsake
> Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring."

And what is the story of Rudbari and Hassan, but an exhibition, *a la mode orientale*, of the same truth?

In ancient days, as the old stories run,
Strange hap befell a father and his son.
Rudbari was an old sea-faring man,
And loved the rough paths of the ocean;
And Hassan was his child,—a boy as bright,
As the keen moon, gleaming in the vault of night.
Rose-red his cheek, Narcissus-like his eye,
And his form might well with the slender cypress vie.
Godly Rudbari was, and just and true,
And Hassan pure as a drop of early dew.—
Now, because Rudbari loved this only child,
He was feign to take him o'er the waters wild.

The ship is on the strand—friends, brothers, parents, there
Take the last leave with mingled tears and prayer.
The sailor calls, the fair breeze chides delay,
The sails are spread, and all are under way.
But when the ship, like a strong-shot arrow, flew,
And the well known shore was fading from the view,
Hassan spake, as he gazed upon the land,
Such mystic words as none could understand:—
"On this troubled wave in vain we seek for rest.
Who builds his house on the sea, or his palace on its breast?
Let me but reach yon fixed and steadfast shore,
And the bounding wave shall never tempt me more."
Then Rudbari spake:—"And does my brave boy fear
The Ocean's face to see, and his thundering voice to hear?

He will love, when home returned at last,
To tell, in his native cot, of dangers past."
Then Hassan said: "Think not thy brave boy fears
When he sees the Ocean's face, or his voice of thunder hears.
But on these waters I may not abide;
Hold me not back; I will not be denied."
Rudbari now wept o'er his wildered child:
"What mean these looks, and words so strangely wild?
Dearer, my boy, to me than all the gain
That I've earned from the bounteous bosom of the main!
Nor heaven, nor earth, could yield one joy to me,
Could I not, Hassan, share that joy with thee."
But Hassan soon in his wandering words, betrayed
The cause of the mystic air that round him played:
"Soon as I saw these deep, wide waters roll,
A light from the INFINITE broke in upon my soul!"
"Thy words, my child, but ill become thine age,
And would better suit the mouth of some star-gazing sage."
"Thy words, my father, cannot turn away
Mine eye, now fixed on that supernal day."
"Dost thou not, Hassan, lay these dreams aside,
I'll plunge thee headlong in this whelming tide."
"Do this, Rudbari, only not in ire,
'Tis all I ask, and all I can desire.
For on the bosom of this rolling flood,
Slumbers an awful mystery of Good;
And he may solve it, who will self expunge,
And in the depths of boundless being plunge."

He spake, and plunged, and as quickly sunk beneath
As the flying snow-flake melts on a summer heath.
A moment Rudbari stood, as fixedly bound
As the pearl is by the shell that clasps it round.
Then he followed his Hassan with a frantic leap,
And they slumber both on the bottom of the deep!

To a Sister about to embark on a Missionary Enterprise.—
B. B. THATCHER.

O SISTER! sister! hath the memory
Of other years no power upon thy soul,
That thus, with tearless eye, thou leavest me—
And an unfaltering voice—to come no more?

Hast thou forgot, friend of my better days,
Hast thou forgot the early, innocent joys
Of our remotest childhood; when our lives
Were linked in one, and our young hearts bloomed out
Like violet-bells upon the self-same stem,
Pouring the dewy odors of life's spring
Into each other's bosom—all the bright
And sorrowless thoughts of a confiding love,
And intermingled vows, and blossoming hopes
Of future good, and infant dreams of bliss,
Budding and breathing sunnily about them,
As crimson-spotted cups, in spring time, hang
On all the delicate fibres of the vine?

And where, oh! where are the unnumbered vows
We made, my sister, at the twilight fall,
A thousand times, and the still starry hours
Of the dew-glistering eve—in many a walk
By the green borders of our native stream—
And in the chequered shade of these old oaks,
The moonlight silvering o'er each mossy trunk,
And every bough, as an Eolian harp,
Full of the solemn chant of the low breeze?
Thou hast forgotten this—and standest here,
Thy hand in mine, and hearest, even now,
The rustling wood, the stir of falling leaves,
And—hark!—the far off murmur of the brook!

Nay, do not weep, my sister!—do not speak—
Now know I, by the tone, and by the eye
Of tenderness, with many tears bedimmed,
Thou hast remembered all. Thou measurest well
The work that is before thee, and the joys
That are behind. Now, be the past forgot—
The youthful love, the hearth-light and the home,
Song, dance, and story, and the vows—the vows
That we would change not, part not unto death—
Yea, all the spirits of departed bliss,
That even now, like spirits of the dead,
Seen dimly in the living mourner's dreams,
Are trilling, ever and anon, the notes
Long loved of old—oh! hear them, heed them not.
Press on! for, like the fairies of the tale,
That mocked, unseen, the tempted traveller,
With power alone o'er those who gave them ear,

They would but turn thee from a high resolve.
Then look not back! oh! triumph in the strength
Of an exalted purpose! Eagle-like,
Press sunward on. Thou shalt not be alone.
Have but an eye on God, as surely God
Will have an eye on thee—press on! press on!

The Pilgrim Fathers.—SPRAGUE.

THEY come—that coming who shall tell?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise
We hear the after-shout that rings
For them who smote the power of kings;
The swelling triumph all would share;
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and wo,
That wait the unsuccessful blow?
It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,
When we are in the tomb.
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam,
And tread a shore of bloom,
Knew we those waves, through coming time,
Should roll our names to every clime;
Felt we that millions on that shore
Should stand, our memory to adore.
But no glad vision burst in light
Upon the pilgrims' aching sight;
Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled;
Deep shadows veiled the way they held;
The yell of vengeance was the trump of fame;
Their monument, a grave without a name.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,
On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
To meet fate's rudest shock.
Though anguish rends the father's breast,
For them, his dearest and his best,

With him the waste who trod—
Though tears that freeze, the mother sheds
Upon her children's houseless heads—
The Christian turns to God!

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer
As bursts in desolation there!
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
As waits to crown that feeble hour!
There into life an infant empire springs!
There falls the iron from the soul;
There Liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings!
To fair creation's farthest bound,
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day;
Before the loftier throne of Heaven,
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own—
That monarch, God, that creed, his word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear,
A zeal like this what pious legends tell!
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell;
But what exploits with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind,
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind!
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where Piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where Liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home!

O, many a time it hath been told,
The story of those men of old:
For this fair Poetry hath wreathed
  Her sweetest, purest flower;
For this proud Eloquence hath breathed
  His strain of loftiest power:
Devotion, too, hath lingered round
Each spot of consecrated ground,
  And hill and valley blessed;
There, where our banished fathers strayed,
There, where they loved, and wept, and prayed,
  There, where their ashes rest.

And never may they rest unsung,
While Liberty can find a tongue.
Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem,
  Who to life's noblest end,
  Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend,
  Down, down to us and ours.

